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The Fourth Vol: of
T. BROWNS Works.

THE

Fourth and Last VOLUME

OF THE

WORKS

OF

Mr. *Thomas Brown.*

Containing many

Miscellaneous Discourses,

In PROSE and VERSE:

With an ADDITION of his

Genuine *REMAINS*;

AND A

SUPPLEMENT,

In PROSE and VERSE,

Never Published before.

The Seventh Edition carefully Corrected.

LONDON:

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THE WORKS OF Mr. *Tho. Brown*, In PROSE and VERSE.

VOLUME IV.

The Odes *of* HORACE.

Part of the 2d Ode in *Horace* l. 4. Translated. Beginning at, *Dignum laude Virum.*

I.

FROM dark Oblivion, and the silent Grave,
Th' indulgent Muse does the brave Hero save;
'Tis she forbids his Name to die,
And brings it to the Stars, and sticks it in the Sky.

II.

Thus mighty *Hercules* did move
To the Eternal Palaces above:
Not all his twelve Exploits advanc'd him to the Sphere,
But 'twas the Poet's Pain and Labour brought him there.

III.

Thus the fam'd *Spartan* Twins did rise,
From Ornaments of Earth to gild the Skies:
Tho' Heav'n by Turns they do obtain,
Yet in immortal Verse the Brothers jointly reign.

IV.

And *Bacchus* too, for all his vain Pretence,
Borrow'd his Crown and Godhead hence:
He with his powerful Juice first taught the Muse to fly,
And she, in kind Requital, gave him Immortality.

A Translation of Ode iii. l. 1. in *Horace.*

Sic te Diva potens Cypri,
Sic Fratres Helenae lucida Sydera, &c.

Address'd to his Honour'd Friend Mr. *B*——— going into *Turkey.*

I.

SO may the Beauteous Goddess of the Main
Appease the Horrors of the Deep,
And *Æolus* lock all his blustring Train,
But the auspicious Western Gales, asleep.

II.

And though, kind Vessel, which before this Day
So great a Charge cou'd'st never boast,
With Care my dearer better Part convey,
And land him safely on the *Thracian* Coast.

III.

His fearless Heart immur'd with tripple Brass,
The daring Mortal surely wore,
Who first the faithless Main durst pass,
And in a treach'rous Bark new Worlds explore.

What

IV.

What Scenes of Death cou'd ſhake his Soul,
That unconcern'd ſaw the wild Billows riſe,
And ſcaly Monſters on the Surface rowl,
And whizzing Meteors paint the gloomy Skies?

V.

In vain wiſe Heav'ns indulgent Care
Lands from the ſpacious Ocean did divide,
If with expanded Sails bold Ships prepare
To plow the Deep, and brave the ſwelling Tide.

VI.

But Man, that buſy reaſoning Tool,
Cheap Happineſs diſdains to chooſe:
Sick of his Eaſe, the reſtleſs Fool,
At his own Coſt forbidden Paths purſues.

VII.

From the refulgent Orb of Day
A glitt'ring Spark of raſh *Prometheus* ſtole,
And fondly ſtampt into a Soul,
T' inform his new-made Progeny of Clay.

VIII.

Strait to reward his Sacrilegious Theft,
Fevers and Ills, unknown before,
Their old infernal Manſions left,
And thro' the ſick'ning Air their baleful Poyſons bore.

IX.

Then Death, that lately travell'd ſlow,
Content with ſingle Victims, where he came,
Made Haſte, and eager of his Game,
Whole Nations lopp'd at one compendious Blow.

X.

To what fantaſtick Heights does Man aſpire;
Doom'd to dull Earth, the Sot wou'd clamber higher:
Heav'n he invades with impudent Pretence,
And makes *Jove* thunder in his own Defence.

An Imitation of the 6th Ode in *Horace*, l. i. *Scriberis Vario fortis, & hoſtium.* — In the Year 1685, after the Defeat of the Rebels in the *Weſt*.

I.

WALLER, in never-dying Verſe,
Your glorious Triumphs may rehearſe;
His lofty Muſe for Panegyric fam'd,
May ſing the Rebel-Herd your Valour tam'd,
And all the mighty Bleſſings ſhow,
Great *James*, and We, to your wiſe Conduct owe.

II.

My unambitious Lyre tunes all her Strings
To lower Numbers, lower things;
And Gods, and God-like Heroes does refuſe
The Labour of a more exalted Muſe.
Had ſhe endeavour'd to relate
Great *Alexander*'s Deed, or *Troy*'s unhappy Fate,
Or all the Wonders that by *Drake* were done,
Who travell'd with the Stars, and journey'd with the Sun;
As long a Space had the vain Labour held,
As that fam'd Town the *Grecian* Force repell'd.
As long as ſhe the tireſome Work renew'd,
As mighty *Drake* through unknown Seas his wondrous
(Courſe purſu'd.

III.

The humble Muſe too well her Weakneſs knows,
Nor on her feeble ſelf dares the high Task impoſe.
Tho' had not Heav'n the Power deny'd,
No other Theme had all her Thoughts employ'd.
'Tis hence ſhe modeſtly declines to ſing
Th' immortal Triumphs of our War-like King;
Leſt her unequal ſlender Vein
Shou'd leſſen the great Actions of his glorious Reign.

IV.

Who can with all his boaſted Fancy raiſe
To its juſt Height Heroic *Arthur*'s Praiſe,

Or

Or worthily recount the Trophies won
By our great *Edward*, and his greater Son?
But oh! what Muſe, of all the Tribe below,
Can mighty *Mars* in equal Numbers ſhow,
Horrid in Steel, and moving from afar,
With all the ſolemn Pageantry of War,
Tho' the rough God ſhou'd his own Bard inſpire,
And join the Martial Heat to the Poetic Fire?

V.

Harmleſs Combats, harmleſs Wars,
Slender Scratches, petty Jars,
Which youthful Blood, and wanton Love,
Amongſt our amorous Couples move,
Employ my Time, employ my Muſe,
All other Subjects I refuſe.

A Tranſlation of *Teucer Salamina Patremq; Cum fugeret*, &c. Hor. Ode 7. lib. i.

I.

BRave *Teucer*, (as the Poets tell us)
When from his native Clime he fled,
With Poplar Wreaths crown'd his triumphant Head,
And thus he cheer'd his drooping Fellows.

II.

Where e'er the Fates ſhall ſhew us Land,
(Remote and diſtant tho' it be)
We'll ſhape our Courſe at their Command,
And boldly fix as they decree.

III.

Let no wild Fears your Hopes betray,
Let not Deſpair your Courage pall,
When Heav'n ſo loudly does to Honour call,
And fearleſs *Teucer* leads the Way.

IV.

Phoebus foretold (and he of all the Pow'rs
Commands the myſtic Books of Fate)
That freſh Succeſs ſhou'd on our Actions wait,
And the new *Salamis* be ours.

V.

Then drink away this puling Sorrow,
Let Wine each daſtard Thought ſubdue,
Let Wine your fainting Hopes renew,
We'll leave the drowſy Land, and plough the Main to (morrow.

Hor. Ode 8. l. i.

Per omnes
Te Deos oro, Sybarin cur properes amando
Perdere? &c.

I.

TELL me, O *Lydia*, for by Heavens I ſwear,
You ſhan't deny ſo juſt a Pray'r,
Tell me, why thus young *Damon* you deſtroy,
And nip the blooming Virtues of the lovely Boy.

II.

Why does he never throw the manly Bar;
And practice the firſt Feats of War;
Or, gaily ſhining in his Martial Pride,
With a ſtrong artful Hand the foaming Courſer guide.

III.

Why does he never graſp the pond'rous Shield,
And meet his Equals in the Field:
Or when the Streams ſwell with the flowing Tide,
With his ſoft pliant Arms the Silver *Thames* divide.

IV.

Why does he lurk, for I bewail his Doom,
Like an *Alſatian* Bully ſtill at Home,
That fears to walk abroad all Day,
Leſt eager hungry Cits ſhou'd hurry him away.

Ode 9. Lib. i. in *Horace* imitated.

Vides ut altâ ſtet nive candidum, &c.

Written in Year, 1685,

To Sir *John Bowyer*.

I.

SInce the Hills all around us do Penance in Snow,
And Winter's cold Blaſts have benumm'd us below;

Since

Since the Rivers, chain'd up, flow with the same Speed
As Prisoners advance towards the Psalm they can't read,
Throw whole Oaks at a Time, nay, Groves, on the Fire,
They shall be our Sobriety's Funeral-Pyre.

II.

Never waste the dull Time in impertinent Thinking,
But urge and pursue the great Business of Drinking;
Come pierce your old Hogsheads, ne'er stint us in Sherry,
This, this is the Season to drink and be merry:
Then, reviv'd by our Liquor and Billets together,
We'll out-roar the loud Storms, and defy the cold Weather.

III.

Damn your *Gadbury*, *Partridge*, and *Salmon* together,
What a puling Discourse have we here of the Weather;
Nay, no more of that Business, but, Friend, as you love us,
Leave it all to the Care of the good Folks above us.
Your Orchards and Groves will be shatter'd no more,
If, to hush the rough Winds, they forbid them to roar.

IV.

Send a Bumper about, and cease this Debate
Of the Tricks of the Court and Designs of the State.
Whether *Brandon*, or *Offly*, or *Booth* go to Pot,
Ne'er trouble your Brains; let 'em take their own Lot.
Thank the Gods, you can safely sit under your Vine,
And enjoy your old Friends, and drink off your own Wine.

V.

While your Appetite's strong, and good Humour remains,
And active fresh Blood does enliven your Veins,
Improve the fleet Minutes in Scenes of Delight,
Let your Friend have the Day, and your Mistress the Night.
In the Dark you may try whether *Phillis* is kind,
The Night for intrieguing was ever design'd.

VI.

Tho' she runs from your Arms, and retreats to the Shade,
Some friendly kind Sign will betray the coy Maid;
All trembling you'll find the modest poor Sinner,
'Tis a venial Trespass in a Beginner:
But remember this Counsel, when once you do meet her,
Get a Ring from the Nymph, or something that's better.

A Paraphraſe on *Horace* of *Vides ut altâ.*

I.

THE Hills (you ſee) are cover'd o'er
With a grave Coat of rev'rend Snow,
And *Thames* that did ſo lately roar,
Fetter'd in Icy Chains, can hardly flow;
A ſullen Froſt the Ground o'er ſpreads,
The over-burthen'd Trees hang down their mournful (Heads.

II.

Come then, oblige us with a Fire,
That may ſubſtantial Warmth inſpire
Tho' now no Drinking in the Plants goes round,
But dull Sobriety's in Nature found;
Think not this ſhall excuſe your Beer,
With Men 'tis th' true drinking Seaſon of the Year.

III.

For God's-ſake let the Pow'rs above
Their Buſineſs mind, and govern all below,
If they think fit theſe Tempeſts to remove,
No more ſhall rugged *Boreas* blow,
No more the frozen Plants decay,
But ſmile as they enjoy'd a long continu'd *May*.

IV.

To learn your Lot and future State,
Ne'er pry into the Adamantine Books of Fate,
But gratefully thoſe Pow'rs adore,
That added this kind Hour to the old Score;
And be content with what is given,
'Tis all the free and voluntary Gift of Heaven.

V.

Ne'er think in your declining Years,
To pay neglected Love's Arrears;
But while freſh Vigour does inflame,
Purſue, with Haſte, the lovely Game,
Your Talent carefully improve,
Indulge the Day in Wine, and ſpend the Night in Love.

If

Lyce & the Gretian Spinstreſs.

Voll. IV. p. 9

VI.

If crafty as the Nymph to Covert flies,
By a fly Laugh, or some betraying Noise,
She guides you where she panting lies;
Then all you Store of Rhetorick imploy,
The blushing Damsel to enjoy.
If she hold out, then steal at least a Kiss,
And take a Pawn for a substantial Bliss.

The tenth Ode in *Horace* l. iii. Paraphrased.

Extremum Tanaim si biberes, Lyce.

I.

THO' you, my *Lyce*, in some Northern Flood
Had chill'd the Current of your Blood;
Or lost your sweet engaging Charms
In some *Tartarian* Husband's icy Arms;
Were yet one Spark of Pity left behind,
To form the least Impression on your Mind,
Sure you must grieve, sure you must sigh,
Sure drop some Pity from your Eye,
To see your Lover prostrate on the Ground,
With gloomy Night, and black Despair encompass'd all around.

II.

Hark! how the threatning Tempests rise,
And with loud Clamours fill the Skies;
Hark! how the tott'ring Buildings shake,
Hark! how the Trees a doleful Consort make.
And see! oh see! how all below,
The Earth lies cover'd deep in Snow.
The *Romans* clad in white, did thus the *Fasces* woo;
And thus your freezing Candidate, my *Lyce*, sues for you.

III.

Come, lay these foolish Niceties aside,
And to soft Passion sacrifice your Pride:
Let not the precious Hours with fruitless Questions dye,
But let new Scenes of Pleasure crown them as they fly.
Slight not the Flames which your own Charms infuse,
And no kind friendly Minute lose,
While Youth and Beauty give you leave to chuse.

As Men by Acts of Charity below,
Or purchase the next World, or think they do:
So you in Youth a Lover shou'd engage,
To make a sure Retreat for your declining Age.

IV.

Let meaner Souls by Virtue be cajol'd,
As the good *Grecian* Spinstress was of old;
She, while her Sot his youthful Prime bestow'd
To fight a Cuckold's Wars abroad,
Held out a longer Siege, than *Troy*,
Against the warm Attacks of profer'd Joy,
And foolishly preserv'd a worthless Chastity,
At the Expence of ten Years Lyes and Perjury.
Like that old fashion'd Dame ne'er bilk your own Delight,
But what you've lost i'th' Day, get, get it in the Night.

V.

Oh! then if Prayers can no Acceptance find,
Nor Vows, nor Offerings bend your Mind;
If all these powerful Motives fail,
Yet let your Husband's Injuries prevail;
He, by some Play-House Jilt misled,
Elsewhere bestows the Tribute of your Bed;
Let me his forfeited Embraces share,
Let me your mighty Wrongs repair.
Thus Kings by their own Rebel-Powers betray'd,
To quell the home-bred Foe call in a foreign Aid.

VI.

Love, let *Platonicks* promise what they will,
Must, like Devotion, be encourag'd still;
Must meet with equal Wishes and Desires,
Or else the dying Lamp in its own Urn expires.
And I, for all that boasted Flame
We Poets and fond Lovers idly claim,
Am of too frail a Make, I fear,
Shou'd you continue still severe,
To brave the double Hardships of my Fate, [Hate.
And bear the Coldness of the Nights, and Rigor of your

Hor. Ode 11. l. ii.

Quid bellicosus Cantaber, & Scythes,
Hirpine Quincti, cogitet, Adriâ
Divisus objecto, remittas
Quaerere, &c.

I.

WHAT the Bully of *France*, and our Friends on (the *Rhine*,
With their stout Grenadiers this Summer design,
Cease over your Coffee and Wine to debate:
Why the Devil shou'd you, that live on this Side the Water,
Pore over Gazettes and be vext at the Matter?
Come, come, let alone these Arcana's of State.

II.

Alas! while such idle Discourse you maintain,
And with politick Nonsense thus trouble your Brain,
Your Youth flies away on the Back of swift Hours,
Which no Praying, no Painting, no Sighing restores.
Then you'll find, when old Age has discolour'd your Head,
Tho' a Mistress be wanting, no Rest in your Bed.

III.

Prithee do but observe, how the Queen of the Night
Still varies her Station, and changes her Light:
Now with a full Orb she the Darkness does chace,
Now like Whores in the Pit, shews but half of her Face.
These Chaplets of Flowers that our Temples adorn,
Now tarnish and fade, that were fresh in the Morn.

IV.

But to leave off Similies for Curates in Camblet
To lard a dry Sermon, for grave Folks in Hamlet,
While our Vigour remains we'll our Talents improve,
Dash the Pleasures of Wife with the Blessings of Love.
Here, carelesly here, we'll lie down in the Shade,
Which the friendly kind Poplars and Lime-Trees have (made.

V.

Your Claret's too hot . . . Sirrah, Drawer, go bring
A Cup of cold *Adam* from the next purling Spring.

And

And now your Hand's in, prithee ſtep o'er the Way,
And fetch Madam *Trickſy*, the brisk and the gay.
Bid her come in her Alamode Manto of Satin, [Latin.
Two Coolers, I'm ſure, with our Wine can be no falſe

The 13th Ode in *Horace* l. 4. Paraphraſed.

Audivere, Lyce; Dii mea Vota, Dii
Audivere, Lyce; ſis Anus, & tamen
Vis formoſa videri, &c.

I.

LONG have my Prayers ſlow Heaven aſſail'd;
But Thanks to all the Powers above,
That ſtill revenge the Cauſe of injur'd Love,
Lyce, at laſt they have prevail'd.
My Vows are all with Uſury repaid;
For who can Providence upbraid,
That ſees thy former Crimes with haſten'd Age repaid.

II.

Thou'rt old, and yet by awkward Ways doſt ſtrive
Th' unwilling Paſſion to revive;
Doſt drink, and dance, and touch the Lyre,
And all to ſet ſome puny Heart on Fire.
Alas! in *Chloe*'s Cheeks Love basking lies;
Chloe, great Beauty's faireſt prize,
Chloe, that charms our Ears, and raviſhes our Eyes.

III.

The vigorous Boy flies o'er the barren Plains,
Where ſapleſs Oaks their wither'd Trunks extend;
For Love like other Gods, diſdains
To grace the ſhrine that Age has once profan'd.
He too laughs at thee now,
Scorns thy grey Hairs, and wrinkled Brow;
How ſhould his youthful Fires agree with hoary Age's [Snow?

IV.

In vain, with wondrous Art and mighty Care,
You ſtrive your ruin'd Beauty to repair;
No far fetcht Silks one Minute can reſtore,
That Time has added to the endleſs Score.
And precious Stones, tho' ne'er ſo bright,
That ſhine with their own native Light,
Will but diſgrace thee now, and but inhance thy Night.

Ah

V.

Ah me! where's now that Mein! that Face!
That Shape! that Air! that every Grace!
That Colour! whose inchanting Red
Me to Love's Tents a Captive led.
Strange turn of Fate! that she
Who from my self so oft has stol'n poor Me, [should be.
Now by the just Revenge of Time stol'n from herself

VI.

Time was when *Lyce*'s powerful Face
To *Phillis* only gave the Place;
Perfect in all the little Tricks of Love,
That charm the Sense and the quick Fancy move.
But Fate to *Phillis* a long Reign deny'd,
She fell in all her blooming Beauty's Pride;
She conquer'd whilst she liv'd, and triumph'd as she dy'd.

VII.

Thou, like some old Commander in Disgrace,
Surviving the past Conquests of thy Face,
Now the great Business of thy Life is done,
Review'st, with Grief, the Trophies thou hast won.
Damn'd to be parch'd with Lust, tho' chill'd with Age,
And, tho' past Action, damn'd to tread the Stage,
That all might laugh to see that glaring Light,
Which lately shone so fierce and bright,
End with a Stink at last, and vanish into Night.

The 15th Ode in *Horace* Lib. iii. Imitated.

Uxor pauperis Ibici,
Tandem Nequitiæ fige modum tuæ,
Famosisq; Laboribus, &c.

I.

AT length, thou antiquated Whore,
Leave Trading off, and sin no more;
For Shame in your old Age turn Nun,
As Whores of everlasting Memory have done.

II.

Why should'st thou still frequent the Sport,
The Balls, and Revels of the Court?

Or

Or why at glittering Masks appear,
Only to fill the Triumphs of the fair?

III.

To *Ghent* or *Bruſſels* ſtrait adjourn,
The Lewdneſs of your former Life to mourn.
There brawny Prieſts in Plenty you may hire,
If Whip and wholſom Sackcloth cannot quench the Fire.

IV.

Your Daughter's for the Buſineſs made,
To her, in Conſcience, quit the Trade.
Thus, when his conquering Days were done,
Victorious *Charles* reſign'd his Kingdom to his Son.

V.

Alas! ne'er thrum your long diſus'd Guittar,
Nor with Pulvilio's ſcent your Hair,
But in ſome lonely Cell abide,
With Roſary and Pſalter dangling at your Side.

A Tranſlation of Ode 23. Lib. i.

Vitas hinnuleo me ſimilis, Cloë,
Quærenti pavidam montibus aviis
Matrem, &c.

I.

WHY flies *Belinda* from my Arms?
Or ſhuns my kind Embrace?
Why does ſhe hide her blooming Charms?
And where I come forſake the Place.

II.

Like ſome poor Fawn, whom every Breath
Of Air does ſo ſurprize;
In the leaſt Wind he fancies Death,
And pants at each approaching Noiſe.

III.

Alas! I never meant thee Ill,
Nor ſeek I to devour thee;
Why ſhould'ſt thou then with Coldneſs kill
The dying Slave that does adore thee.

IV.

Leave, leave thy Mother's Arms for Shame,
Nor fondly hang about her;

Thou'rt

Thou'rt now of Age to play the Game,
And eaſe a Lover's Pain without her.

The 26th Ode in *Hor.* l. iii. Paraphras'd.

Vixi puellis nuper idoneus,
Et militavi non ſine gloria, &c.

I.

'TIS true, while active Blood my Veins did fire,
And vigorous Youth gay Thoughts inſpire,
(By your Leave, courteous Reader, be it ſaid)
I cou'd have don't as well as moſt Men did;
But now I am (the more's the Pity)
The veryſt Fumbler in the City.

II.

There, honeſt Harp, that haſt of late
So often bore thy ſinful Maſter's Fate,
Thou a crack'd Side, and he a broken Pate,
Hang up, and peaceful Reſt enjoy;
Hang up, while poor dejected I,
Unmuſical, unſtrung like thee, ſit mourning by.

III.

And likewiſe all ye truſty Bars,
With whoſe Aſſiſtance heretofore,
When Love engag'd me in his Wars,
I've batter'd, Heaven forgive me, many a Door;
Lie there, 'till ſome more able Hand
Shall you to your old pious Uſe command.

IV.

But, oh kind *Phœbus*, lend a pitying Ear
To thy old Servant's humble Prayer;
Let ſcornful *Chloe* thy Reſentments feel,
Laſh her all o'er with Rods of Steel;
And when the Jilt ſhall of her Smart complain,
This 'tis, then tell her, to diſdain
Thy ſacred Power, and ſcorn a Lover's Pain.

Hor. Ode 27. l. i.

Natis in usum laetitiae Scyphis
Pugnare, Thracum est, &c.

I.

TO fight in your Cups, and abuse the good Creature,
Believe it, my Friends, is a Sin of that Nature,
That were you all damn'd, for a tedious long Year,
To nasty Mundungus, and heath'nish small Beer,
Such as after debauches your Sparks of the Town,
For a Penance next Morning, devoutly pour down,
It would not attone for so vile a Transgression,
You're a Scandal to all of the Drinking Profession.

II.

What a-pox do ye bellow, and make such a Pother,
And throw Candlesticks, Bottles, and Pipes at each other?
Come keep the King's Peace, leave your damning and
[sinking,
And gravely return to good Christian drinking.
He that flinches his Glass, and to drink is not able,
Let him quarrel no more, but knock under the Table.

III.

Well, Faith, since you've rais'd my ill Nature so high,
I'll drink on no other Condition, not I,
Unless my old Friend in the Corner declares
What Mistress he courts, and whose Colours he wears:
You may safely acquaint me, for I'm none of those
That use to divulge what's spoke under the Rose.
Come, part with't . . . What she! forbid it ye Powers,
What unfortunate Planet rul'd o'er thy Amours?
Why, Man, she has lain (Oh thy Fate how I pity!)
With half the blue Breeches and Whigs in the City.
Go thank Mr. Parson, give him thanks with a Curse,
Oh those damnable Words, *For better for worse.*
To regain your old Freedom you vainly endeavour,
Your Doxy and You no Priest can dissever,
You must dance in the Circle, you must dance in't for
[ever.

The

The ſame Ode imitated.

Natis in uſum laetitiae Scyphis, &c.

WHat, Boys, are ye mad? Is the *Dutch* Devil in ye?
Muſt your Quarrels as long as your Glaſſes con-
[tinue?
Give it o'er, ye dull Sots! let the dull-pated Boors,
Snic or ſnee at their Punch-Bowls, or flaſh for their Whores,
We'll be merry and wiſe, but for Bloodſhed we bar it,
No Red ſhall be ſeen here but your Port and good Claret.
What a P.... ſhould we fight for? No Bayonets here,
But the Sconces all round and the Bottles appear.
Look, the Wine bluſhes for us! while it gently diſgraces
Our unnatural Freaks and our mortify'd Faces.
Come let's do what we came for, let the Brimmers be
[crown'd,
And a Health to all quiet Good-fellows go round!
Muſt I take off my Glaſs too? Then, *Jack*, prithee tell us
Thy new Miſtreſs's Name: What a Miſchief! art jealous?
Muſt her Name be a Secret? *Alons*, then I've done,
Hang the greedy Curmudgeon that eats all alone;
Come diſcover, you Block-head! I'm ſure I miſtook ye,
Elſe in theſe Amours, *Jack* was us'd to be lucky;
Well, but whiſper it then! I'll keep Counſel, ne'er fear it,
Is it ſhe? the damn'd Jilt! Gad let no Body hear it;
Why, Faith *Jack* thou'rt undone then, 'twas ſome Witch-
[craft I'm ſure
Cou'd betray thee to th' Arms of a Pockify'd Whore:
Well, 'tis vain to repine, Boy, let us drink away Sorrow,
Uſe thy Freedom to Night, Man, let the Punk reign to
[morrow.

An Imitation of the 14th Epod in *Hor.*

Mollis inertia cur tantam diffuderit imis
Oblivionem ſenſibus,
Pocula Lethæos ut ſi ducentia ſomnos
Arente fauce traxerim,
Candide Maecenas, occidis ſaepe rogando, &c.

I.

ASK me no longer, dear Sir *John*,
Why your Lampoon lies ſtill undone,
'Fore *George* my Brains grown addle;
Nor bid me *Pegaſus* beſtride;
Why ſhould you ask a Sot to ride
That cannot keep his Saddle?

II.

This was the poor *Anacreon*'s Caſe,
When doating on a ſmooth-chinn'd Face,
He pin'd away his Carcaſe.
To tune his Strings the Bard eſſay'd,
The Devil a String the Bard obey'd,
And was not this a hard Caſe?

III.

If you a conſtant Miſs have got,
Thank Heaven devoutly for your Lot,
Such Bleſſings are not common.
While I, condemn'd to endleſs Pain,
Muſt tamely drag *Belinda*'s Chain,
Yet know ſhe's worſe than—Woman.

A Tranſlation from *Horace* of *Mollis inertia*, *February*, 85.

I.

HOW ſuch a Fit of Lethargy
My Senſes has poſſeſt,
As if a Doſe of Opium
Had bury'd me in Reſt!

With

The Poets Condition

E Kirkall Sculp

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II.

With often asking what's the Cauſe,
You weary me your Friend;
The Satyrs which I promis'd you,
I cannot bring to End.

III.

So poor *Anacreon*, as they ſay,
Bewitch'd by powerful Love,
Complain'd him often of his Wound
In Melancholy Grove.

IV.

The Miſtreſs that you court my Friend,
'Tis fit you ſhould adore;
I, like a Fool, am *Phygia*'s Slave,
Yet know ſhe is a Whore.

MARTIAL's EPIGRAMS.

Tranſlated by Mr. THO. BROWN.

The PREFACE.

WIthout formal *Petition*
Thus ſtands my *Condition*:
I am cloſely block'd up in a *Garret*,
Where I *ſcribble* and *ſmoak*
And ſadly invoke
The powerful Aſſiſtance of *CLARET*.
Four *Children* and a *Wife*,
'Tis hard on my Life,

Beſide

Beſide my *Self* and a *Muſe*,
To be all *cloath'd* and *fed*,
Now the *Times* are ſo dead,
By my *ſcribbling* of *Dogg'rel* and *News*.
And what I ſhall do,
I'm a *Wretch* if I know,
So hard is the Fate of a *Poet*;
I muſt either turn *Rogue*,
Or, what's as bad, *Pedagogue*,
And ſo drudge like a Thing that has no Wit.
My *Levee*'s all Duns,
Attended by *Bums*,
And my *Landlady* too ſhe's a *Teazer*,
At leaſt four Times a Day
She warns me away,
And what can a Man do to pleaſe her?
Here's the *Victualler* and *Vintner*,
The *Cook* and the *Printer*,
With the *Myrmidons* hovering about, Sir:
The *Taylor* and *Draper*,
With the *Cur* that ſells Paper,
That, in ſhort, I dare not ſtir out, Sir.
But my *Books* ſure may go,
My Maſter *Ovid* did ſo,
And tell how doleful the *Caſe* is;
If it don't move your *Pity*,
To make ſhort of my *Ditty*,
'Twill ſerve you to wipe your Arſes.

Mart. Epig. 5. l. ii.

Ne valeam, ſi non totis, Deciane, diebus,
Et tecum totis Noctibus eſſe velim.

IN ſome vile Hamlet let me live forgot,
Small Beer my Portion, and no Wine my lot:
To ſome worſe Fiend in Church-Indentures bound,
Than ancient *Job* or modern *Sherlock* found;
And with more Aches plagu'd, and Pains, and Ills,
Than fill our *Salmon*'s Works, or *Tilburgh*'s Bills;

If

If 'tis not ſtill the Burden of my Prayer,
The Night with you, with you the Day to ſhare.
But Sir, (and the Complaint you know is true)
Two damn'd long Miles there lie 'twixt me and you;
And theſe two Miles, by help of Calculation,
Make four, by that I've reach'd my Habitation.
You're near Sage *Will's*, the Land of Mirth and Claret;
I live ſtow'd up in a *White-Chappel* Garret:
Oft when I've walk'd ſo far, your Hands to kiſs,
Flatter'd with Thoughts of the ſucceeding Bliſs,
I'm told you're gone to the vexatious *Hall*,
Where with eternal Lungs the Lawyers bawl:
Or elſe ſtole out, ſome Female Friend to ſee;
Or, what's as bad, you're not at Home for me.
Two Miles I've at your Service, and that's Civil;
But to trudge four, and miſs you, is the Devil.

Advice to a Vintner. *Mart.* Epig. 19. l. i.

The Hint taken from *Quid te, Tucca, juvat.*

WHat Planet diſtracts thee, what damnable Star,
To daſh honeſt *Bourdeaux* with vile *Bar-a-Bar?*
Why ſhould innocent Claret be murder'd by Port,
Thou'lt ſurely be ſentenc'd in *Bacchus*'s Court.
As for us drunken Rakes, if we hang, or we drown,
Or are decently poiſon'd, what Loſs has the Town;
But to kill harmleſs Claret, that does ſo much Good,
Is downright Effuſion of true Chriſtian Blood:
Ne'er think what I tell you is Matter of Laughter,
Thou'lt be curs'd for't in this World, and damn'd for't
[hereafter.

Mart. Epig. 23. l. i.

Si memini, fuerant tibi quatuor, Ælia, dentes.

I.

WHen Gammer *Gurton* firſt I knew,
Four Teeth in all ſhe reckon'd:
Comes a damn'd Cough, and whips out two,
And t'other two, a ſecond.

Courage,

II.

Courage, old Dame, and never fear
The third, whene'er it comes;
Give me but t'other Jugg of Beer,
And I'll enſure your Gums.

An Imitation of Epig. 44. in *Mart.* Lib. iii.

Occurrit tibi nemo quod libenter, &c.

THat Couſins, Friends, and Strangers fly thee,
Nay, thy own Siſter can't ſit nigh thee,
That all Men thy Acquaintance ſhun,
And into Holes and Corners run,
Like *Iriſh* Beau from *Engliſh* Dun,
The Reaſon's plain, and if thoud'ſt know it,
Thou'rt a moſt damn'd repeating Poet.
Not Bayliff ſow'r, with horrid Beard,
Is more in poor *Alſatia* fear'd,
Since the ſtern Parliament of late
Has ſtript of ancient Rights their State:
Not Tygers, when their Whelps are miſſing,
Nor Serpents in the Sun-ſhine hiſſing,
Nor Snakes in Tail that carries Rattle,
Nor Fire, nor Plague, nor Blood, nor Battle,
Is half ſo dreaded by the Throng,
As thy vile perſecuting Tongue.
If e'er the reſtleſs Clack that's in it
Gives thy Head leave to think a Minute,
Think what a Penance we muſt bear,
Thy damn'd Impertinence to hear.
Whether I ſtand, or run, or ſit,
Thou ſtill art i'th' repeating Fit;
Weary'd, I ſeek a Nap to take,
But thy curſt Muſe keeps me awake.
At Church too, when the Organ's blowing,
Thy louder Pipe is ſtill a going.
Nor Park, nor Bagnio's from thee free,
All Places are alike to thee.
Learn Wiſdom once, as a Friend's Inſtance,
From the two Fellows at St. *Dunſtan*'s;

Make

Make not each Man thou meet'ſt a Martyr;
But ſtrike, like them, but once a Quarter.

The 63d Epigram in *Martial*, Lib. iii.

Cotile, Bellus homo es, &c.

OH! *Jemmy*, you're a Beau: Not I alone
Say this, but 'tis the Talk of all the Town.
Prithee be free, and to thy Friend impart
What is a Beau——Ay, Sir, with all my Heart.
He's one, who nicely curls and combs his Hair,
And viſits *Sedgwick* monthly all the Year:
Sings bawdy Songs, and humms them, as along
Flanting he walks thro' the admiring Throng;
All the Day long ſits with the charming Fair,
And whiſpers pretty Stories in their Ear.
Writes *Billets-doux*; ſhuns all Men as he goes,
Leſt their unhallow'd Touch ſhou'd daub his Cloaths.
He knows your Miſtreſs: Nay, at every Feaſt
He'll tell the Pedigree of every Gueſt.
Is this a Beau? Faith, *Jemmy*, I'll be plain,
A Beau's a Bawble, deſtitute of Brain.

The Contented WHORE. An Imitation of Epig. 66. in *Mart.* l. xii.

Formoſa Phillis nocte cum mihi tota.

I.

TO Charming *Celia*'s Arms I flew,
And there all Night I feaſted;
No God ſuch Tranſports ever knew,
No Mortal ever taſted.

II.

Loſt in the ſweet tumultuous Joy,
And pleas'd beyond expreſſing;
How can your Slave, my Fair, ſaid I,
Reward ſo great a Bleſſing?

The

III.

The whole Creation's Wealth ſurvey;
Thro' both the *Indies* wander:
Ask what brib'd Senates give away,
And fighting Monarchs ſquander.

IV.

The richeſt Spoils of Earth and Air;
The rifled Ocean's Treaſure;
'Tis all too poor a Bribe by far
To purchaſe ſo much Pleaſure.

V.

She bluſhing cry'd——My Life, my Dear,
Since *Cælia* thus you fancy,
Give her, but 'tis too much, I fear,
A Rundlet of right *Nancy*.

An Imitation of *Uxor vade foras.*

In *Mart.* l. ii. *Epig.* 105.

I.

SWeet Spouſe, you muſt preſently troop and be gone,
(Or fairly ſubmit to your Betters;)
Unleſs for the Faults that are paſt, you atone,
I muſt knock off my conjugal Fetters.

II.

When at Night I am paying the Tribute of Love,
(You know well enough what's my Meaning,)
You ſcorn to Aſſiſt my Devotion, or move
As if all the while you were dreaming.

III.

At Cribbage, and Put, and All-fours, I have ſeen
A Porter more Paſſion expreſſing,
Than thou, wicked *Kate*, in the rapturous Scene,
And the Height of the amorous Bleſſing.

IV.

Then ſay I to my ſelf, is my Wife made of Stone,
Or does the old Serpent poſſeſs her;
Better Motion and Vigour by far might be ſhown
By dull Spouſe of a *German* Profeſſor?

So,

V.

So, *Kate*, take Advice, and reform in good Time,
And while I'm performing my Duty,
Come in for your Club, and repent of the Crime
Of paying old Scores with your Beauty.

VI.

All Day thou may'ſt Cant, and look grave as a Nun,
And run after *Burgeſs* the ſurly;
Or ſee that the Family Buſineſs be done,
And chide all thy Servants demurely.

VII.

But when you're in Bed with your Maſter and King,
That Tales out of School ne'er does trumpet,
Move, riggle, heave, pant, clip me round like a Ring,
In ſhort, be as lewd as a Strumpet.

Mart. Epig. 61. l. 11.

Sit Phlogis, an Chione Veneri magis apta requiris?

I.

NOthing than *Chloe* e'er I knew
By Nature more befriended:
Cælia's leſs beautiful, 'tis true,
But by more Hearts attended.

II.

No Nymph alive, with ſo much Art,
Receives her Shepherd's Firing,
Or does ſuch Cordial Drops impart
To Love when juſt expiring.

III.

Cold niggard Age, that does elſewhere
At one poor Offering falter,
To her whole Hetacombs wou'd ſpare,
And pay them on her Altar.

IV.

But *Chloe*, to Love's great Diſgrace,
In Bed nor falls, nor riſes:
And too much truſting to her Face,
All other Arts deſpiſes.

V.

No half-form'd Words, nor murm'ring Sighs,
Engage to freſh Performing
Her breathleſs Lover, when he lies
Diſabled after Storming.

VI.

Dull as a Prelate when he prays,
Or Cowards after Lifting,
The fair Inſenſible betrays
Loves Rites, by not Aſſiſting.

VII.

Why thus, ye Powers, that cauſe our Smart,
Do ye Love's Gift diſſever;
Or why thoſe happy Talents part,
That ſhou'd be join'd for ever.

VIII.

For once perform an Act of Grace,
Implor'd with ſuch Devotion,
And grant my *Calia Chloe*'s Face,
Or *Chloe Calia*'s Motion.

To a Gentleman that cut off his Hair, and ſet up for a Spark in his old Age. Out of *Martial.* Epig. 43. lib. iii. *Mentiris Juvenem*, &c.

THou, that not a Month ago
Waſt white as Swan, or driven Snow,
Now blacker far than *Æſop*'s Crow,
Thanks to thy Wig, ſet'ſt up for Beau:
Faith, *Harry*, thou'rt in the wrong Box,
Old Age theſe vain Endeavours mocks,
And Time, that knows thou'lt hoary Locks,
Will pluck thy Mask off with a Pox.

The 50th Epigram of *Martial* imitated.

Quaris ſolicitus diu, rogaſq;
Cui tradas, Lupe, filium Magiſtro, &c.

WHen e'er I meet you, ſtill you cry,
What ſhall I do with *Bob*, my Boy.

Since this Affair you'll have me treat on,
Ne'er send the Lad to *Paul*'s or *Eaton*.
The Muses let him not confide in,
But leave those Jilts to *Tate* or *Dryden*.
If with damn'd Rhimes he racks his Wits,
Send him to *Mævis* or St. *Kit*'s.
Wou'd you with Wealth his Pockets store well,
Teach him to pimp, or hold a Door well?
If he has a Head not worth a Stiver,
Make him a Curate, or Hog-driver.

An Epigram out *Martial* imitated, Book iii. Epig. 54.

SIR *Fopling*, you're a Man of Fashion grown;
The most accomplish'd Blade in all the Town,
'Tis all the Ladies Talk; but tell me this,
What a fine Man of Mode and Fashion is?
'Tis he that's all the Morning at the Glass,
To put each Curl in its most proper Place,
And in affected Forms to set his Face,
That smells of Essence, and the best Perfume,
Which does from *India* or *Arabia* come.
That when one speaks (as if he did not hear)
Humms o'er some wanton Song, or modish Air;
That Legs and Arms in various Postures throws,
And seems to dance at every Step he goes;
That sits among the Women in the Pit;
And that he may be thought a Man of Wit,
He whispers to the next as to a Friend,
That in loud Laughter does his Whispering end;
That reads and writes Love-Letters to and fro,
And does each Gallant's Wench and Mistress know,
Who, tho' unbidden, is a constant Guest
At ev'ry Mask, at ev'ry Treat and Feast.
But sits in Pain for Fear the next should stir,
And so displace his Dress, or Garniture.
Who knows *New-Market* Breed, so well, that he
Can tell you *Jack-a-Dandy*'s Pedigree;

And down from long Descent pretends to trace
The famous Swallows, or fleet Dragon's Race.
How, Sir, what's this you say! Is this Buffoon
Admir'd so for a Spark throughout the Town?
Believe me, Sir, on Earth there cannot be
A more ridiculous trifling Thing than he.

EPIGRAMS.

An Epigram under the Picture of a Beau.

THE vain Thing, set up for Man,
But see what Fate attends him!
The poud'ring Barbar first began,
The Barber-Surgeon ends him.

An Extempore Epigram on Death.

IF Death does come as soon as Breath departs,
Then he must often die, who often farts.
And if to die, be but to lose one's Breath,
Then Death's a Fart, and so a Fart for Death.

An Epigram by *T. B.*

Fulserit antarctus radienti Cancer Olympo,
Nescio certe Annus, sed puto Cancer erat.
Grandinis inde ruit crepitantis saxeus imber,
Cecidit hinc tacite mobile vellus aquæ.
Sive suas Tempus fugitivum perdidit alas,
Aut vellet veri dicere Bruma, Vale.

Thus merrily turn'd over a Glass.

THE Crab does oft the tufted Ring possess,
And crawls unseen about the heavenly Place;
From whose soft Banks the whizzing Waters fall,
And Show'rs of Love perform the Dev'l and all.
But when old *Time* has stretch'd the Channel wide,
And stopp'd the Flux of the refreshing Tide,

'Tis

'Tis Drudg'ry then in such a Pool to sail,
One Moment makes us glad to say, *Farewel.*

Mr. Brown's Extempore *Version of two Verses out of* Martial, *occasion'd by a clamorous Dun, who vow'd she wou'd not leave him 'till she had her Money.*

Sexte, nihil debes; nihil debes, Sexte, fatemur
Debet enim si quis solvere, Sexte, potest.

Sextus thou nothing ow'st, nothing I say;
He something owes that something has to pay.

An Epigram by Mr. THO. BROWN, De Parnasso.

PHœbe, *Pater Vatum, moderator,* Phœbe, *dierum,*
Qui pariter radiis ingenioq; vales.
Cernis ut incassum miseri, tua Turba, Poetæ
Carpimus incertam per tua Regna viam.
At tuus ille, annis natus melioribus, alto
Vertice Parnassi regnat Homerus *ovans.*
Nosq; fatigatos & vincere summa parantes
Aonio prohibet figere colle pedem.
Sic ego. Sic Divus; Convitia mitte jocosa.
Mitte leves Curas, vana Querela tua est.
Regna colunt unum nosti terrestria Regem,
Odit rivales Imperialis apex.
Parnassusq; meus gemino licet Æthera clivo
Dividat, ac Reges non capit ille duos.

Thus Paraphras'd.

O *Phœbus!* Father of the rhiming Crowd,
Doom'd to be poor, yet destin'd to be proud;
Bright Ruler both of Poetry and Light;
'Tis true you give us Wit, but starve us by't.
Behold us struggling in those slipp'ry Ways,
Which lead from Profit to the Hopes of Praise;
That tempting Shadow which such Swarms pursue,
Tho' sought by many, merited by few;

Yet oft by Fools and Flatterers enjoy'd,
And to the more deserving still deny'd:
But thy Son *Homer* liv'd in better Days,
And shone in Wit, as glorious as thy Rays;
With Honour justly climb'd the lofty Hill,
And rul'd with Joy the sacred Pinacle;
Where none his ancient Title must dispute,
Or after him presume to set a Foot.
Inspir'd by these, he took so vast a Flight,
That modern Ages ne'er cou'd reach his Height.
His Works forbid us to molest his Reign,
And shew that all Attempts would prove in vain.
Yet since all Ages have their certain Best,
And one has Right to tow'r above the rest;
God-like, from Cares exempt, I'll sit at Ease,
And jest with humane Follies as I please:
Ne'er pine in vain, or languish o'er my Wants,
But leave to whining Coxcomb such Complaints.
And as no earthly Monarch will admit
A rival Prince in his Imperial Seat;
So o'er *Parnassus* will I reign as King,
And whilst the envious Criticks rail, I'll sing.
The bending Arch of Heav'n shall be my Crown,
And thus, unequal'd, will I rule alone,
'Till more aspiring Wit shall justly claim
Apollo's Kingdom, and surmount my Fame.

FABLES.

The Fable of the Bat *and the* Birds.

In Imitation of that of the Buzzard *the* Hind *and* Panther. *In the Year* 1689.

IN ancient Times, as learned *Æsop* shows,
'Twixt Birds and Beasts a fatal War arose:
But whether this from State-Intrigues did flow,
Or to some Church-Pretence its Birth did owe,
Or Depredations made, concerns us not to know.
Weighty, you may be sure, the Cause was thought,
Which such an universal Tumult wrought.

Picqueer-

Picqueering Parties first began the Fray,
A sad Presage of the ensuing Day.
At last the War was solemnly proclaim'd,
The Hour of Fighting set, and both the Leaders nam'd.
The foolish Bat, a Bird obscure and base,
The Scorn and Jest of all the feather'd Race;
Or by fantastick Fears and Scruples led,
Or by Ambition mov'd, his Party fled,
Joyn'd with the Beasts, and, eager to engage,
With popular Harangues urg'd on a feeble Rage.
As Fortune wou'd, on an ill-fated Day
The Beasts drew out their Forces in Array:
The diff'rent Kinds their Grudges laid aside,
And for the common Safety now provide,
Ev'n their old Piques, and warm Disputes forgot,
The *Hind* and *Panther* joyn'd upon the Spot;
And by one mutual League of Friendship held,
Prepare for the rough Business of the Field.
When lo! the Birds in num'rous Bands appear,
And with repeated Cries attack the Rear;
Give a fierce Charge, and back, like *Parthians*, fly,
To repossess their patrimonial Sky;
Then straight descending, with redoubl'd Might
They spend their Fury, and renew the Fight.
Pale Victory, all trembling and dismay'd,
With doubtful Wings the Purple Scene survey'd.
At last, propitious to her feather'd Kind,
Declar'd her Favour, and the Scale inclin'd.
Whole Hecatombs the cover'd Field possest,
And gave their Foes at once a Triumph and a Feast.
Their slaughter'd Young the *Rachel*-Dams deplor'd,
And many a widow'd Cow mourn'd o'er her horned Lord.
The gen'rous Eagle (so his Stars ordain)
Chaces th' affrighted Lyon from the Plain:
Their General gone, the rest like Lightning fly,
A cheap unfighting Herd not worth the Victory.
And now the Birds with eager Haste pursue,
Thro' Lanes and devious Tracts, the scatter'd Crew:
Among the rest, beset with Dangers round,
The trembling Bat was in a Cellar found:

'Tis Pity Fame ne'er chronicl'd his Taker,
But all Records agree they found him *Long-Acre*.
Percht on a Pole, they brought him to the Bar,
Where the full House sat talking of the War.
Strait at the Sight a various Noise began,
Which thro' the spacious Hall and neighbouring Lobby (ran.
Each Member in the publick Mirth concurr'd,
And droll'd upon the poor Apostatizing Bird.
First, Parrot *Settle* open'd wide his Throat,
Next, Cuckow *Rimer*, always in a Note;
And Peacock *Chetwood*, of the Clergy Kind;
But his Poetick Feet disgrac'd the Train behind.
And *Creech* and *Norris*, Blackbirds of Renown;
And Corm'rant *Higden*, for Devouring known.
Nay, to augment the Hardship of his Woes,
Owl *Durfy* clapt his Wings, and hooted in the Close.
When now their Raillery began to spare,
(And faith 'twas too much for one Bird to bear)
The Eagle order'd Silence in the Room,
And thus aloud, pronounc'd the shiv'ring Lubber's Doom.
Beast of a Bird, thus to desert thy Friends,
And join the common Foe, for base ungen'rous Ends,
What Punishment can suit so black a Crime?
Hear then, and stand accurst to all succeeding Time.
From all our Diets be thou first expell'd,
Or those in flow'ry Groves, or those in Steeples held,
When our gay Tribes in youthful Pomp appear,
To join in Nuptial Bands, and meet the smiling Year:
Nay more, to make thee mortify and grieve,
To Buzzard *Shadwell* we thy Places give;
Him we appoint Historian of our State,
And Poet-Laureat of the Woods create.
Out-law'd our Realms, and banish'd from the Light,
Be thou for ever damn'd to steal Abroad by Night.

The Fable of the Horse *and the* Stag.

I.

THE Horn-arm'd Stag deny'd the Horse
The Privilege of the Common,

'Till

'Till ſtarv'd, for Want of equal Force,
He begg'd Aſſiſtance from Man.

II.

For why? Reſolv'd at any Rate
To get his Share of Paſture;
He rather choſe to champ the Bit,
Than leave the Stag ſole Maſter.

III.

With Man aſtride, he march'd to fight
A Foe that durſt not Face him;
For he, with Strangeneſs of the Sight,
Was frighted from his Grazing.

IV.

Nor had Sir *Palfry* much to brag
He got by his Adventure;
Since Man, from routing of the Stag,
Commenc'd perpetual Centaur.

The Fable of the Wolf *and* Porcupine.

In Anſwer to the Argument againſt a Standing Army.

I.

Sgrim with Hunger preſt, one Day
As thro' the Woods he poſted,
A Porcupine found on the Way,
And in theſe Terms accoſted.

II.

Our Wars are ended, Heav'n be prais'd,
Then let's ſit down and prattle
Of Towns inveſted, Sieges rais'd,
And what we did in Battel.

III.

The Plains a pleaſing Proſpect yield,
No Fire, nor Deſolation;
While Plenty reigns in every Field,
And Trade reſtores the Nation.

IV.

Yet you your Quills erected wear,
And tho' none ſeeks to harm ye,
In Time of Peace, about you bear,
Methinks, a Standing Army.

V.

Friend, quoth the Porcupine, 'tis true,
The War's at length decided,
But 'gainſt ſuch tricking Blades as you,
'Tis good to be provided.

VI.

Cenſorious Fame ſhall never ſay
That too much Faith betray'd me;
Who thinks of me to make a Prey,
Muſt at his Coſt invade me.

VII.

Let him, that thinks it worth the While,
Tempt Knaves to make a Martyr;
The Sharpers, that wou'd me beguile,
Shall find they've caught a Tartar.

The Fable of Apollo *and* Daphne.

APollo once finding fair *Daphne* alone,
Diſcover'd his Flame in a paſſionate Tone,
He told her, and bound it with many a Curſe,
He was ready to take her for better for worſe.
Then he talk'd of his Smart,
And the Hole in his Heart,
So large, one might drive thro' the Paſſage a Cart.
But the ſilly coy Maid, to the God's great Amazement,
Sprung away from his Arms, and leapt thro' the Caſe-

II. (ment.

He following, cry'd out, My Life and my Dear,
Return to your Lover, and lay by your Fear.
You think me, perhaps, ſome Scoundrel, or Whoreſon,
Alaſs! I've no wicked Deſigns on your Perſon.
I'm a God by my Trade,
Young, plump, and well made,
Then let me careſs thee, and be not afraid.
But ſtill ſhe kept running, and flew like the Wind,
While the poor purſy God came panting behind.

III.

I'm the Chief of Phyſicians; and none of the College
Muſt be mention'd with me for Experience and Know-

(ledge;

Each

Each Herb, Flower, and Plant, by its Name I can call,
And do more than the beſt Seventh Son of 'em all.
With my Powders and Pills,
I cure all the Ills,
That ſweep off ſuch Numbers each Week in the Bills,
But ſtill ſhe kept running, and flew like the Wind,
While the poor purſy God came panting behind.

IV.

Beſides, I'm a Poet, Child, into the Bargain,
And top all the Writers of fam'd *Covent-Garden*.
I'm the Prop of the Stage, and the Pattern of Wit,
I ſet my own Sonnets, and ſing to my Kit.
I'm at *Will*'s all the Day,
And each Night at the Play;
And Verſes I make faſt as Hops, as they ſay.
When ſhe heard him talk thus, ſhe redoubl'd her Speed,
And flew like a Whore from a Conſtable free'd.

V.

Now had our wiſe Lover (but Lovers are blind)
In the Language of *Lombard-ſtreet* told her his Mind;
Look, Lady, what here is, 'tis Plenty of Money,
Odsbods I muſt ſwinge thee, my Joy and my Honey:
I ſit next the Chair,
And ſhall ſhortly be Mayor,
Neither *Clayton* nor *Duncomb* with me can compare.
Tho', as wrinkled as *Priam*, deform'd as the Devil,
The God had ſucceeded, the Nymph had been Civil.

MISCELLANIES.

An ELEGY *on that moſt Orthodox and Pains-taking Divine, Mr.* Sam. Smith, *Ordinary of* Newgate, *who dy'd of a Quinſey, on* St. Bartholomew's *Day, the 24th of* Auguſt, 1698.

Tyburn, lament, in penſive *Sable* mourn,
For from the World thy ancient Prieſt is torn.
Death, cruel Death, thy learn'd Divine has ended,
And by a Quinſey from his Place ſuſpended.
Thus he expir'd in his old Occupation,
And as he liv'd, he dy'd by Suffocation.

Thou

Thou Rev'rend Pillar of the Triple-Tree,
I would say Post, for it was prop'd by thee;
Thou Penny-Chronicler of hasty Fate,
Death's Annalist, Reformer of the State;
Cut-throat of Texts, and Chaplain of the Halter,
In whose sage Presence Vice itself did faulter.
How many Criminals, by thee assisted,
Old *Smith*, have been most orthodoxly twisted?
And when they labour'd with a dying Qualm,
Were decently suspended to a Psalm?
How oft hast thou set harden'd Rogues a Squeaking,
By urging the great Sin of Sabbath-breaking;
And sav'd Delinquents from Old *Nick*'s Embraces,
By flashing Fire and Brimstone in their Faces?
Thou wast a Gospel-*Smith*, and after Sentence,
Brought'st Sinners to the Anvil of Repentance;
And tho' they prov'd obdurate at the Sessions,
Could'st hammer out of them most strange Confessions,
When Plate was stray'd, and Silver Spoons were missing,
And Chamber-maid betray'd by *Judas* Kissing.
Thy Christian Bowels chearfully extended
Towards such, as by their *Mammon* were befriended.
Tho' *Culprit* in enormous Acts was taken,
Thou would'st devise a Way to save his Bacon;
And if his Purse could bleed a half Pistole,
Legit, my Lord, He reads, upon my Soul.
Spite of thy Charity to dying Wretches,
Some Fools would live to bilk thy Gallows Speeches.
But who'd refuse, that has a Taste of Writing,
To hang, for one learn'd Speech of thy inditing.
Thou alway'st had'st a conscientious Itching,
To rescue Penitents from *Pluto*'s Kitchen;
And hast committed upon many a Soul
A pious Theft, but so St. *Austin* stole.
And Shoals of Robbers, purg'd of sinful Leaven,
By thee were set in the High Road to Heaven.
With sev'ral Mayors hast thou eat Beef and Mustard,
And frail Mince-pyes, and transitory Custard.
But now that learned Head in Dust is laid,
Which has so sweetly sung, and sweetly pray'd:

Yet

Yet, tho' thy outward Man is gone and rotten,
Thy better Part shall never be forgotten.
While *Newgate* is a Mansion for good Fellows,
And *Sternhold*'s Rhimes are murder'd at the Gallows;
While *Holborn* Cits at Execution gape,
And Cut-purse follow'd is by Man of Crape;
While *Grub-street* Muse, in Garrets so sublime,
Trafficks in Doggrel, and aspires to Rhime;
Thy Deathless Name and Memory shall reign,
From fam'd St. *Giles*, to *Smithfield*, and *Duck-lane*.
But since thy Death does general Sorrow give,
We hope thou in thy Successor will live.
Newgate and *Tyburn* jointly give their Votes,
Thou may'st succeeded be by Dr. *Oates*.

An EPITAPH *upon that profound and learned Casuist, the late* Ordinary *of* Newgate.

UNDER this Stone
Lies a Reverend Drone,
To *Tyburn* well known;
Who preach'd against Sin
With a terrible Grin,
In which some may think, that he acted but odly,
Since he liv'd by the Wicked, and not by the godly.
In Time of great Need,
In Case he were freed,
He'd teach one to read
Old Pot-hooks and Scrawls,
As ancient as *Paul*'s:
But if no Money came,
You might hang for old *Sam*,
And, founder'd in Psalter,
Be ty'd to a Halter.
This Priest was well hung,
I mean with a Tongue,
And bold Sons of Vice
Would disarm in a Trice;
And draw Tears from a Flint,
Or the Devil was in't.

If a Sinner came him nigh
With Soul as black as Chimny,
And had but the Senſe
To give him the Pence,
With a little Church-Paint
He'd make him a Saint.
He underſtood Phyſick,
And cur'd Cough and Ptiſick,
And, in ſhort, all the Ills
That we find in the Bills,
With a ſovereign Balm,
The World calls a Pſalm.

Thus his *Newgate-Birds* once, in the Space of a Moon,
Tho' they liv'd to no Purpoſe, they dy'd to ſome Tune.

In Death was his Hope,
For he liv'd by a Rope.
Yet this, by the Way,
In his Praiſe we may ſay,
That, like a true Friend,
He his Flock did attend,
Ev'n to the World's End,
And car'd not to ſtart
From Sledge, or from Cart,
'Till he firſt ſaw them wear
Knots under their Ear;
And merrily ſwing,
In a well-twiſted String.
But if any dy'd hard,
And left no Reward,
As I told you before,
He'd inhance their old Score,
And kill them again
With his murd'ring Pen.
Thus he kept Sin in Awe,
And ſupported the Law;
But, Oh! cruel Fate!
So unkind, tho' I ſay't,
Laſt Week, to our Grief,
Grim Death, that old Thief

Alas!

R. Smith fculp.

Viscount Dundee

Alas! and Alack!
Had the Boldneſs to pack
This old Prieſt on his Back,
And whither he's gone,
Is not certainly known.
But a Man may conclude,
Without being Rude,
That Orthodox *Sam*,
His Flock would not ſham;
And to ſhew himſelf to 'em a Paſtor moſt Civil,
As he led, ſo he follow'd 'em all to the D——l.

An ELEGY *in Memory of the Gallant Viſc.* Dundee, *who was kill'd by a random Shot, after he had won the Battel at* Gillecranke. *Writ by Mr.* Brown, *at the Requeſt of Dr.* Griffith *and Mr.* Burges.

Fors & virtus miſcentur in unum. *Virg. Æneid.* 12.

GOddeſs, to urge me on, forbear,
Or make my mournful Song thy Care;
Oppreſs'd with Doubts, and mighty Woe,
I'd ſing the *Man*, that all *Mankind* ſhou'd know,
How brave he fought, how conquer'd, and how fell,
And in what Cauſe aſſiſt me whilſt I tell.
Quickly the *News* was hither brought,
Too true, alas! that he was dead,
And all our Expectations fled;
But yet we would not entertain the Thought.
Between the Extreams of *Hope* and *Fear*,
Confus'd we ſtood, the Truth to hear,
Until 'twas made at laſt too plain,
Beyond all Doubt the great unconquer'd *Man* was ſlain.
Forgive me, *Heav'n*, that *impious Thought*,
At firſt I queſtion'd your *Supream Decree*,
Love to my King the Madneſs wrought,
And Grief for the World's Loſs, the brave *DUNDEE*.
Oh! frail Eſtate of Things below,
Well to our Coſt your Emptineſs we know.
Scarce from the *Fury* he had paſs'd
Of a miſtaken factious *Race*,

But

But other Dangers follow him as fast,
And trace him as he goes from *Place* to *Place*:
His *Friends* desert, his *Foes* pursue,
Yet still undaunted he goes on;
New Dangers but his *Mind* and *Strength* renew,
So Brave, so Just, and Good, was this unalter'd Man.
Tho' much o'er-match'd in *Men and Arms*,
His *Cause* and *Courage* only best,
And his Example far above the rest:
Firmly resolv'd, he meets the *num'rous Foe*;
But first, with *chearful Anger* in his Face;
Soldiers and *Friends*, he spoke, I'm sure you know,
For what Intent, and for whose Sake we go;
And then he bow'd, and briefly told the Case.

His Speech to his Soldiers.

A *King entail'd*, by long *Descent*,
Equal almost to Time in its Extent,
Robb'd of his *Throne*, for sure it must be so,
Nor *God* nor *Nature* can,
Only *presumptuous* Man,
Be guilty of so black an Overthrow.
What's worse, to palliate the *Pretence*,
Harmless Religion too is brought,
Falsly and indirectly us'd,
And all her sacred *Mysteries* abus'd,
Beyond what the dark *Sybils* ever taught.
And can we bear, my Friends, this great Offence?
Can we stand idle by,
And see our *Mother* robb'd, at last condemn'd to die,
And not endeavour for some Recompence?
Envy and *Fraud*, *Hypocrisy* and *Pride*,
And bold *Ambition* arm'd for *Parricide*;
The certain Loss of *Liberty* and *Laws*,
And *Usurpation*, an intolerable Cause.
All these, and more, have brought us here;
Let no Man doubt, let no Man fear;
His *Cause* is *Just*, and if he falls to Day,
For so by Chance he may,

At worſt, his Name ſhall wear
A large and noble *Character*;
But his exalted *Soul* ſhall fly
The Boundleſs Pitch of vaſt *Eternity*.
He ſpoke; his Soldiers much approve;
Deſpair and *Fear* quit ev'ry Breaſt,
Rage and *Revenge* their Place poſſeſs'd:
And then with wondrous *Order* t'wards the *Foe* they move,
But who th' *Amazement* and th' *Affright* can tell,
That on the other *Army* fell?
Or who, without *Aſtoniſhment*, can ſay,
The *wond'rous Things* this great Man did that Day?
In vain their routed *Squadron* fly
In vain, aloud, for Help they cry,
The *Battel's* loſt, and they muſt *yield*, or *die*.
But, ſee of human Things, the brittle State!
The only beſt, and beſt deſerving Man,
That ſhould have breath'd beyond the *common Span*,
The laſt that meets triumphantly his Fate;
As he was lifting up his Hand,
To give the finiſhing Command,
Comes a malicious random Shot,
And ſtruck the *Victor* dead upon the Spot.
Methinks I ſee the wounded Hero lie,
Too good to live, and yet too brave to die;
I hear him bleſs his *Cauſe*, and more he had to ſay,
But, oh! the haſty Soul could make no longer Stay.
Unconquer'd Man, farewel!
Now thou art gone to dwell
Where thou ſhalt be entirely free
From all the Curſes of *Mortality*.
No anxious Thoughts ſhall wreck thy Breaſt,
No *Factions* ſhall diſturb thy Reſt;
Nor ſhalt thou be by *Tyranny* oppreſs'd.
Thy *Learning* and thy *Parts*,
Thy *Knowledge* in the nobleſt, uſeful Arts,
Thy Converſation and thy *Wit*,
Spoke thee for Earth unmeet, for *Heav'n* only fit.
Live bleſt above, almoſt invok'd below;
Live, and accept this *pious Vow*,
Our *Captain* once, our *Guardian Angel* now,

Live,

Live, and enjoy those great *Rewards* are due,
To those who to their *Prince* are Faithful, Just, and True.

When he had finish'd his Poem, he inclos'd it in the following Letter to Dr. *Griffith*, and sent it the next Night to the Club, which was then at the *Castle-Tavern* in *Fleet-street*.

Dear Doctor,

AT your Request, I have writ something, which, if you think fit, you may call an *Elegy* upon the Viscount *Dundee*. But, in Truth, Sir, I am so ill acquainted with that Kind of Writing, that I could have wish'd you would have pitch'd upon some Body else for your *Operator*. As for *Crambo*, *Acrostick*, *Anagram*, and such Sort of *Performance*, I think my self not much below my Name-sake *Durfey*, or any other of the *Gentlemen* of that *Order*; but for this *Elegiack* Way, I know no more of it, with Respect to his Holiness be it spoken, than the *Pope of Rome*. I was two Days at least hunting for a *Precedent*, at last I fell in with Mr. *Cowley's Imitation of* Pindar, whom I have been so *impudent* to attempt to mimick; so that if this mighty *Production* should ever pass into any other Hands, it must be dignify'd with the *Title of a Pindarick Elegy, in Imitation of Mr.* Cowley. But, Sir, to be a little serious, I am afraid I have not treated this great Man's *Character* as he deserves; and withal, I am told, Mr. *Dryden* has something of this Nature new upon the Stocks, so I must beg of you, upon these and other weighty Considerations, that after you have read over the *Paper*, you'll immediately apply it to the proper Use. Sir, you see by this, how ready I am, and always shall be, to obey your Commands, and to take all Opportunities to approve my self

Sept. 27. 1689. *Your most obedient Servant,*

THO. BROWN.

The

THE
Mourning Poet, &c.

The PREFACE.

I Wont say any Thing in Behalf of the following Poem. *A Prison is none of the most delightful Places for a Muse to exert her Talent in; and though Verse, in Respect of Prose, is a confined Sort of Writing, yet no People hate Confinement more than Poets.*

'Tis true, I as little thought, a few Years ago, of turning Poet, as, with all due Reverence be it said, any of the most topping Citizens about the Exchange do now; but the Case is alter'd, and for want of employing my Time better, (which was none of my own Fault) I was forc'd, and I hope that will justify me, to employ it in innocent Rhiming.

But let the Versification be what it will, my Subject and Design, I am sure, is virtuous and honest. I plead for Compassion and Pity to our Fellow-Creatures; and surely we should be asham'd of boasting our selves made after the Divine Likeness, if we don't copy our Maker in what, with Relation to our selves, is the best of his Attributes.

I will not rail at those Persons, by whose Importunity and Management the late Act against poor Prisoners was carry'd, that were but too miserable before; only it may be worth their while to ruminate a little upon the Apostle's Words, Let him that stands, take Care of Falling. *The World's a Lottery, and he that preaches against giving Relief to* Day, *may want it for himself and Family to Morrow. That ill-condition'd Engineer, who presented* Phalaris *with the* Brazen Bull, *was the first that handsell'd it. And after all, Why should numberless Wretches starve for a few Delinquents? If*

If Numbers signify any Thing to gain a Cause, we have above Sixty Thousand Hands to sign this Paper. We don't pretend to Copy the Impudence of the Legion *Letter; no, 'tis our Business to supplicate, not huff Parliaments; nay, even to speak fair to the meanest of our Creditors. But tho' we are far from imitating the Insolence of the late* Legion, *yet 'tis plain the Name but too justly belongs to us, for, Heaven knows, we are a Parcel of poor unpity'd Devils.*

The Mourning Poet: *Or, The unknown Comforts of Imprisonment, written in the Year* 1703, *and calculated for the Meridian of the three populous Universities of the* Queen's-Bench, *the* Marshalsea, *and the* Fleet; *but may indifferently serve any Prison in the Kingdom of* England, *Dominion of* Wales, *or Town of* Berwick upon Tweed.

SInce my hard Fate has doom'd me to a Jayl,
Some scolding Muse direct me how to rail:
And let this Curse, by my ill Genius sent,
As 'tis my Penance, be my Argument.
The Scene of Life with *Black* and *White* spread o'er,
Here shews us *Want*, and there superfluous *Store*.
The *Rich Man* and the *Poor* be then my Theme;
Having been *both*, I best can judge of them.
A *Rich Man*, what is he? Has he a Frame
Distinct from others? Or a better Name?
Has he more Legs, more Arms, more Eyes, more Brains?
Has he less Care, less Crosses, or less Pains?
Can Riches keep the mortal Wretch from Death?
Or can new Treasures purchase a new Breath?
Or does Heaven send its Love and Mercy more
To *Mammon*'s pamper'd Sons, than to the Poor?
If not, why should the Fool take so much State,
Exalt himself and others under-rate?
'Tis senseless Ignorance, that sooths his Pride,
And makes him laugh at all the World beside.
But when Excesses bring on Gout or Stone,
All his vain Mirth and Gayety are gone.
Then to make any Truce with his Disease,
And purchase the least Interval of Ease,

He'd

He'd all his ill-got Magazines resign,
And at Health's Altar sacrifice his Coin:
And when he dies, for all he looks so high,
He'll make as vile a Skeleton as I.

To number out the several Sorts of *Poor*,
Would be to count the Billows on the Shore;
My Muse shall therefore all the rest decline,
And to th' Industrious Man her self confine;
Who with incessant Labour strives to live,
And yet by cruel Accidents can't thrive.
To trace th' orig'nal Fountain of his Woe,
From whence the Gross of all his Ills do flow;
With *War* I must begin, whose fatal Doom
Ruins all Trade as well Abroad as Home:
The dire Effects the Merchant feels the first,
And all the other Trades by War are curs'd;
The Vintners, whom I own I pity most,
Are daily in this cursed Scramble lost.
And who can wonder that so many fail,
When righteous Claret truckles to vile Ale,
And *Barcelona* stoops to *Belgick* Mild and Stale.
War (to whose Court all lesser Evils join)
First help'd to circumcise our current Coin.
'Twas a fine Harvest, when the Clipping Race,
To the conniving Government's Disgrace,
Cut short his Majesty within the Ring,
And dock'd his Horses Tail (God bless the King:)
Then Goldsmiths, Scrivners, and the bulky Tribe
Of mony'd Knaves, too numerous to describe,
Fatten'd apace on this unrighteous Trade,
And at the Realm's Expence large Fortunes made:
While the poor half-starv'd Slaves, that for them wrought,
Within the fatal Toil were daily caught:
And to relieve them in their *Tyburn* Qualm,
Troop'd off to the dull Musick of a Psalm.

The Charge of War out-ballanc'd soon our Trade;
As *this* advanc'd, *that* palpably decay'd.
And as 'twas ten Years War that ruin'd *Troy*,
So ten Years War did *England*'s Wealth destroy.
War! fatal War! the Murderer of Trade,
Occasion'd heavy Taxes for its Aid;

It

It set Mercurial Heads at work t' invent
Most easy Ways to serve the Government:
NEALE started first, to raise a speedy Sum,
A MILLION-LOTTERY, let who will come,
No Loss can happen, but most certain Gain;
Sell Lands and Houses, ne'er was such a Main.
This was a general and inviting Bait,
And did so luckily relieve the State,
That the Groom-Porter had encouragement,
New specious Schemes and Projects to invent.
Next, the old Maids and Batch'lors were cajoll'd,
Fourteen *per Cent.* for Life, and well enroll'd:
They drew their Cash from Commerce and from Trade,
And lavishly adventur'd on this *Aid*;
Long may they live, and still, (as now) be paid.
At the Heels of this, *Survivorship* came in,
('Tis hard to stop, tho' easy to begin)
From Six *per Cent.* t' increase as Children die:
So promising a Fund who wou'd not try?
Thus eager Parents paid their Money down,
To make their Children Vassals to the Crown,
And with much Ceremony beg their own.
At last, resolv'd new Methods still t' explore,
As if we ne'er cou'd drain the Nations Store,
The Bank peept up, and all before it bore;
As Rivers dutifully glide to pay
Their liquid Tribute to their Parent Sea.
Nor is it strange: Av'rice is always wise,
And Profit, say the Learned, never lies.
Int'rest at twelve *per Cent.* for Stock advanc'd,
Stock to one hundred thirty Pounds enhanc'd;
So he that had a thousand Pounds in there,
For thirteen hundred strait cou'd sell his Share;
Prodigious Gain! *Such Principal, such Use*
Th' Exchequer pays; what must the Exchequer lose?
But say, my Muse, what Harm was it to Trade,
If the Exchequer *Cent. per Cent.* had paid,
When the Realm's wants require a present Aid?
It made the Nation's Debt call for Supplies,
By doubting both the *Customs* and *Excise*;

It

It fram'd the *Capitation* by Degrees,
Births, Burials, Batchelors, Lights, Lawyers-Fees,
Stock, Money, Titles, empty Houſes pay,
Altho' the Tenants often run away.
All thoſe, and many more Inventions join'd
To pamper War, while fickly Trade declin'd:
Set up *Stock-jobbers* on the Nation's Back,
Whoſe weight compleated poor *Britannia*'s Wreck.
Theſe Vermin being hatch'd, the num'rous Brood
Increas'd, and fatten d on the Tradeſman's Blood;
If Tallies were deliver'd on ſome *Aid*,
Stock-jobber fix'd what Money ſhou'd be paid.
The *Legiſlators* gave Encouragement
For Men to work, and truſt the Government;
But tho' a general Good they thus deſign'd,
Thoſe rav'nous *Harpies* of th' *Exchange* combin'd
To fruſtrate all; deaf to the Nation's Cries,
They its beſt Laws turn'd into Merchandize;
So that poor Tradeſmen, for a hundred Pound,
For fifty with theſe Raſcals muſt compound,
Or elſe to Goal; their Wants call for Supply,
And ready Caſh at any Rate they'll buy:
Thus all thoſe Millions given for Supplies,
Thoſe *Caterpillers* ſtill monopolize;
And if we find not out ſome ſpeedy Way
To kill theſe Worms that on our Vitals prey,
Commerce, the Nation's Glory ſoon will fail,
And half our Traders periſh in a Jayl.
Oh! who can bear to ſee ſo many Hands
Lie idle, like uncultivated Lands;
Devour'd by Want, only to gratify
Senſeleſs Revenge and brutiſh Cruelty?
Rome, whoſe imperial Sway the World obey'd,
Juſtice the Rule of all her Actions made;
And tho' moſt Nations dreaded her Alarms,
Was no leſs Famous for her Laws than Arms.
Among the reſt, this juſtly claims a Place,
And let not *England* think it a Diſgrace,
The glorious Empreſs of the World to trace.
The Debtor had one Part, the Lender two;
Revenge had nothing; nothing was her Due.

Credit

Credit with us the whole Estate doth seize,
And on the wretched Debtor's Body preys;
Heav'n's brightest Gift, Compassion's out of Door;
And he's a graceless Reprobate that's poor.
In *France* this Law does still maintain a Sway,
If Tradesmen prove incapable to pay,
Six Persons, of known Truth and Probity,
Make Inquest what their whole Estate may be:
When this is duly done, two Parts of three
They to the Creditors allotted see:
And then one Third to Debtor is convey'd,
That he may have some Stock again to trade.
How worthy Praise are such good Acts as these?
Considering, too, there's not a Penny Fees.
Why should we then our *English* Laws advance,
And scornfully expose the Laws of *France?*
Since Subjects Fellow-Subjects can destroy,
And rob us of our boasted Liberty.
In *Holland*, if a Creditor thinks fit
His Debtor to a Prison to commit,
At his own Charge he must maintain him there,
Not let him starve, as Creditors do here.
A Prison! Heav'ns, I loath the hated Name,
Famine's Metropolis, the Sink of Shame,
A nauseous Sepulchre, whose craving Womb
Hourly inters poor Mortals in its Tomb;
By ev'ry Plague and ev'ry Ill possest,
Ev'n Purgatory it self to thee's a Jest;
Emblem of Hell, Nursery of Vice,
Thou crawling University of Lice:
Where Wretches numberless to ease their Pains,
With Smoak and Ale delude their pensive Chains.
How shall I thee avoid? Or, with what Spell
Dissolve th' Enchantment of thy Magic Cell?
Ev'n *Fox* himself can't boast so many Martyrs,
As yearly fall within thy wretched Quarters.
Money I've none, and Debts I cannot pay,
Unless my Vermin will those Debts defray.
Not scolding Wife, nor *Inquisition*'s worse;
Thou'rt ev'ry Mischief cramm'd into one Curse.

May we at last the Senate's Mercy find,
And breathe (what Heav'n bestows on all Mankind;
What needy Clowns as well as Monarchs share)
The common Benefit of wholesome Air:
Then to your Clemency we'll Altars raise,
And with united Voice our Benefactors praise.

So pray

Threescore Thousand.

To my Friend Mr. Playford, *on the Publication of his Second Book of Pills.*

FRiend *Harry* to prove that your Thoughts were absurd,
For supposing I could not be true to my Word,
According to the Promise which I made long ago,
At last I have squeez'd out a Couplet or two
In the Praise of your *Pills*; and tho' my Verse late is,
Yet believe it's the first that I ever sent *Gratis*.
By my Soul, I've been us'd so to Bolus and Potion,
That I'm ready to swoon at a Physical Notion;
And if you wou'd lend me (that's give) a *Jacobus:*
I'm perswaded I cou'd not take Pill *Ex Duobus:*
However, since yours have no Turpentine Flavour,
Nor confine a Man close to his righteous Behaviour,
Since no bitter Ingredients give Offence to my Palate,
But they please me like Cheese which is roasted, or Sallad,
I'll quit making Faces to write Panegyrick,
Tho' I'm not half so fit for't as *M--* for *Lyrick*.
To begin then, pray take it as *Thomas* his Sentence,
Your Pills will ne'er bring one to Stool of Repentance;
But will chace away Sorrow, which will hang on our (Brows
As a pretty young Girl does a Batchelor's Vows,
Who, at Sight of her Beauty, drowns the Thoughts of (Miscarriage,
And perjur'd, immediately sets up for Marriage.
They're a Cure for a Fav'rite who had handled his Senses,
And has lost our Good Word by getting his Prince's.
The thoughtful Good Statesman, who sits a-la-mort,
Because he's remov'd from Council and Court,

At the Taſte of your Med'cines ſhall reſign up his Grief,
And bleſs his Retirement, and bleſs your Relief.

All Conditions and Sexes, in Country and City.
From thee wou'd be thought Wiſe, to the really Witty,
From the Lady who ſpeaks all her Words as in Print,
And has Eyes which ſtrike Fire like a Steel and a Flint.
To the Damſel whoſe Language as coarſe as her Skin,
And who fain wou'd be dabbling, but ſtarts at the Sin,
And ſhe ſtares at and covets the Thing call'd a *Man*,
And ſhe thinks ſhe cou'd do what her Ladyſhip can:
From the Prodigal Cit, who's a ſettling the Nation,
To the poor Country Threſher, who's as great in his Station.
From their Squireſhips and Knighthoods, and Lordſhips, (and Graces,

To the Man of no Title, who makes 'em wry Faces:
All alike ſhall be purg'd by your laxative Verſes,
Which ſhall looſen their Tongues inſtead of their Arſes,
As they join in the Praiſes of what I commend,
And acknowledge you theirs, as I own to my Friend.

London, June 28, 1720. T. BROWN.

Upon the Encampment on Hounſlow-Heath.

TOO long, by flowing Luxury betray'd,
Our *Britiſh* Iſle was in looſe Slumber laid;
Too long we felt the Ills of fatal Peace,
And idly languiſh'd in inglorious Eaſe;
No manly Buſineſs did our Thoughts engage,
To purchaſe Fame on *Europe*'s wond'ring Stage;
But grown unmindful of our former Name,
We all our Fathers Triumphs did diſclaim,
While even *France* itſelf, with ſcorn, beheld our Shame.
The idle Spear hung up, the poliſh'd Shield
Forgot the great Atchievements of the Field;
The gen'rous Sword contracted filthy Ruſt,
And active Pikes lay moul'dring in the Duſt.
Shrill Trumpets ſpeak not to the armed Throng,
Our Inſtruments unlearn'd each martial Song,
While Guns and Bombs as uſeful did appear,
As Laws and Learning in the Times of War:

Mean-

Mean-while our Neighbours strove to break the Chain,
And sought the Empire of fair *Albion*'s Main,
Bold num'rous Suitors briskly did prepare,
To court the *Nymph* with all the 'omp of War.
Nay, more, the Eastern World our Shame must know,
And rifled *Bantam Englisb* Conduct show,
While the proud *Dutch*, by potent *Nants* inspir'd,
Invade our Coasts, and on the Castles fir'd:
Spain, that was much amaz'd at such a Sight,
Suspected now the Truth of *Eighty Eight*.
And scarcely thought our Fathers could obtain,
Such great and glorious Triumphs over *Spain*.

Thus were we scorn'd, and thus contemn'd Abroad,
While seeds of civil Feuds at Home were sow'd;
Prompted by each bold Instrument of Hell,
Dull Fools, we did for Conscience sake rebel;
Then senseless Clamours all our Thoughts employ'd,
And *Whig* and *Tory* did the Land divide.

But now triumphant *James* the Scepter sways,
Th' adoring World our Rising Sun surveys:
He to our Minds new Vigour does infuse,
And furnish ample Matter for the Muse;
He to it self our Island does restore,
Extends its Limits, and confirms its Pow'r,
While the Great *Edward*'s mighty Ghost is pleas'd
To see his ancient Kingdom's Honours rais'd.

Behold how shining in your martial Pride
Our Troops at *Hounslow* do your Coursers guide;
See how the well-formed *Phalanx* does advance,
Taught by Experience, not inspir'd by Chance;
See how the Colours wanton in the Air,
And Helmets glisten formidably Fair;
How Groves of pointed Spears do move along,
As Trees commanded by the *Thracian* Song,
While Drums and Trumpets rend the list'ning Skies,
And every Heart keeps Measure with the Noise.

Surely, if Poets Prophecies are true,
These Heroes must unheard of Wonders do;
Either proud *France* must now fresh Vengeance feel,
And once more groan beneath the *Englisb* Steel;

Or perjur'd *Holland*, some revolving Day,
For fam'd *Amboyna*'s fatal Slaughters pay;
Or the large Kingdoms of the pow'rful West,
Too much by *Spanish* Cruelties oppreſt,
With *Engliſh* Arts at laſt, and *Engliſh* Laws be bleſt.

Upon the ſetting up of the Statue of Queen Elizabeth, *of ever bleſſed Memory, in the* Royal Exchange, London.

LET *Memnon*'s Statue be no more admir'd,
That utter'd Sounds, by the Sun-beams inſpir'd;
My Muſe a greater Wonder does rehearſe,
For Stones have here infus'd the lofty Verſe.
Oh! *London*, the juſt Pride of *Albion*'s Iſle,
That doſt with Eaſe and flowing plenty ſmile,
Whoſe powerful Ships the Ocean do ſurvey,
And make both *Indies* to thee Tribute pay,
Oh! give freſh Honours to *Eliza*'s Name,
And view the laſting Trophies of her Fame:
She rais'd thy Head, and all thy Wealth ſecur'd,
Which elſe proud *Spaniards* Rapine had devour'd:
She chas'd thy Night of Ignorance away,
And ſoon reſtor'd Truth's incorrupted Ray.
Nor were her Bleſſings to this Realm confin'd:
Strangers enjoy'd the Virtues of her Mind:
Holland, half ruin'd by the Pride of *Spain*,
By her kind Influence rais'd it ſelf again;
She freed 'em from the Tyranny of *Rome*,
And ſtopt the Tide of Heaven's impending Doom.
E'en *France* it ſelf, with civil Tumults ſtain'd,
Invok'd her Help, and Help was ſtreight obtain'd,
Elſe the curſt League had clipt the Royal Crown,
And from his Greatneſs thrown the Monarch down.
Who without Joy and Wonder can ſurvey
The glorious Triumphs of that happy Day,
When mighty *Drake* oppos'd the Pow'r of *Spain*,
And fought their Navy in the *Britiſh* Main:
Long had proud *Philip England*'s Fate conſpir'd,
Urg'd by Revenge, and with Ambition fir'd;
Long had he ſtrove by all the Arts of Pow'r
Old *Rome*'s exploded Errors to reſtore. Then

Then rev'rend Shrines were of their Reliques ſtript,
And conſecrated Guns and Daggers ſhipt;
Each Banner was baptiz'd in Holy Oil,
And Vows were made to recommend the Toil;
The miter'd Prelate of St. *Peter's* Chair
Clubb'd towards the Work, and bleſt it with a Prayer.
Nay, griping Prieſts that never gave before,
Now plunder'd Altars to increaſe the Store.
Thus ſetting forth from *Lisbon's* fatal Bay,
Thro' wond'ring Waves the Navy cut its Way;
The World, amaz'd, lookt on the curſt Intent,
And Fate now almoſt doubted the Event.
But *Britain's* Genius, not ſurpriz'd with Fear,
Towards the great Fleet its nimble Courſe did ſteer.
The roaring Guns firſt Complements did make,
At which the frighten'd Gallies 'gan to quake;
Soldiers, like Mag-pies, flutter'd in the Air,
And ev'ry Ship did in the Damage ſhare:
'Till, half conſum'd with Streams of glowing Fire,
The General thought it Prudence to retire.
Theſe Triumphs we to Great *Eliza* owe,
Such Bleſſings her ſoft Influence did beſtow;
Sh' enrich'd our Iſland with the *Indian* Mine,
And firſt reduc'd Religion, and our Coin:
O! may ſhe live exalted in her Fame,
Enjoying all the Glories of her Name;
While *Britiſh* Fleets the Ocean ſhall command,
And Peace and Plenty crown our happy Land,
While true Religion does her Sway maintain
Againſt the Arts of Fraud, and Cruelties of *Spain*.

In Praiſe of the Bottle. A Song.

I.

WHat a Pox d' ye tell me of the Papiſts Deſign?
Would to God you'd leave talking, and drink off (your Wine,
Away with your Glaſs, Sir, and drown all Debate;
Let's be loyally merry; ne'er think of the State.
The King (Heav'ns bleſs him) knows beſt how to rule;
And who troubles his Head I think is but a Fool.

II.

Come, Sir, here's his Health; your Brimmer advance,
We'll ingross all the Claret, and leave none for *France*.
'Tis by this we declare our Loyal Intent,
And by our Carousing the Customs augment.
Would all mind their Drinking, and proper Vocation,
We should ha' none of this Bustle and Stir in the Nation.

III.

Let the Hero of *Poland*, and Monarch of *France*,
Strive, by Methods of Fighting, their Crowns to advance.
Let Chappels, in *Lime Street*, be built, or destroy'd,
And the Test, and the Oath of Supremacy, void;
It shall ne'er trouble me; I'm none of those Maggots,
That have whimsical Fancies of *Smithfield* and Faggots.

IV.

Then banish all groundless Suspicions away;
The King knows to govern let us learn to obey.
Let ev'ry Man mind his Business and Drinking;
When the Head's full of Wine, there's no Room left for [Thinking.
'Tis nought but an empty and whimsical Pate,
That makes Fools run giddy with Notions of State.

The Rover. *A Song.*

I.

I Hate the Dotard, that restrains
Himself to one. Give me the Spark,
That ev'ry single Doe disdains,
But bravely chaces all the Park.
What Charms can one pretend? She's fair,
Well shap'd, perhaps, plays well, or sings.
All's true; but were she yet more rare,
The God of Love, you know, has Wings.

II.

Beauty's dispers'd thro' all the Kind,
Through all the Universe does move,
And 'till it be to One confin'd,
I think I've lawful Cause to rove.
To Day this Face delights my Eye,
But when I'm ask'd not to give o'er;

Your

Your Servant; I've fed heartily:
Surfeits are dang'rous. Not a Bit more.

The Campaign. A Song.

I.

MOunt, my Boys, mount; let us view the Campaign;
At *Hounſlow* the Tents do cover the Plain.
Hark! the Trumpets ſound, the Troopers are hors'd,
If you ſtay longer, the Sight will be loſt.
Hark too! the Hautboys, the Grenadiers come;
Now, in the Rear, march the Foot with the Drums.
Haſte, Gentlemen, Haſte, our Friends will preſent's
With a kind Bottle, and Wench in their Tents.

II.

See yonder, Sir, ſee how dazling they ſhew?
Their Cloaths, Hats, and Arms, are brandiſhing new.
How dreadfully look the Bay'nets advanc'd!
How proudly thoſe Jennets before 'em do prance!
See how the Houſings and Trappings do blaze!
How admiring Crowds upon them do gaze!
Whigs and old Rebels are daſh'd at the Sight;
They curſe in their Hearts, and view 'em with Spight.

III.

Now, now we are there; yon's the General's Tent;
All that long Row's for the Queen's Regiment;
Yonder's the Sutler's; and there the Smiths ſtand,
With Anvils, and Forges, all ready at Hand.
O *Windſor* and *Hounſlow*! I hope your Stock's large,
You'r like to maintain an Infantry Charge.
The Strollers o'th' *Strand* and *Park* will come down,
And leave at the Camp what they got in the Town.

The Libertine. A Song.

I.

I Languiſh no more at the Glance of your Eye;
Can view you all ov'er, and ne'er fetch a deep Sigh:
No more ſhall your Voice, Cyren-like, charm my Heart;
In vain you may ſigh, uſe in vain all your Art.

No, Madam, I'm free; when I'm recreant again,
Let me, unpity'd, feel again my old Pain.

II.

I'll Libertine turn, uſe all things in common;
No more than one Diſh, be bound to one Woman;
Yet I'll ſtill love the Sex, but my Bottle before 'em;
I'll uſe 'em ſometimes, but I'll never adore 'em.
Go, Madam, be wiſe: When a Woodcock's i'th' Nooſe,
Be ſure hold him faſt, leſt, like me, he gets looſe.

A Catch.

LET the am'rous Coxcomb adore a fair Face;
An Hour's Enjoyment makes him look like an Aſs.
Let the ambitious Fop to Honours aſpire,
He burns with the Torment of boundleſs Deſire.
And let the old Miſer hoard up his curs'd Pelf,
He enriches his Bags, but he beggers himſelf.
The Lover, Ambitious, and Miſer, are Fools;
There's no ſolid Joy, but in jolly full Bowls.

Match for the Devil. In Imitation of M. Rabelais.

WHile others idle Tales relate,
To fright Men from the marry'd State,
Do thou, my Muſe, in humble Verſe,
The Virtues of a Wife rehearſe.
A Farmer of much Wealth poſſeſs'd,
With Friends too, while they laſted, bleſs'd,
Kept open Houſe, and lov'd to feaſt
Thoſe who deſerv'd and wanted leaſt.
To Pleaſures he preſcrib'd no Bounds;
He kept his Hunters, Pack of Hounds;
Somewhat laſcivious, ſomewhat vain,
Some Gentleman had croſs'd the Strain.
To try all Joys, and Plagues of Life,
He boldly took a Buxom Wife.
Now freſh Expences, freſh Delights,
Attend the Day, and crown the Nights.
His new Acquaintance crowd the Houſe;
Some praiſe the Fare, but moſt the Spouſe;
Each ſtrove who ſhould divert the moſt,
But ſtill 'twas at the Husband's Coſt.

He,

Vol. V. *the Devil & Farmer.* p. 275.

He, thoughtleſs, prais'd the expenſive Pleaſure,
To pleaſe his dear domeſtick Treaſure,
All Care was ſcorn'd, and Bus'neſs vaniſh'd,
The preſent Joys Thoughts future baniſh'd:
And being both of Years but vernal,
They thought their Wealth and Loves eternal.
But oh! how vain are all Mens Fancies!
Ill-grounded Projects, mere Romances.
What whims the wiſeſt entertain?
What ſtrange Deluſions fill our Brain!
When we are eager to poſſeſs,
We ſmooth the Road to Happineſs:
We level Mountains, empty Seas,
And Reaſon fierce Deſires obeys.
The greateſt Danger we diſpiſe;
Our Paſſion ſees, and not our Eyes.
Our Pair now find, ſome Seaſons paſt,
Nor Wealth, nor Love, would always laſt,
Unleſs improv'd with Application;
But that in one is out of Faſhion.
Gold indeed preſerves its Sway,
But *Love*! who does thy Pow'r obey?
Ev'n Women now profeſs to range,
And all their Pleaſure is in Change;
Now ſeek the preſent joys t' improve,
Yielding to many that call Love;
Artful new Lovers to engage,
Then ſlight his Love, and ſcorn his Rage.
Thus theſe behold what they poſſeſs'd,
And wonder how they once were bleſs'd.
Their Jars are thought on, and improv'd;
They hate themſelves, that once they lov'd.
Thus lab'ring on in dirty Road,
They ſnarl, and curſe the heavy Load.
How happy were our mortal State,
Were Indolence but our worſt Fate!
No ſooner Joys the Place forſake,
But racking Pains Dominion take;
No ſooner Love had fled the Pair,
When enter'd meager Want and Care.

The Houſe, which had ſuch vaſt Reſort,
When Riot ſeem'd to keep his Court,
Is now forſook, a lonely Cell,
Where *Silence*, undiſturb'd, might dwell.
Clean Pans and Spits the Walls now grac'd,
For Ornament the Pewter's plac'd,
Bright Diſhes entertain the Eye;
No Kitchin-Smoke offends the Sky.
Hogſheads with diſmal Sounds complain'd,
Both Hogſheads and the Man were drain'd.
His Landlord, ſtern, his Rents demands.
Stray'd are his Flocks, unplough'd his Lands.
The Wife adviſes Friends to try;
Her's, ſhe was ſure, would not deny.
A thouſand Vows ſhe had receiv'd;
Each Vow repaid, for ſhe believ'd.
But oh! how ſoon did they diſcover,
'Tis Wealth brings Friends, the Face a Lover.
His Wants are heard without Relief;
Her Eyes afford not Joy, nor Grief.
His waſted Fortune all affrights;
Her faded Beauty none invites.
Oppreſs'd with Want, to Woods he flies,
And ſeeks the Peace his Houſe denies.
Roving, lamenting his Condition,
Fate kindly ſent him a Phyſician.
His Habit, Cane, and formal Face,
Shew'd he was of *Geneva* Race:
But cloven Fleet the Fiend detect,
And prov'd him Author of the Sect.
With Joy he ſpy'd the Wretches Cares,
And, fawning, thus he ſpread his Snares.
My Son! with Pity I have ſeen
(Tho' I've a Foe to Pity been)
The ſad Diſaſters you endure,
That of a Wife admits no Cure.
I know your Wants, and her's I gueſs;
I cannot ſwear I'll both redreſs,
That Task, I fear, is too uneaſy;
But if Poſſeſſions large will pleaſe ye,

Behold

Behold this ſpacious Tract of Land,
All that you ſee's at my Command.
I'll give it freely all to thee,
If we, on Articles, agree.
I can perform it, I'm the Devil,——
Nay, never ſtart, Man, I'll be civil.
It ſhall be yours to plough and ſow;
All that above the Ground does grow,
What e'er it is, ſhall be my due;
The reſt I freely give to you.

Gladly the Farmer does ſubmit,
For pinching Want hath taught him Wit.
With Roots he plants the fruitful Soil,
Which well rewarded all his Toil.
But to his Landlord's jilted Share
A weedy Harveſt does appear.

The Devil, vext, new Cov'nants makes,
Next Year all under-Ground he takes.
Then Golden Wheat the Land does bear,
And uſeleſs Roots are *Satan*'s Share.
The Fiend reſolv'd to ſpoil the Jeſt,
And thus the Farmer he addreſt.

Believe me, Friend, thou art a Sharper,
Satan himſelf has caught a *Tartar*;
I've ſeen thy Wit, but now, at length,
I am reſolv'd to try thy Strength.
A ſcratching Match we'll have together;
Look to thy ſelf, I'll claw thy Leather.
If I ſubmit, the Land is thine;
If I o'ercome, thy Soul is mine.
Think for your Quiet, I conjure ye;
Should you to Hell, you leave a Fury,
Obſerve thoſe Talons, and away,
And *Friday* next ſhall be the Day.
A mod'rate Beauty will inflame,
'Till we have ſeen a brighter Dame.
Rivers, with Wonders, we ſurvey,
'Till we behold the boundleſs Sea.
So ev'ry little trifling Care
Appears a Load we cannot bear.

But if ſome horrid Tortures ſeize us,
What late we dreaded now would eaſe us.
The wretched Farmer homeward goes,
And dreads his future endleſs Woes.
His Cares, his Duns, his Wants, his Wife,
And all the Banes of happy Life,
Would now afford him vaſt Content,
Could he th' unequal Match prevent.
His prying Turtle quickly gueſt
Some Care uncommon fill'd his Breaſt.
Husband and Wife, ſometimes relate
Their Cares and Bus'neſs, tho' they hate.
Nor always *Nature*'s Call deny,
And tho' both loath, yet both comply.
Her wheedling Tongue ſoon found the Means
To make the Wretch diſcloſe his Pains.
He tells the Combat, and the Laws,
And magnifies his monſt'rous Paws.
Piſh! Is this all that plagues your Mind?
An eaſy Remedy I'll find.
You to your Wife's Advice ſubmit,
And we'll the Devil himſelf out-wit.
Come, turn about, ——— and leave your Moans, ———
Theſe Husbands are ſuch very Drones. ———
He ſigh'd, obey'd, and did his beſt;
His Task perform'd, he went to Reſt.
Our happy Hours are quickly paſt,
And time to Miſery makes Haſte.
Soon *Friday* comes, a diſmal Day!
When ſuch a Gueſt would Viſits pay.
The Farmer dreads the approaching Scuffle;
(The Thoughts of Hell, the boldeſt Ruffle)
But ſtill his Wife keeps up her Spirits;
She knew her Safe-guard, and its Merits:
She bids him hide, what'er ſhould fall on't,
While ſhe receiv'd the dreadful Gallant.
He ſoon obeys th' dvent'rous Dame;
The Husband gone, the Devil came.
Who knocks, impetuous, at the Gate.
And angry grows, that he ſhould wait.

Again,

Again, for Entrance, loud he cries,
But Screams and Groans are the Replies.
Love and the Devil who can bind?
They ſtronger grow, the more confin'd:
If they can ſpy the ſmalleſt Hole,
One takes the Heart, and one the Soul.
So Satan, vex'd at the Delay,
Whipp'd thro' the Key-hole to his Prey;
But, to his great amazement, found
Th' indecent Wife ſpread on the Ground:
High as the Waſte expos'd and bare,
And with her Shrieks ſhe pierc'd the Air.
Why, how now, Woman? Whence this Paſſion?
This Poſture, and ſuch Exclamation?
Ah! pity, Sir, my wretched Caſe,
And quickly fly this horrid Place.
You, by your grim Majeſtick Air,
Your Feet, your Claws, your Horns declare,
You with my Husband come to ſcratch;
But thou, ah! ſhun th' unequal Match!
The cruel Monſter ready ſtands,
But hope not to eſcape his Hands:
His Nails are Scythes, upon my Life,
And for his Horns, Sir, ——I'm his Wife.
This Morn, to try what he could do,
On me he would his Proweſs ſhew:
This Chaſm he made with's little Finger;
Behold, Sir,——is it not a Swinger.
With that ſhe threw her Legs aſide.
And ſhew'd a Hole ſurpriſing wide.
Zounds, quoth the Devil (quite amaz'd,
When on the deadly Gulph he gaz'd)
What do I ſee! what makes that Wound
Of ſuch extent, and ſo profound!
If that Nail ſuch a Wound could tear,
What can the Force of ten Claws bear!
And by the Stench, to ſhew his Spight,
With poiſon'd Weapons he would fight.
My Talons are not half ſo long,
Nor is my Sulphur half ſo ſtrong,

No,

No, I'll submit, since my Lot's Hell,
At least I'll in a whole Skin dwell.
The Land is his, but be he bound,
Since he has made, to fill that Wound.
With that he vanish'd from her Eyes:
And sulph'rous Stench and Fumes arise.
The Farmer hastens to the Place,
His great Deliv'rer to embrace.
Well hast thou freed my tim'rous Soul;
But what did e'er thy Pow'r controul?
The fiercest Rage it soon disarms,
Tho' Hell it frights, yet Men it charms.
But be it on thy Tomb engrav'd,
'Tis the first Soul a Wife e'er sav'd.

The WHET.

WINE, in the Morning
Makes us frolick and gay
That like Eagles we soar
In the Pride of the Day.
Gouty Sots of the Night
Only find a Decay.
'Tis the Sun ripes the Grape,
And to Drinking gives Light;
We imitate him,
When by Noon we are at Height;
They steal Wine, who take it
When he's out of Sight.
Boy, fill all the Glasses,
Fill them up now he shines,
The higher he rises,
The more he refines;
For Wine and Wit fall
As their Maker declines.

SONG.

WHO their Passions do fondly conceal,
They are Fools for their Pains;
'Tis a Confidence gains
What a modest Intrigue never wins.

Court briskly but once, and you'll presently find,
There's nothing than Woman, than Woman more kind.

II.

Then, gently, good Madam, comply,
And seem not to say,
That you rather would stay;
If you do, I shall tell you, you lie; [him to't,
For you know, had not *Eve* with her Charms brought
The old Man had ne'er tasted, ne'er tasted the Fruit.

On Sternhold *and* Hopkins, *and the new Version of* David's *Psalms.*

YE scoundrel old Bards, and a Brace of dull Knaves,
What, a plague, makes ye mutter, and talk in your [Graves?
Sure ye drank in your Porridge, like a Couple of *Sots*,
And have mix'd the *Spoon-Meat* with the Belch of the *Pots*;
Or the Worms had by this Time, if they had any Con- [science,
Stopp'd the Tongues of those Fools who made *David* speak [Nonsense.
Ye write, and be damn'd t' ye! *Ye* traffick in Metre!
Why, a Bawdy-house *Tongue* has a Voice that is sweeter:
A *White-Fryer Sinner*, or a *Saint* in *Duck-Lane*,
A *Crowder's-Well* Sonnet, or a *Py-Corner* Strain,
Has raptures and Flights, full of Judgment and Taking,
When compar'd to the Things ye call *Psalms* of your ma- [king.
Shame on ye, ye Coxcombs, away with this Riot,
And rot on, like the rest, who lie by ye in Quiet;
Nor dare to presume to petition and squabble,
When there's none takes your Part but the ignorant [Rabble.
As for *David*, for God's sake, how dare you to name him,
When your wretched Translations so damnably shame [him?
Poor *Psalmist!* he frets, and he storms, and he stares,
Bemoans his Compositures, and renounces his Pray'ers;
Blushes more at the Dress which his *Penitence* hath on,
Than when told of his Faults by the Prophet old *Nathan*.

So

So changed are his Lines, and so murder'd each Sentence,
So debauch'd his God's *Praise*, and so lame his *Repentance*,
That to know the good King by the Words ye create him,
Is a Thing much more hard, than it is to translate him.
Let me tell you, grave Dons, I'll be bold to assure ye,
It is well that this Warrior lies bury'd in *Jury*;
Had he lain near the Place which at present contains
Of the two sorry Sinners the stupid Remains,
'Tis a Pound to a Penny, but his Ashes would fly on,
And handle your Skulls like the *Bear* and the *Lion*.
But for fear I should dwell on the Subject too long,
And the Dulness I laugh at be seen in my Song,
Lest the *Muse* should turn Jade, and by Sympathy led,
Take Part of the Scandal sh'has flung on the Dead.
I'll no more of your Canting, and Whining, and Chim-
[ing,
Your *Elizabeth* Phrase, and your *Farthingal*-Rhiming,
Brought in Use as a Covert to Nonsense, I'll tell ye,
As that *righteous* Queen's Dress was to hide a *Great Belly*.
But tho' the loud Rabble should never deny ye;
Confirm'd in this Purpose, and resolv'd to stand by ye;
Tho' the *poor Ones* should murmer, and dote on your *Sense*,
For want of due *Thinking*, and for want of the *Pence*;
Tho' the stiff *Parish-Clerks*, with their *Bands* and their
[*Gowns*,
Read the *New Psalms* with *Hums*, and with *Ha's*, and
[with *Frowns*,
'Cause the *Levites*, their Masters, by Chance are afraid
Innovation should turn to a Practice and Trade;
And by those Means the *Godly-Wise-Acres* be driven
From their *Desks* and their *Pulpits*, their *Sloth* and their
[*Heaven*;
Tho' the *Stationers* strive, all they can, to decry 'em,
And *Took* swears that Thousands of *old Ones* lie by 'em:
Tho' the *late Version* fails of the *Spirit* and *Force*
Of *DAVID*'s *Rejoycing*, or *DAVID*'s *Remorse*;
Yet I m not such a Coxcomb, 'sted of *new Psalms* to learn
[*Old*,
Or to quit *TATE* and *BRADY* for *Hopkins* and *Sternhold*.

A Tranſlation of *Leſbia, Mi dicit ſemper male.* Out of *Catullus.*

I.

EAch Moment of the long-liv'd Day,
Leſbia for me does backward pray,
And rails at me ſincerely;
Yet I dare pawn my Life, my Eyes,
My Soul, and all that Mortals prize,
That *Leſbia* loves me dearly.

II.

Why ſhou'd we thus conclude, you'll ſay,
Faith 'tis my own beloved Way,
And thus I hourly prove her:
Yet let me all thoſe Curſes ſhare
That Heav'n can give, or Man can bear,
If I don't ſtrangely love her.

A Song in Ridicule of a famous Muſician, who was caught ſerenading his Miſtreſs with his Baſe-Viol in a very froſty Night.

LOOK down, fair Garretteer, beſtow
One Glance upon your Swain,
Who ſtands below, in Froſt and Snow,
And, ſhaking, ſings in Pain.
Thaw, with your Eyes, the frozen Street,
Or cool my hot Deſire;
I burn within, altho' my Feet
Are numb'd for want of Fire.
Chorus, the Viol leading,
Thrum, thrum, thrum, thrum,
Come, come, come, come,
My Deareſt, be not coy:
For if you are, (*Zit, zan, zounds*) *I*
Muſt, without your Favours, die.
Behold me from your lofty Tow'r,
And to your Lover ſhew
Your Charms; and when it's in my Pow'r,
I'll be as kind to you.

Hither

Hither I came, with joyful Speed,
And fear'd no freezing Wind;
But as the Saint at *Troas* did,
Have left my Cloak behind.
Chorus.
Thrum, &c.

My Dear, wou'd you but open wide
The Casement with your Hand,
My Fiddle, and my self beside,
Should be at your Command.
Could I behold you in your Smock,
Tho' Dark, the luscious View
Would then embolden me to knock,
And ask you how you do.
Chorus.
Thrum, &c.

Or would you open but the Door,
As I have done the Case,
I've sweeter Instruments in Store,
To play a thorough Base.
But since you're coy, I know not what
To farther sing or say;
My Love, 'tis true, is very hot,
Yet I'm too cold to stay.
Chorus, as going off,
Thrum, thrum, thrum, thrum,
Home, home, home, home,
I hate a Whore that's coy;
But since you are (Zit, zan, zounds) *I*
Must, without your Favours, die.

The Good Fellow.

I.

WHile the pious grave Sot does amuse half the Nation
With impertinent Scruples, and Zeal out of Fashion;
While Harangues, that at Church made us piously sleep,
'Mongst Priest-ridden Cullies, such a Pother do keep;
We'll, with trusty *Champain,* our Devotion refine,
And shew a good Conscience by drinking our Wine.

Let

II.

Let the motly dull Herd for Religion engage;
Let 'em urge the Diſpute with vile Clamour and Rage;
Let your Authors keep on the dull Method of Writing,
And purſue the curs'd Toil they ſo much take Delight in;
We'll ne'er make Replies, but reſt fully contented,
Tho' good Fellows and Drink have been miſrepreſented.

III.

May their muſty ſtiff Volumes to *Grub-ſtreet* adjourn,
Or rot in *Duck-lane*, or in Coffee-Houſe barn;
May they furniſh no more empty Cits with Debate,
Or touch the Intrigues and *Arcana*'s of State.
Wine does edify more than dull Canting of Vicar;
'Tis our Freedom we owe to that orthodox Liquor.

IV.

I ne'er pall my Fancy, or trouble my Brain
With the Chances and Fate that our Stars will ordain;
Let the Monarch of *France* keep his Subjects at Home,
And forbid the mad Zealots abroad for to roam,
So he lets his boon Claret but croſs the kind Main,
We ſhall never be angry, we ſhall never complain.

V.

Ne'er tell me of thoſe, that with factious Notion;
Infect the wild Rabble, and poiſon Devotion;
That Mortal is guilty of a far greater Sin,
That preſumes, with vile Stum, to debauch honeſt Wine.
Such impious Wretches may Poverty ſeize on,
'Tis againſt our Liege *Bacchus* the higheſt of Treaſon.

Commendatory Verſes on the Author of the Two Arthurs, *and the* Satire againſt Wit. *By ſeveral Hands, and collected by Mr.* Brown.

A ſhort and true Hiſtory of the Author of the Satire againſt Wit. *By Col.* Codrington.

BY Nature meant, by Want a Pedant made,
Bl—re at firſt profeſs'd the Whipping Trade;
Grown fond of Buttocks, he would laſh no more,
But kindly cur'd the A—— he gull'd before:

So

So Quack commenc'd; then fierce with Pride, he ſwore,
That Tooth-ach, Gripes, and Corns ſhould be no more.
In vain his Drugs, as well as Birch, he try'd;
His Boys grew Blockheads, and his Patients dy'd.
Next, he turn'd Bard, and mounted on a Cart,
Whoſe hideous Rumbling made *Apollo* ſtart;
Burleſqu'd the braveſt, wiſeſt Son of *Mars*,
In Ballad-Rhimes, and all the Pomp of Farce.
Still he chang'd Callings, and at length has hit
On Bus'neſs for his matchleſs Talent fit,
To give us Drenches for the Plague of Wit.

Upon the Author of the Satire againſt Wit.
By Sir Charles Sidley.

A Grave Phyſician, us'd to Write for Fees,
And ſpoil no Paper but with Recipe's,
Is now turn'd Poet, rails againſt all Wit,
Except that little found among the Great;
As if he thought true Wit and Senſe were ty'd
To Men in Place, like Avarice, or Pride.
But, in their Praiſe, ſo like a Quack he talks,
You'd ſwear he wanted for his *Chriſtmas* Box.
With mangl'd Names old Stories he pollutes,
And to the preſent Time paſt Actions ſuits.
Amaz'd, we find, in ev'ry Page he writes,
Members of Parliament with *Arthur*'s Knights.
It is a common Paſtime to write ill;
And, Doctor, with the reſt, e'en take thy fill.
Thy Satyr's harmleſs; 'tis thy Proſe that kills,
When thou preſcrib'ſt thy Potions and thy Pills.

To that incomparable Panegyriſt, the Author of the Satire upon Wit. *By Coll.* Blount.

HEnceforth no more in thy Poetick Rage
Burleſque the God-like Heroes of the Age;
No more King *Arthurs* be with Labour writ,
But follow Nature, and ſtill rail at Wit:
For this thy mighty Genius was deſign'd;
In this thy Cares a due Succeſs may find.

Opini-

Opinions we more eaſily receive
From Guides that practice by thoſe Rules they give.
So Dullneſs thou may'ſt write into Eſteem;
Thy great Example, as it is thy Theme.
Hope not to join (like *G—rth*'s immortal Lays)
The keeneſt Satire with the beſt of Praiſe.
Thy Satires bite not, but, like *Æſop*'s Aſs,
Thou kick'ſt the Darling whom thou would'ſt careſs.
Would'ſt thou our Youth from Poetry affright,
'Twas wiſely done, thy ſelf in Verſe to write.
So drunken Slaves the *Spartans* did deſign
Should fright their Children from the Love of Wine.
Go on, and rail as thou haſt done before;
Thus Lovers uſe, when picqu'd in an Amour,
The Nymph they can't enjoy, they call a Whore.

The Quack corrected: Or, Advice to the Knight of the Ill-favour'd Muſe.

By the Right Honourable the Earl of——

LET *Bl——re* ſtill, in good King *Arthur*'s Vein,
To *Fleckno*'s Empire his juſt Right maintain.
Let him his own to common Senſe oppoſe,
With Praiſe and Slander maul both Friends and Foes;
Let him great *Dryden*'s awful Name prophane,
And learned *Garth*, with envious Pride, diſdain;
Cedron's bright Genius with vile Puns lampoon,
And run a Muck at all the Wits in Town;
Let the Quack ſcribble any thing but Bills,
His Satire wounds not, but his Phyſick kills.

To the merry Poetaſter at Sadler's-Hall *in* Cheapſide; *By Sir* Samuel Garth.

UNweildy Pedant, let thy awkward Muſe
With Cenſures praiſe, with Flatteries abuſe.
To laſh, and not be felt, in thee's an Art;
Thou ne'er mad'ſt any, but thy School-Boys, ſmart.
Then be advis'd, and ſcribble not agen;
Thou'rt faſhion'd for a Flail, and not a Pen

If

If *B——l*'s immortal Wit thou would'st decry,
Pretend 'tis he that writ thy Poetry.
Thy feeble Satire ne'er can do him Wrong;
Thy Poems and thy Patients live not long.

An equal Match; Or, A drawn Battle.
By Coll. Cordrington.

A Monument of Dullneſs to erect,
B——y ſhould write, and *Bl——re* ſhould correct,
Like which no other Piece can e'er be wrought,
For Decency of Stile, and Life of Thought;
But that where *B——y* ſhall in Judgment ſit,
To pare Excreſcencies from *Bl——re*'s Wit.

To the Mirror of Britiſh *Knighthood, the worthy Author of the* Satire againſt Wit: *Occaſion'd by the Hemiſtick*, Page 8. By Sir *Richard Steel.*

——Heav'ns guard poor *A——n.*

MUST I then paſſive ſtand? And can I hear
The Man I love abus'd, and yet forbear?
Yet muſt I thank thy Favour to my Friend,
'Twas ſome Remorſe thou did'ſt not him commend.
Thou doſt not all my Indignation raiſe;
For I prefer thy Pity to thy Praiſe.
In vain thou would'ſt thy Name, dull Pedant, hide;
There's not a Line but ſmells of thy *Cheapſide.*
If *Cæſar*'s Bounty for your Traſh you've ſhar'd,
You're not the firſt Aſſaſſine he has ſpar'd.
His Mercy, not his Juſtice, made thee Knight,
Which *P—rt—r* may demand with equal Right.
Well may'ſt thou think an uſeleſs Talent Wit;
Thou, who without it, haſt three Poems writ:
Impenetrably dull, ſecure thou'rt found,
And can'ſt receive no more than give a Wound:
Then, ſcorn'd by all, to ſome dark Corner fly,
And in Lethargick Trance expiring lie,
'Till thou from injur'd *G—rth* thy Cure receive,
And *S——* only Abſolution give.

To

To the Cheapside *Kt. on his* Satire against Wit.
By Mr. William Burnaby.

SOme scribbling Fops so little value Fame,
They sometimes hit, because they never aim.
But thou for Erring hast a certain Rule,
And, aiming, art inviolably dull.
Thy muddy Stream no lucid Drop supplies,
But Puns like Bubbles on the Surface rise.
All that for Wit you could, you've kindly done;
You cannot write, but can be writ upon.
And a like Fate does either Side befit,
Immortal Dullness, or immortal Wit.
In just Extreams an equal Merit lies,
And *B—le* and *G—rth* with thee must share the Prize,
Since thou can'st sink as much as they can rise.

To the indefatigable Rhimer. By Dr. Smith.

O! *S—rs, T—t, D—ett, M—gue,*
G—y, S—ld, C—sh, P—ke, V—n, you,
Who suffer *Bl—re* to insult your Taste,
And tamely hear him bluster in Bombast,
Bid him, before he dare to write agen,
Resign his own, and take some other Pen.
D—n shall Numbers, *C—ve* Wit inspire,
Dr—ke nicest Rules, but *B—le* and *Codron* Fire.
Then *G—rth* shall teach him, and his witless Tribe,
First to write Sense, and after to prescribe.
The unlearn'd Pedant thus may please the Town,
But his own nauseous Trash will ne'er go down;
For nought can equal what the Bard has writ,
But *R—ff*'s Scholarship, and *G—n*'s Wit.

A modest Request to the Poetical Knight.
By Col. Codrington.

SInce *B--y*'s Nonsense to out-do you strive,
Vain to be thought the dullest Wretch alive,
And such inimitable Strains have writ,
That the most famous Blockheads must submit;

Long

Long may you reign and long unenvy'd live,
And none invade your great Prerogative.
But, in Return, your Poetry give o'er,
And perſecute poor *Job* and us no more.

Wholeſome Advice to a City Knight, over-run with Rhimes and Hypocriſy: Occaſion'd by his Satyr againſt Wit. *By the Right Honourable the Earl of* Angleſea.

WE bid thee not give o'er the Killing-Trade:
Whilſt Fees come in, 'tis fruitleſs to diſſwade.
Religion is a Trick you've practis'd long,
To bring in Pence, and gull the gaping Throng.
But all thy Patients now perceive thy Aim,
They find thy Morals and thy Skill the ſame.
Then, if thou would'ſt thy Ignorance redreſs,
Prithee, mind Phyſick more, and Rhiming leſs.

To a thrice illuſtrious Quack, Pedant, and Bard, on his incomparable Poem, call'd, A Satire againſt Wit. *By the Right Honourable the Counteſs of* Sandwich.

THou Fund of Nonſenſe, was it not enough,
That Cits and pious Ladies lik'd thy Stuff,
That, as thou copy'dſt *Virgil*, all might ſee
Judicious Bell-men imitated thee:
That to thy Cadence Sextons ſet their Chimes,
And Nurſes, skimming Poſſets, humm'd thy Rhimes,
But thou muſt need fall foul on Men of Senſe,
With Dulneſs equal to thy Impudence.
Are *D—n*, *C---dr---n*, *G---th*, *V---k*, *B---le*.
Thoſe Names of Wonder, that adorn our Iſle,
Fit Subjects for thy vile pedantick Pen?
Hence, ſawcy Uſher, to thy Desk again.
Conſtrue *Dutch* Notes, and pore upon Boys A---es,
But, prithee, write no more heroick Farces.
Teach blooming Blockheads, by thy own try'd Rules,
To give us Demonſtration that they're Fools.
Let 'em, by *N*——'s Sermon Stile refine
Their *Engliſh* Proſe, their Poetry by thine;
Let *W—ſl—y*'s Rhimes their Emulation raiſe,
And *Ar—wk—r* inſtruct 'em how to praiſe.

That,

That, when all Ages in this Truth agree,
They're finiſh'd Dunces, they may rival thee;
Thou only ſtrain to mighty *William*'s Sword!
Old *Jemmy* never knighted ſuch a T——d.
For the moſt nauſeous Mixture God can make,
Is a dull Pedant, and a buſy Quack.

To Sir R——Bl——re, *on the two* Arthurs *being condemn'd to be hang'd.*

ONce more take Pen in Hand, obſequious Knight,
For here's a Theme thou canſt not under-write,
Unleſs the Devil owes thy Muſe a Spite.
To Prince and King thy Dulneſs Life did give;
Let then theſe *Arthurs* too in Dogg'rel live.

A TALE. By Coll. Codrington.

POems and Proſe of diff'rent Force lay Claim,
With the ſame Confidence, to *Tully*'s Name;
And ſhallow Criticks were content to ſay,
Proſe was his Bus'neſs, Poetry his Play.
Thus *Cæſar* thought, thus *Brutus*, and the reſt,
Who knew the Man, and knew his Talent beſt.
Maurus aroſe, ſworn Foe to Health and Wit,
Who *Folio* Bills, and *Folio* Ballads writ;
Who buſtl'd much for Bread and for Renown.
By Lies and Poiſon ſcatter'd thro' the Town.
To *Roman* Wives with Veneration known,
For *Roman* Wives were very like our own.
And Husbands then we find, in *Latin* Song,
Would love too little, and would live too long.
Tully, ſays he, 'tis plain to Friends and Foes,
Writes his own Verſe, but borrows all his Proſe.
He fearleſs was, becauſe he was not brave;
A noble *Roman* would not beat a Slave.
The Conſul ſmiling, ſaid, Judicious Friend,
Thy ſhining Genius ſhall thy Works defend.
Inimitable Strokes defend thy Fame;
Thy Beauties and thy Force are ſtill the ſame:

And I must yield with the consenting Town,
Thy Ballads and thy Bills are all thy own.

Upon the Character of Codron, *as 'tis drawn by the bungling Knight, in his* Satire against Wit. *By Coll.* Codrington.

HOW kind is Malice, manag'd by a Sot,
Where no Design directs the *Embryo* Thought,
And Praise and Satire stumble out by Lot.
The mortal Thrust, to *Codron*'s Heart design'd,
Proves a soft wanton Touch to charm his Mind.
Can *M—nt—gue* or *D—rf—t* higher soar?
Or can immortal *Sh—ff—ld* wish for more?
Brightness, Force, Justice, Delicacy, Ease,
Must form that Wit that can the Ladies please.
No false affected Rules debauch their Taste,
No fruitless Toils their gen'rous Spirits waste,
Which wear a Wit into a Dunce at last.
No Lumber Learning gives an awkward Pride,
False Maxims cramp not, nor false Lights misguide.
Voiture and *W—lsh* their easy Hours employ,
Voiture and *W—lsh*, oft read, will never cloy.
With Care they guard the Musick and their Stile,
They fly from *B—ly*, and converse with *B—le:*
They steal no Terms, no Notions from the Schools,
The Pedant's Pleasure, and the Pride of Fools;
With native Charms their matchless Thoughts surprize,
Soft as their Souls, and beauteous as their Eyes:
Gay as the Light, and unconfin'd as Air,
Chast and sublime, all worthy of the Fair.
How then can a rough artless *Indian* Wit
The faultless Palates of the Ladies fit?
Codron will never stand so nice a Test,
Nor is't with Praise fair Mouths oblige him best.
Let others make a vain Parade of Parts,
Whilst *Codron* aims not at Applause, but Hearts.
Secure him those, and thou shalt name the rest;
Thy spite shall chuse the Worst, thy Taste the Best.

He

He will his Health to *Mirmil*'s Care resign,
He will with *Buxtorf* and with *B——ly* shine,
And be a Wit in any Way but thine.

An Epigram on Job, *traversted by the* City Bard. *By Col.* Codrington.

POOR *Job* lost all the Comforts of his Life,
And hardly sav'd a Potsherd and a Wife:
Yet *Job* blest God, and *Job* again was blest,
His Virtue was essay'd, and bore the Test.
But had Heav'n's Wrath pour'd out its fiercest Vial,
Had he been then burlesqu'd, without Denial,
The patient Man had yielded to that Trial.
His pious Spouse, with *Bl—re* on her Side,
Must have prevail'd, and *Job* had curst, and dy'd.

To the Adventurous Knight of Cheapside, *upon his* Satire against Wit. *By Mr.* Manning.

WHat Frenzy has possess'd thy desp'rate Brain,
To rail at Wit in this unhallow'd Strain?
Reproach of thy own Kind! to slander Sense,
The noblest Gift bestow'd by Providence!
Was it Revenge provok'd thee thus to write,
Because thou'rt curst to such a Dearth of Wit?
Or was it eager Passions for a Name,
To be inroll'd among the Fools of Fame?
Like him, who rather than he'd live obscure,
Would fire a Church to make his Name secure?
Or was it thy Despair at length to find
Thy Loads of Chaff the Sport of every Wind?
To see thy hasty Muse, that loves to roam,
Promise such Journeys, but comes founder'd Home?
Just Fate of Sots, who think in their vain Breast,
Their Coffee-Rhimes shall stand the publick Test:
Seiz'd with prolifick Dulness, 'tis thy Curse
To write still on, and still too for the Worse.
Who hates not *Wes—y*, may thy Works esteem,
Both alike able to disgrace their Theme.

But thou, thro' wild Conceit, aſpiring ſtill,
Claim ſt, in thy Ravings, *Eſculapian* Skill.
Quack thou art ſure in both, and curs'd is he,
Who guided by his adverſe Stars to thee,
Employs thy deadly Potions to reclaim
His feeble Health, thy Pen to ſpread his Fame.

To the canting Author of the Satire againſt Wit. *By* ———Mildmay, *Eſq.*

THE Preacher, *Maurus* cries, All Wit is Vain,
Unleſs tis like his Godlineſs, for Gain.
Of moſt vain Things he may the Folly own;
But Wit's a Vanity he has not known.

Friendly Advice to Dr. Bl———. *By the Rt. Hon. the Lord*——

KNighthood to Heroes only once was due,
Now's the Reward of ſtupid Praiſe in you.
Why ſhould a Quack be dubb'd, unleſs it be
That Pois'ning is an act of Chivalry?
Thus we muſt own, you have your Thouſands ſlain
With direful Strokes of your reſiſtleſs Pen.
By whipping Boys your Cruelty began,
And grew, by bolder Steps, to killing Man.
Juſt the Reverſe of *Dionyſius* Fate,
Who fell to flogging Bums, from murd'ring the State.
For both theſe Trades your Genius far unfit,
At length with ſawcy Pride aſpires to Wit,
Which by pretending to, you more diſgrace,
Than toaſting *Beaus* our ancient *Britiſh* Race.
I'th' Mountebank the Aſs had laid conceal'd,
But his loud Braying has the Brute reveal'd.
Such vile Heroicks, ſuch unhallow'd Strains,
Were never ſpawn'd before from *Iriſh* Brains;
Nor drowſy *Mum*, nor dozing *Uſquebaugh*,
Cou'd e'er ſuggeſt ſuch Lines to Sr. *John Dav.*
You weakly skirmiſh with the Sins o'th' Age.
And are the arrant Scavenger o'th' Stage.
Why Virtue makes no Progreſs now, is plain,
Becauſe ſuch Knights as you its Cauſe maintain.

If

If you'd a Friend to Senſe and Virtue be,
And to Mankind, for once be rul'd by me,
Leave Moralizing, Drugs, and Poetry.

To Dr. Garth, *on the fourth Edition of his incomparable Poem,* The Diſpenſary; *occaſion'd by ſome Lines in the* Satire againſt Wit. *By Dr.* James Drake.

BOld thy Attempts, in theſe hard Terms, to raiſe
In our unfriendly Clime the tender Bays,
While *Nothern* Blaſts drive from the neighb'ring Flood,
And nip the ſpringing Lawrel in the Bud.
On ſuch bleak Paths our preſent Poets tread,
The very Garland withers on each Head.
In vain the Criticks ſtrive to purge the Soil,
Fertile in Weeds, it mocks their buſy Toil:
Spontaneous Crops of *Jobs* and *Authurs* riſe,
Whoſe tow'ring Nonſenſe braves the very Skies.
Like Paper-Kites the empty Volums fly,
And by mere Force of Wind are rais'd on high.
While we did theſe with ſtupid Patience ſpare,
And from *Apollo*'s Plants withdraw our Care,
The Muſes Garden did ſmall Product yield,
But Hemp and Hemlock over-run the field:
'Tis skilful *Garth*, with ſalutary Hand,
Taught us to weed and cure poetick Land;
Grubb'd up the Brakes and Thiſtles which he found,
And ſow'd with Verſe and Wit the ſacred Ground.
But now the Riches of that Soil appear,
Which four fair Harveſts yields in half a Year.
No more let Criticks of the Want complain
Of *Mantuan* Verſe, or the *Meonian* Strain;
Above them *Garth* does on their Shoulders riſe,
And what our Language wants his Wit ſupplies;
Fam'd Poets after him ſhall ſtrain their Throats,
And unfledg'd Muſes chirp their Infant Notes.
Yes, *Garth*, thy Enemies confeſs thy Store;
They burſt with Envy, yet they long for more:
Ev'n we, thy Friends, in Doubt thy kindneſs call,
To ſee thy Stock ſo large, and Gift ſo ſmall.
But Jewels in ſmall Cabinets are laid,
And richeſt Wines in little Casks convey'd.

Let lumpish *Bl———re* his dull Hackney freight,
And break his Back with heavy Folio's Weight;
His *Pegasus* is of the *Flanders* Breed,
And limb'd for Draught, or Burden, not for Speed.
With Cart-horse Trot, he sweats beneath the Pack
Of Rhiming Prose and Knighthood on his Back.
Made for a Drudge, e'en let him beat the Road,
And tug of senseless Reams th' heroick Load;
'Till, over-strain'd, the Jade is set, and tires,
And, sinking in the Mud, with Groans expires.
Then *Bl———re* shall this Favour owe to thee,
That thou perpetuat'st his Memory.
Bavis and *Mevius* so their Works survive,
And in one single Line of *Virgil*'s live.

To a Famous Doctor and Poet at Sadlers-Hall.

IF Wit (as we are told) be a Disease,
And if Physicians cure by Contraries,
Bl——re alone the healing Secret knows,
'Tis from his Pen the grand *Elixir* flows.

[illegible] by this Work in the Satire against Wit.

Who with more Ease can cure, than *C'ch* kill.

By a Gentleman whom Dr. C—lb—ch *had cur'd of the Gout.*

HOW durst thy railing Muse, vain Wretch, pretend
In base Lampoons thus to abuse my Friend!
Whose sacred Art has free'd me from my Pains,
And broke a haughty Tyrant's stubborn Chains?
Keep off, for if thou com'st within my Clutches,
I'll baste thy Knighthood with my *quondam* Crutches.
The gen'rous Wine that does my Sorrows drown,
The charming *Calia* that my Nights does crown,
The manly Pleasures of the sporting Fields,
The gay Delights the pompous *Drama* yields;
All this, and more, to his great Skill I owe:
Such Blessings can thy boasted Helps bestow?

The

The Snuff of Life, perhaps thy feeble Art
May fondly lengthen to thy Patients Smart;
But Health no more 'tis in thy Power to give,
Than thy dull Muſe can make her Heroes live.
Ev'n War and Plague of killing to arraign
In thee, is moſt nonſenſical and vain:
Thee, who a branded Killer art declar'd
In both Capacities of Quack and Bard.
Whatever Sots to thy Preſcriptions fly,
For their vain Confidence, are ſure to die;
And whate'er Argument thy Muſe employs,
Her awkard, ſtupid Management deſtroys.
Death with ſure Steps thy Doſes ſtill attends,
And Death too follows whom thy Muſe commends.
What can eſcape thy all-deſtroying Quill,
When ev'n thy Cordials and thy Praiſes kill?
Thy Mother, ſure, when in Deſpair and Pain
She brought thee forth, thought of the Murd'rer *Cain*.

To that moſt incomparable Bard and Quack, the Author of the Satire againſt Wit.

By Tho' Creeck, *Eſq.*

I Charge thee, Knight, in Great *Apollo's* Name,
If thou'rt not dead, [illegible],
Either thy Rhimes or Clyſters to diſclaim.
Both are too much one feeble Brain to rack;
Beſides, the Bard will ſoon undo the Quack.
Such Shoals of Readers thy damn'd Fuſtian kills,
Thoul't ſcarce leave one alive to take thy Pills.

A Merry Ballad on the City Bard. By the Hon. Richard Norton, *Eſq*;

To a new Playhouſe Tune.

IN *London* City, near *Cheapſide*,
A wond'rous Bard does dwell,
Whoſe *Epicks* (if they're not bely'd)
Do *Virgil's* far excel.
A ſprightly Wit and Perſon join'd,
Both Poet and Phyſician;
Artiſt as famous in his Kind,
For ought I know, as *Titian*.

In Coffee-houſes pureſt Air
His foggy Lines he writes,
In Fields of Duſt and Spittle, there
This *Britiſh* Hero fights.
By ſudden Motion then o'erta'en,
The Privy-houſe he chuſes;
Great are his Thoughts, and great his Pain,
And yet no Time he loſes.
Grip'd in his Guts and Muſe, he there indites,
And praiſes *Arthur* moſt, when moſt he ſh——

Henrico Higden, *Arm.*
Cum infæliciter ipſi Comœdia ceſſerit.
1693.

Quod inquieta voce, riſu, ſibilis,
Saleſq; comptos & innoxios jocos,
Superba Bruti *turba ſic exceperit;*
Quod purpuratus Infans, & vecors Eques,
Summoq; Meretrix in ſubſellio ſedens,
Totuſq; delicatulorum circulus,
In te tuumq; conjuraverint opus:
Nolito in iras irritas erumpere,
Damnare Muſas, increpare Apollinem,
Cœloſque votis improbis laceſſere.
Quin Drama tandem luce donans publica,
Inviſis orbem, quin, timoris inſcius,
Vanas Maligniorum deſpicis minas?
Abunde damnum ſic reſarcies prius,
Famaq; conſules; Lector dabit libens
Quid improbus ſpectator abnegaverat.

On the Treatment of the Modern Drama.
By Mr. Kn——*of* Magd. *Col.*

ONce Bear and Champion did engage
In mortal Fray on *Roman* Stage:
Our Moderns have reviv'd the Matter,
The former Age renew'd in latter,
And made Bear-garden of Theatre.

Here

Here Beau, the only modish Brute,
With honest Authors does dispute :
And as on *Roman* Stage predicted,
Fell Wound on Champion was inflicted,
When stout *Bruino* kept his Station,
Invoking Brother Constellation
To assist him in the Disputation ;
To curry poor heroic Hide well,
And harrow Carcase, Back, and Side well ;
But tho' he got a bloody Rump on't,
His Honour still came off Triumphant.
So tho' the Pit Grimalkins, that maul
With wicked Serenade of Catcall,
Oft rout a poor Dramatic Hero,
(As *Teague* was once by *Lero, Lero*)
A well-writ Play, like Ruffians treat,
Confound the Scene, and Plot defeat,
In spite of all the Dammee Chorus,
Th' immortal Wit is still Victorious.
I then in Person of an Author,
Since good Dramaticks have no Growth here,
Like pious Felon doom'd to be
Made Pendulum for Gallow-tree ;
That gives Advice, lest sinful Mortal,
Like him, his Days in Hemp should curtail,
Advise you all to leave off Writing,
The mortal Sin of well Enditing ;
But if no Counsel can be used,
By rhiming Wretch when once be-mused,
(For Crown and Bum there's such a Curse in,
They're ne'er at Ease, but when untrussing)
Since wholesome Salt of Author season'd,
To Taste of Nation is unpleasant,
(When busy Noddle's next in Labour,
And has a Need to purge on Paper)
Invoke the Bastard Race of *Phœbus*,
Skill'd in Acrostick, Pun, and Rebus,
With Spirit of Late Marriage-hater,
T' assist to make Lampoon on Nature,
And e'en on Farce it self a Satyr ;

For that alone gives Titillation,
And saves poor Poet from Damnation.

On Dr. Lower, *who was observ'd to be grown Good-natur'd a little before his Death. By another Hand.*

HAD not good Humour o'er the Ill prevail'd,
Death in attempting Dr. *Lower* had fail'd;
For he, alas! good Man, in Health declin'd,
By changing the bad Manners of his Mind:
And's very Understanding got a Cough,
By leaving an old Habit too soon off.
For had he kept his Humour most austere,
He might have yet liv'd many a Year;
Preserv'd in his own Pickle, Vinegar:
But when the *Alkali* had kill'd the Sow'r,
His Blood being sweeten'd, oft troop'd Dr. *Lower*.

To his Cruel Mistress. Out of French.

I.

'TIS then decreed, and now I find
I'm for a Sacrifice design'd;
Since my imperious Fair denies
Rest to my Soul, and Slumber to my Eyes.

II.

Go take a Kiss, Love whispers in my Ear;
But Love, alas! gives Way to Fear.
Awful Respect th' aspiring Flame commands,
Tyes up my Tongue, and binds my Hands,

III.

Ah! must your bleeding Lover die,
And see his Balm, and see his Cure so nigh?
Or fierce, and eager of the Bliss,
Shall he presume to snatch a balmy Kiss.

IV.

No—he'll ten thousand Deaths endure,
And all the Rigours of his Fate attend,
E're he'll by Sacrilege attempt his Cure,
And his dear *Bellamette* once offend.

An

An Ode upon a Kiss. Out of French.

I

NAY, now ambitious Thoughts farewel;
I pity Kings in all their State,
While thus in *Lesbia*'s Arms I dwell,
And mighty Love does on my Triumphs wait.

II.

Thus let me, languishing, expire,
Incircled in her snowy Arms,
'Till she revives me with her Charms,
And pours into my Breast a nobler Fire.

III.

Thus let me sigh my Soul away,
And revel in immortal Bliss,
Thus let me spend th' auspicious Day,
And crown each smiling Moment with a Kiss.

IV.

Adonis ne'er was half so blest,
Nor half the Pleasure shar'd, as I:
Tho' Love's bright Goddess him caress,
And in her Arms hugg'd the delicious Boy.

V.

Nor *Jove* himself such Transports knew,
When *Danae*'s Charms the captive God did hold,
Tho' he, the Pleasure to pursue,
Mortgag'd his poor Almightyship to Gold.

VI.

A thousand Loves in solemn State
On those two rosy Lips reside;
While busy I, with eager Pride,
Sip all their Sweets, and bless my happy Fate.

VII.

Now on her glowing Breasts I range,
Now kiss her Cheeks, and now her Eyes;
The Pleasure's heighten'd by the Change,
And fills me with unruly Joys.

VIII.

But ah! my beauteous Nymph, beware
How you increase my Store;

For elſe your pamper'd Slave may dare,
Drunk as he is with Joy, to preſs for ſomething more.

IX.

For ſay, fond Lovers, what you will
To deify a Kiſs,
'Tis but a Pledge or Prologue ſtill
To the ſucceeding Acts of Bliſs.

A Sapphic Ode in the Valeſiana.

Dulcius quam ſit putat eſſe mollis
Virgo, quod neſcit; ſitis inde magna
Cognitæ nondum Veneris puellas
Torquet adultas?
At recordantur Viduæ peractas
Cum viris noctes, ſitis inde major,
Cognitæ dudum Veneris priores
Suſcitat ignes.
Virgini ignoſci Viduæne malis?
Illa, quod neſcit, cupit experiri;
Hæc quod experta eſt, avet: Inde Virgo
Æquius ardet.

A Tranſlation.

Principio, Cœlum, & Terras, Titaniaq; aſtra
Spiritus intus alit, totumq; infuſa per artus
Mens *agitat molem*——

I'LL ſing how God, the World's Almighty Mind,
Thro' all infus'd, and to that All confin'd,
Directs the Parts, and with an equal Hand
Supports the whole, enjoying his Command:
How all agree, and how the Parts have made
Strict Leagues, ſubſiſting by each others Aid.
How all by Reaſon move, becauſe one Soul
Lives in the Parts, diffuſing thro' the whole.
For did not all the friendly Parts conſpire
To make one whole, and keep the Frame entire;
And did not Reaſon guide, and Senſe controll
The vaſt ſtupendious Machine of the whole;

Earth

Earth wou'd not keep its Place, the Skies wou'd fall,
And univerſal Stiffneſs deaden all.
Stars wou'd not whirl their Round, nor Day nor Night
Their Courſe perform, but ſtop their uſual Flight.
Rains wou'd not feed their Fields, and Earth deny
Miſts to the Clouds, and Vapours to the Sky.
Seas wou'd not fill the Spring, nor Springs return
Their grateful Tribute from their flowing Urn.
Nor wou'd the All, unleſs contriv'd by Art,
So juſtly be proportion'd in each Part;
That neither Seas, nor Skies, nor Stars exceed
Our Wants, nor are too ſcanty for our Need.
Thus ſtands the Frame, and the Almighty Soul,
Thro' all diffus'd, ſo turns, and guides the whole,
That nothing from its ſettled Station ſwerves,
And Motion alters not the Frame, but ſtill preſerves.
This God, or Reaſon, which the Orbs does move,
Makes Things below depend on Signs above:
Tho' far remov'd, tho' hid in Shades of Night,
And ſcarce to be deſcrib'd by their own Light.
Yet Nations own, and Men their Influence feel,
They rule the Publick, and the Private Will;
The Proofs are plain. Thus from a diff'rent Star
We find a fruitful, or a barren Year;
Now Grains increaſe, and now refuſe to grow,
Now quickly ripen, now their Growth is ſlow.
The Moon commands the Seas; ſhe drives the Main
To paſs the Shores, then drives it back again.
And this Sedition chiefly ſwells the Streams,
When oppoſite ſhe views her Brother's Beams:
Or when ſhe near in cloſe Conjunction rides,
She rears the Floods, and ſwells the flowing Tides;
Or when attending on the yearly Race,
The Equinoctial ſees her borrow'd Face.
Her Pow'r ſinks deep, it ſearches all the Main,
Teſtaceous Fiſh, as ſhe her Light regains,
Increaſe, and ſtill diminiſh in her Wane.
For as the Moon in deepeſt Darkneſs mourns,
Then Rays receives, and points her borrow'd Horns;
Then turns her Face, and with a Smile invites
The full Effuſions of her Brother's Lights,

They

They to her Changes due Proportions keep,
And ſhew her various Phaſes in the Deep.
So Brutes, whom Nature did in Sport create,
Ignorant of themſelves, and of their Fate,
A ſecret inſtinct ſtill erects their Eyes
To Parent Heav'n, and ſeems to make them wiſe.
One at the new Moon's Riſe to diſtant Shores
Retires, his Body ſprinkles, and adores:
Some ſee Storms gather, or Serenes foretel,
And ſcarce our Reaſon guides us half ſo well.
Then, who can doubt that Man, the glorious Pride
Of all, is nearer to the Stars ally'd?
Nature in Man's capacious Soul was wrought,
And given him Voice expreſſive of his Thought:
In Man the God deſcends, and joys to find
The narrow Image of his greater Mind.
But why ſhou'd all the other Arts be ſhown,
Too various for Productions of our own?
Why ſhou'd I ſing how diff'rent Tempers fall,
And Inequality is ſeen in all?
How many ſtrive with equal Care to gain
The higheſt Prize, and yet how few obtain?
Which proves not Matter ſways, but Wiſdom Rules,
And meaſures out the Bigneſs of our Souls.
Sure, Fate ſtands fixt, nor can its Laws decay,
'Tis Heav'ns to rule, and Matter's Eſſence to obey.
Who cou'd know Heav'n, unleſs that Heav'n beſtow'd
The Knowledge? Or find God, but Part of God?
How cou'd the Space immenſe be e'er confin'd
Within the Compaſs of a narrow Mind?
How cou'd the Skies, the Dances of the Stars,
Their Motions adverſe, and eternal Wars,
Unleſs kind Nature in our Breaſts had wrought
Proportion'd Souls, be ſubject to our Thought?
Were Heav'n not aiding to advance our Mind,
To know Fate's Laws, and teach the Way to find;
Did not the Skies their Kindred Souls improve,
Direct, and lead them thro' the Maze above,
Diſcover Nature, ſhew its ſecret Springs,
And tell the ſacred Intercourſe of Things,

How

How impious were our Search, how bold our Course,
Thus to assault and take the Skies by Force?
A most convincing Reason's drawn from Sense,
That this vast Frame is mov'd by Providence,
Which, like the Soul, does ev'ry Whirl advance;
It must be God, nor was it made by Chance,
As *Epicurus* dreamt: He madly thought
This beauteous Frame of heedless Atoms wrought.
The Seas and Earth, the Stars and spacious Air,
Which forms new Worlds, or does the old repair,
First rose from these, and still supply'd remain,
And all must be, when Chance shall break the Chain,
Dissolv'd to these wild Principles again.
Absurd and Nonsense! Atheist use thine Eyes,
And having view'd the Order of the Skies,
Think, if thou can'st, that Matter, blindly hurl'd,
Without a Guide, shou'd frame this wond'rous World.
But did Chance make, and Chance still rule the whole?
Why do the Signs in constant Order roll,
Observe set Times to shut and open Day,
Nor meet, nor jostle, and mistake their Way,
Perform their Course as if by Laws confin'd,
None hasten on, and leave the rest behind?
Why ev'ry Day does the discovering Flame
Shew the same World, and leave it still the same?
And ev'n at Night, when Time in Secret flies,
And veils himself in Shades from human Eyes,
Can by the Signs Men know how fast he fled,
And in the Skies the hasty Minutes read?
Why shou'd I count how oft the Earth has mourn'd
The Sun's Retreat, and smil'd when he return'd?
How oft he does his various Course divide
'Twixt Winter's Nakedness and Summer's Pride?
All mortal Things must change. The fruitful Plain,
As Seasons turn, scarce knows her self again;
Such various Forms she bears: Large Empires too
Put off the former Face, and take a New:
Yet safe the World and free from Change does last
No Years encrease it, and no Years can waste.
Its Course it urges on, and keeps its Frame,
And still will be, because 'twas still the same.

It

It ſtands ſecure from Time's devouring Age,
For 'tis a *God* that guides, nor can it change with Age.

On the Death of Dr. KIRLEUS.

YE Ghoſts of *Triggs* old *Saffold*, and *Ponteus*,
Ariſe! ariſe! to meet the Great *KIRLEUS:*
And ye kind Damſels of this ſinful Town,
Us'd to diſpenſe Love's Joys for half a Crown,
Lament, for now your truſty Friend is gone.
Ye *Holborn* Bullies, ſtrew his Herſe with Roſes,
For to his heav'nly Skill you owe your Noſes.
Weep, *Cupid*, weep, nor thy juſt Sorrow ſmother,
For, Child, thou'dſt better far have loſt thy Mother.
With Rev'rend *Kirle* Love's Power will fall away,
His Empire leſſen, and his Strength decay.
Thy *Pills*, Old Bard, in Spite of State and Kirk,
Ev'n on the Sabbath-Day it ſelf wou'd *Work:*
And Sinners brought (ſo righteous was thy Sentence)
To penſive Stool of ſorrowful Repentance.
Since Death on thee has laid her Fingers Icy,
Ipſæ te Pinus, ipſæ flevere Myricæ,
And Sympathetick Firs in mournful State,
With Tears of Turpentine bewail'd thy Fate.
Thou never did'ſt reject poor daggl'd Miſs,
Altho' ſhe ſued in *forma Pauperis.*
Grave Shop-keepers were *ſet up* by thy Aid,
And many a *ſound* Divine by thee was made.
In Term and out of Term *Kirle* ſerv'd the Nation,
And knew no Intervals of dull Vacation.
Say what you will, this Matter of true Fact is,
That few exceeded him in Chamber-Practice.
Lawyers in Crowds to his fam'd Manſion preſt,
In hopes to have their Cauſe by him redreſt:
For none knew better how to make an End on't,
'Twixt *Plantiff* Counſellor, and Chap *Defendant.*
Tho' the Diſeaſe prov'd ne'er ſo ſtiff and croſs,
He ſoon cou'd check it with a *Noli Proſ.*
Young *Clerks*, when ſtray'd from *Noverint Univerſi*,
By him were cur'd; and was not that a Mercy?

He

He was Love's Shre've, and drove Infection,
Chac'd Ulcers by a Potion of *Ejection*;
And as for th' oldeſt Ills, knew how to ſcare 'em,
By marching with a *Poſſe Pillularum*.
Methinks I ſtill behold Majeſtick *Kirle*,
With ſolemn Air his *Belgick* Whiskers twirle;
Wrapt in blue Rug, methinks I hear him talk,
And prole for Cuſtomers in *Gray's-Inn Walk*.
But why fond Hopes ſhou'd I thus feed in vain?
He's gone, alas! and ne'er will come again.
Since, then, he's left us for a better Place,
Remember, Gentlemen, your Friend *John Caſe*.

An Epitaph *on Dr.* Kirleus *of* Gray's-Inn-Lane, *occaſioned by his Friends reporting him only gone into the Country.*

THE famous *Kirleus*, Collegiate Phyſician,
As cheap a Practitioner as you could wiſh one,
Who only with Diet-Drink, and a few Pills,
Cur'd Gout, Stone, and Pox, and a Thouſand more Ills,
Is gone to the Country infernal with Phyſick.
To cure *Rhadamanthus*, they ſay, of the Ptiſſick.
Let not *Nendick* then brag,
Of this *Tetrachymag*,
Nor himſelf *Tilburg* Prize on
Drinking Bumpers of Poiſon.
So uſeful a Doctor our Youngſters will miſs,
He hinder'd no Buſineſs, 'till Death hinder'd his.
A Journey thus tedious all Sporters may mourn,
For 'tis Forty to One that he'll never return.

The Fable of the Satyr *and the* Traveller.

I.

TO his poor Cell a Satyr led
A Traveller with Cold half dead,
And with great Kindneſs treated:
A Fire Noſe-high he made him ſtrait,
Shew'd him his Elbow-Chair of State,
And near the Chimney-ſeated.

His

II.

His tingling Hands the Stranger blows,
At which the Satyr wond'ring roſe,
And bluntly ask'd the Reaſon.
Sir, quoth the Man, I mean no Harm,
I only do't my Hands to *warm*,
In this cold Froſty Seaſon.

III.

The Satyr gave him from the Pot
A Meſs of Porridge piping hot;
The Man blow'd o'er his Gruel.
What's that for, Friend? The Satyr cry'd,
To *cool* my Broth, his Gueſt reply'd,
And Truth, Sir, is a Jewel.

IV.

How, quoth the Hoſt, then is it ſo,
And can you contradictions blow?
Turn out, and leave my Cottage.
This honeſt Manſion ne'er ſhall hold
Such Raſcals as blow *Hot* and *Cold*,
The De'l muſt find your Pottage.
The C———'s deſir'd that in their next Choice,
They'd be pleas'd from this Table to take good Advice;
For a Man that [illegible] Charches [illegible] in Place,
Shams both in their Turns, and to neither is true.

A Dialogue *betwixt the* New Lotteries *and the* Royal Oak.

New Lotteries.

TO you, the Mother of our Schools,
Where Knaves, by Licenſe, manage Fools,
Finding fit Juncture and Occaſion
To pick the Pockets of the Nation,
We come to know how we muſt treat 'em,
And to their Hearts Content may cheat 'em.

Royal-Oak.

It chears my aged Heart to ſee
So num'rous a Progeny;
I find by you, that 'tis Heaven's Will,
That Knavery ſhould flouriſh ſtill;

You

You have Docility and Wit,
And Fools were never wanting yet.
Obſerve the crafty *Auctioneer*,
His Art to ſell waſte Paper dear:
When he for *Salmon* baits his Hooks,
That Cormorant of Offal-Books,
Who bites, are ſure as Maggots breed,
Or Carrion-Crows on Horſe-fleſh feed.
Fair ſpecious Titles him deceive,
To ſweep what *Sl*——and *T*———*n* leave.
If greedy Gulls you wou'd enſnare,
Make 'em Propoſals wond'rous fair.
Tell 'em ſtrange Golden Show'rs ſhall fall,
And promiſe Mountains to 'em all.
New Lotteries.
That Craft we've been already taught,
And by that Trick have Millions caught.
Books, *Bawbles*, *Toys*, all Sorts of Stuff,
Have gone off this Way well enough.
Nay, *Muſick* too invades our Art,
And to ſome Tune wou'd play her Part.
I'll ſhew you now what we are doing,
[illegible]
We have found out richer Lands,
Than *Aſia* Hills, or *Africk*'s Sands,
And to vaſt Treaſures muſt give Birth,
Deep hid in Bowels of th' Earth;
In fertile *Wales*, and God knows where,
Rich Mines of Gold and Silver are.
From whence we drain'd prodigious Store
Of Silver Coin'd, tho' none in Ore,
Which down our Throats rich Coxcombs pour,
In hopes to make us vomit more.
Royal Oak.
This Project ſurely muſt be good,
Becauſe not eaſily underſtood:
Becauſe, it gives a mighty Scope
To the Fool's Argument, Vain Hope.
No Eagle's Eye the Cheat can ſee,
Thro' Hope thus back'd by Myſtery.

New

New Lotteries.

We have beſides a Thouſand more,
For Great and Small, for Rich and Poor,
From him that can his Thouſands ſpare,
Down to the Penny-Cuſtomer.

Royal Oak.

The ſilly Mob in Crowds will run,
To be at eaſy Rates undone;
A Gimcrack-Show draws in the Rout,
Thouſands their All, by Pence, lay out.

New Lotteries.

We, by Experience, find it true;
But we have Methods wholly New;
Strange late invented Ways to thrive,
To make Men pay for what they give;
To get the Rents into our Hands
Of their Hereditary Lands,
And out of what doth thence ariſe,
To make 'em buy *Annuities*.
We've Mathematick Combination,
To cheat Fools by plain Demonſtration,
Which ſhall be fairly manag'd too,
The Undertakers know not how.
Beſide,——

Royal Oak.

Pray, hold a little, here's enough,
To beggar *Europe*, of this Stuff.
Go on, and proſper, and be Great,
I am to you a puny Cheat.

In Obitum *Th. Shadwell*, pinguis memoriæ 1693.

I.

Conditur hoc tumulo Bavius, *gravis eſſe memento*
Terra tuo Bavio, nam fuit ille tibi.

II.

Tam citò miraris Bavii *fœtere cadaver?*
Non erat in toto corpore mica ſalis.

III.

Mors uni Bavio *lucrum*; *nam jugera Vates*
Qui vivens habuit nulla, ſepultus habet.

Por-

IV.

Porrigitur novus hic Tityus *per jugera septem,*
Nec quæ tondebit viscera deerit Avis.

V.

Dicite, (*nam benè vos nostis*) *gens Critica, Vates*
An fuerit Bavius *pejor, an Iliſtoricus.*

VI.

Militiam ſicco Wilelmus *Marte peregit,*
O Clemens Cæſar! conſulis hiſtorico.

VII.

Tom writ, his Readers ſtill ſlept o'er his Book;
For *Tom took Opium,* and they Opiates took.

An Impromptu *to* Shadwell's *Memory, by Dr.* B——

AND muſt our glorious Laureat then depart!
Heaven, if it pleaſe may take his loyal Heart;
As for the reſt, ſweet Devil, fetch a Cart.

In Decretum Parliamenti 1689. De non adulterandis Vinis.

CRimen adulterii vetuerunt Biblia fruſtrà.
Jam quid ages, Caupo? Parliamenta vetant.

Inſcriptions deſign'd for the Dial, over the Fountain in the new Square at *Lincoln's-Inn.*

I.

UT referat gratam mercedem qualibet hora,
Munificum laudet qualibet hora Deum.

II.

Unda fluit lapſu, quid ſtas ignave, perenni,
Carpe viator iter, ſic tibi vita fluit.

III.

Hæc Legum domus eſt, colit hanc Themis aurea ſedem,
Hoſpite nec Domus eſt dignior ulla Deâ.

Antenor's Speech in the ſecond *Æneid,* apply'd to the Declaration for Liberty of Conſcience. In the Year 1687.

——*Timeo*

Timeo Danaos, & dona ferentes.

YOU dull Dissenters, what Vain Folly blinds
Your Senses thus, and captivates your Minds?
Think you this proffer'd Liberty is free
From Tricks, and Snares, and papal Treachery?
Think you 'twas meant according to the Letter?
Oh! that such plodding Heads shou'd know the Pope no better.
Trust me, this Kindness either was design'd
T' inflame our Quarrels, and our Weakness find:
Or else the Breach was open'd at a Venture,
That at one Hole both Cowl and Cloak might enter.
Pray Heav'n there be no farther Mischief meant,
But I'm afraid there's *Roman* Opium in't.
Be't what it will, the gilded Pill suspect,
And with a smiling Scorn your proffer'd Fate reject;
A Papist, tho' ungiving, means you Evil,
But when he scatters Gifts and Mercies, he's the Devil.

Prologue spoken before the University of Oxford. 1683.

WHen *Greece* o'erwhelm'd in the wide Deluge lay,
And all the Land was one continu'd Sea,
The Muses Hill secure, and lofty stood,
Above the vain Attempts of th' insulting Flood,
There good *Deucalion* first saluted Land,
Put in his Boat, and touch'd the happy Strand.
So when wild Faction all our Land alarm'd,
Our Land by the prevailing Jugglers charm'd,
When pregnant with dire Seeds the Clouds did ride,
Presaging civil Tempests in our Skies,
Here God-like *Charles* did a safe Harbour win,
Here laugh'd at all the Threats of daring Sin,
And shunn'd the popular Deluge as it came rolling in.
With you no perjur'd Bog-trotters we found,
With Meal-Tub-Plots and Armies under Ground,
Rogues, that wou'd damn themselves for Half a Crown:
Rogues, that for one poor Draught of Midling-Beer
Wou'd hang a Parish, and for Tripe, a Shire.
'Tis true, some few you had; but Traytors come
Here to receive, not to deserve their Doom.

So

So Paradise the Serpent gain'd at first,
Enter'd the blest Abodes, but strait he was accurst.
This is your Happiness.
But we are still alarm'd with senseless Noise;
Guild-hall Elections, and loud frantick Cries.
Tir'd with dull Managers of duller Plots,
And free-born Slaves, and *Magna Charta* Sots.
Oh! wou'd the Town a Pattern take from you,
Whom the worst Times still found to *Cæsar* true,
Discords wou'd cease, ill-natur'd Jars retire,
And ev'ry Muse in *Charle*'s Praise conspire.
Peace, with her Train, wou'd guard our Halcyon Shore,
And *Britain* envy *Saturn*'s Age no more.

EPILOGUE.

NOT with more Grief the Whiggish Herd beheld
Their Plots discover'd, their Intriegues reveal'd,
And all their godly Villanies run down,
Than now we feel to leave your happy Town.
Now must our Tribe, since we depart from you,
Shake Hands with Learning, and bid Wit Adieu:
With Dogg'rel Rhimes the stupid Rout appease,
And murder *English* perfectly to please.
So some, to get an Alms, a Lameness feign,
And by pretending Halting pity gain.
When to some Town our strolling Troops repair,
Leave's to be granted by the worthy Mayor:
He with his num'rous Train first takes his Seat,
Below his Scarlet Brethren fill the Pit.
Then ev'n our Women must less gay appear,
Leave painting off, lest they shou'd seem more Fair
Than the pale Daughter of the Rev'rend Mayor.
If we, in Acting, as our Part requires,
Swear by the Gods, and all the heavenly Fires,
The Sot pricks up a wond'rous Pair of Ears,
My Zeal no longer such Profaneness bears,
Twelvepence for ev'ry Oath your Hero swears.
Wit here, triumphant, bears an ample Sway,
And the bright Metal shines without Allay;

No-

Nothing is here condemn'd for being good,
Nor talk we Nonsense to be understood.
But tho' your Learning the whole Isle inspires,
Your Townsmen warm not by the neighb'ring Fires;
Born in the happy Place, where Wit does rule,
They keep their nat'ral Right of being Dull.
So the rude Nations, where with greatest Light
The reveal'd Truth was first expos'd to Sight,
By no rewards, no miracles reclaim'd,
Wou'd ev'n in Spite of Providence, be damn'd.
Howe'er our Courtiers do their Fate dispose,
Dullness the *Charter* is they'll never lose.

A Catch. By Mr. *T. Brown.*

I.

LET the Woman be damn'd, (a mod'rate Fate)
Or die an old Maid, as gray as a Cat,
That her Lover refuses for Want of Estate.

II.

Let her that sets Man, like a Beast, to be sold,
And above metal'd Flesh loves a Lump of dead Gold,
Look green when she's young, and be pox'd when she's old.

III.

But let those that are wise contemn the dull Store;
Wives chose by their Weight, will be weighty no more;
If for Gold they will wed, for the same they will whore.

A Panegyrick upon Coll. George Walker. *After the Manner of the* Irish.

OUR Gracious King gave him five thousand Pound;
And out of the Rebels Lands, when they are found,
He promises him a thousand Pounds by th' Year,
Which, in short Time, will unquestionably appear.
Likewise, he promises him the Dean'ry of *Londonderry*,
When that the Dean of *Londonderry* will die;
But if the Dean of *Londonderry* will not die,
He promises him the Bishoprick of *Londonderry*.

More

More of his valiant Deeds and Worth what need we then [to cry-ah,
Since *Walter George* has made Amends for *Walter Obediah*?

To Mr. D'Urfey, *upon his incomparable Ballads, call'd by him Lyrick Odes.*

THou Cur, half *French* half *Engliſh* Breed,
Thou Mongrel of *Parnaſſus*,
To think tall Lines, run up to Seed,
Should ever tamely paſs us.

II.

Thou write *Pindaricks*, and be damn'd!
Write Epigrams for Cutlers;
None with thy Lyricks can be ſhamm'd
But Chamber Maids and Butlers.

III.

In t'other World expect dry Blows;
No Tears can waſh thy Stains out;
Horace will pluck thee by the Noſe,
And *Pindar* beat thy Brains out.

On Flowers in a Lady's Boſom.

BEhold the promis'd Land, where Pleaſure flows!
See how the Milk-White Hills do gently riſe,
And beat the ſilken Skies!
Behold the Valley ſpread with Flow'rs below!
Other Diſcoveries, *Fate*, let me not ſhare;
If I find out, may I inhabit there.
The happy Flow'rs, how they allure my Senſe!
The fairer Soil gives 'em the noble Hew;
Her Breath perfumes 'em too:
Rooted i'th' Heart, they ſeem to ſpring from thence.
Tell, tell me why, thou fruitful Virgin-Breaſt,
Why ſhould ſo good a Soil lie unpoſſeſt?
Surely ſome Champion, in the Cauſe of Love,
Has languiſh'd here——more weary with the Sight,
Than vanquiſh'd quite,
While the ſoft God took Pity from Above,

And thinking to reward his Service well,
Bid him grow there, where he so nobly fell.
So when the longing *Cytherea* found
The murder'd Boy, who long deceiv'd her Eyes,
Under a Flow'r Disguise.
And pluck'd the curious posey from the Ground,
Fair *Cytherea*'s Bosom look'd like this;
So blush'd *Adonis* in the Seat of Bliss.

The London *Vintners Answer to Mr.* Brown.

IF what thou assert, dear *Thomas*, be true,
It is to get rid of such Chap-men as you,
That I, and my Brethren, have learned to brew.
Whatever Ingredients we put in the Vat,
Whether Dogs-Turd or Honey, no Matter for that;
For all our Design's but to poison a Rat.
He that dies by bad Wine, and not by the Halter,
Departs without Chime of *Hopkins*'s Psalter,
And that you well know is no Matter of Laughter.

To Mr. *Henry Purcel.*

LOng did dark Ignorance our Isle o'er-spread,
Our Musick and our Poetry lay dead;
But the dull Malice of a barbarous Age
Fell most severe on *David*'s sacred Page;
To wound the Sense, and quench his Heav'n-born Fire,
Three vile Translators lewdly did conspire,
In holy Dogg'rel, and low chiming Prose,
The King and Poet they, at once, depose.
Vainly he did th' unrighteous Change bemoan,
And languish in vile Numbers, not his own.
Nor stopt his Usage here:
For what escap'd in *Wisdom*'s ancient Rhimes,
Was murder'd o'er and o'er in the Composers Chimes.
What Praises, *Purcel*, to thy Skill are due,
Who hast to *Judah*'s Monarch been so true,
By thee he moves our Hearts, by thee he reigns,
By thee shakes off his old inglorious Chains,
And sees new Honours done to his immortal Strains.

Not

Not *Italy*, the Mother of each Art,
Did e'er a juſter happier Son impart.
In thy Performance we with Wonder find
Corelli's Genius to *Baſſani* joyn'd.
Sweetneſs, combin'd with Majeſty, prepares
To wing Devotion with inſpiring Airs.
Thus I, unknown, my Gratitude expreſs,
And conſcious Gratitude cou'd do no leſs.
This Tribute, from each *Britiſh* Muſe is due;
The whole Poetick Tribe's oblig'd to you.
For where the Author's ſcanty Words have fail'd;
Thy happier Graces, *Purcell*, have prevail'd.
And ſurely none but you, with equal Eaſe,
Cou'd add to *David*, and make *D' Urfy* pleaſe.

On Dr. *SHERLOCK*.

Regibus obſequium dum binis obligat unum;
Jurat utriq; unam prodit utrique fidem.
Quid mirum? Si ſit ſemper jurare paratus,
Cum per quos jurat tres habet ille Deos.

The ſame Allegiance to two Kings he pays,
Swears the ſame Faith to both, and both betrays.
No Wonder if to ſwear he's always free,
That hath two Gods, to ſwear by, more than we.

Upon the taking of the new Oaths.

OUR Fathers took Oaths as of old they took Wives,
To have and to hold for the Term of their Lives;
But we take our Oaths, as our Whores, for our Eaſe,
And a Whore and a Rogue may part when they pleaſe.

Tom Brown having committed ſome great Fault at the Univerſity, the Dean of *Chriſt-Church* threatn'd to expel him; but *Tom*, with a very ſubmiſſive Epiſtle, begging Pardon, ſo pleas'd the Dean, that he was minded to forgive him, upon this Condition, *viz.*

That he ſhould tranſlate this Epigram out of *Martial* extempore.

NO N *amo Te, Zabidi, nec poſſum dicere quare;*
Hoc tantum poſſum dicere, non amo Te.

Which he immediately render'd into Engliſh *thus,*

I do not love you Dr. *Fell,*
But why I cannot tell;
But this I know full well,
I do not love you, Dr. *Fell.*

A penſive Thought at the *Roſe* Spunging-houſe in *Wood Street*, and left there by *T. Brown.*

NO *N adverſa videns me fractum fata coarctum,*
Carcer Corpus habet, mens coaperta volat.

LACONICS; *or, New Maxims of* STATE *and* CONVERSATION.

WE naturally love to cheat; 'tis interwoven with our Conſtitution: By the ſame Token, we often boaſt that we have palm'd falſe Dice upon others, when we our ſelves are the Bubbles. Do but hear, ſays Sir *John Squander*, what a Trick I put upon a Whore laſt Night! 'Fore *George*, I made the ſilly Baggage take a *Lewis d' Or* for Seventeen and Six pence, after the Proclamation.

A Soldier, a Vintner and a Phyſician, are the three Degrees of Compariſon; and ſo are a Cut-Throat, a Backbiter, and a Flatterer: But the Phyſician is the ſuperlative Murderer, and a Flatterer the ſuperlative Villain.

How is it poſſible, ſays Madam *B*———, for a Woman to keep her Cabinet unpick'd, when every Raſcal has got a Key to't? Aye, but Madam, the Raſcal's Key ſignifies not a Farthing, unleſs the Owner of the Cabinet, at leaſt, goes Halves with him.

A Widow and a Government are ready, upon all Occaſions, to tax the new Husband and the new Prince with the Merits of their Predeceſſors, unleſs the former Huſ-

Husband was hang'd, and the former King ſent to Graſs; and then they bid them take fair Warning by their Deſtiny.

For a King to engage his People in War, to carry off every little ill Humour of State, is like a Phyſician's ordering his Patient a Flux for every Pimple.

Scandal is a never failing Vehicle for Dulneſs. The *True-born Engliſhman* had died ſilently among the Grocers and Trunk-makers, if the Libeller had not help'd off the Poet.

Merit is not always the Road to Preferment; ſome Men get it by reſolving not to be deny'd, as *Iriſhmen* in Town pick up Women, by hunting them, as School-Boy do Squirrels, 'till they are weary, and fall down before them.

A thouſand Actions paſs in the World for virtuous, tho' they proceed from a quite different Principle. My Lord releaſed *Arſennus* out of Goal, and paid his Debts. This every one applauded as an Act of the higheſt and moſt diſintereſted Generoſity. They little knew that my Lord, at the ſame Time, lay ev'ry Night with *Arſennus*'s Siſter.

Tho' a Soldier, in Time of Peace, is like a Chimney in Summer, yet what wiſe Man would pluck down his Chimney, becauſe his Almanack tells him 'tis the Middle of *June*.

War, as the World goes at preſent, is a Nurſery for the Gallows, as *Hoxton* is for the Meetings, and *Bartholomew-Fair* for the two Play-Houſes.

A Woman may learn one uſeful Doctrine from the Game of *Backgammon*, which is, not to take up her Man 'till ſhe's ſure of binding him. Had Madam *C*———, and ſome of our young Ladies, conſider'd this, they would not have made ſuch a Blot in their Tables.

'Tis a Mortification to a Prince to ſee an old Miniſter torn from him, but Self-Preſervation is the firſt Law of Nature; and any Man, in his Senſes, would ſooner ſubmit to part with his Crutch, than his Leg.

The ſureſt Way of Governing, both in a private Family and a Kingdom, is for a Husband and a Prince ſometimes to drop their Prerogative.

Could a Women keep her Failings to herſelf, as well as ſhe does her Age, *Cheapſide* would be the happieſt Place in the World, and the Houſe would not be troubled every Seſſions to grant bills of Divorce.

'Tis the moſt nonſenſical Thing in the World, for a Man to be proud, ſince 'tis in the meaneſt Wretch's Power to mortify him. How uneaſy have I ſeen my Lord *All-Pride* in the *Park*, when the Company turn'd their Eyes from him and his gaudy Equipage!

Gaming finds a Man a Cully, and leaves him a Knave.

The Generality of Women would ſooner be found in Bed with a Gallant, than in their Undreſs; and ſome Men in the World would rather be ſeen with their Miſſes in the *Park*, than their Wives.

The greateſt Men may, ſometimes, over-ſhoot themſelves; but then their very miſtakes are ſo many Leſſons of Inſtruction.

Examples make a greater Impreſſion upon us than Precepts. The Sight of Sir *Edward B——h*, running after a Coach for Six-pence, will ſooner reclaim a Prodigal, than a Sermon.

An old Counſellor in *Holbourn* us'd, every Execution-day, to turn out his Clerks, with this Complement, Go, ye young Rogues, go to School and improve.

Of all our Infirmities Vanity is the deareſt to us: A Man will ſtarve his other Vices to keep that alive.

How many Fops, at *Man*'s Coffee-Houſe, and *Will*'s have laid out the only Half Crown they had in the World upon an Ounce of Snuff, when they wanted a Dinner, and their Lodgings were unpaid?

Young *Cotilus*'s Penſion, for his Weekly Expences, amounts juſt to twenty Shillings. His Chair-Men run away with eighteen of it, and he finds Tea and Chocolate, Eſſence and Powder, out of the reſt.

Vanity is ſo inſeparable from our Nature, that it ſurvives our Aſhes, and takes Care of Epitaphs and Tomb-ſtones before we die. *Clearchus* was as brave as *Hercules*; he had given Proofs of his Valour upon a thouſand Occaſions, yet once upon a Time had a Diſh of hot Coffee flung in his Face, and bore it patiently.

The

The Reaſon was, he had a foul Shirt on, and was loth to die in it.

A Citizen that thinks to compound for forty Years Knavery, by building a lowzy Hoſpital, and endowing a paultry Lecture, does not offer ſo much for a good Seat in Heaven as he would do for one in *Middleſex*. He does not bid above ten Years purchaſe for Eternity.

In Point of Intereſt, if there were no more in't, a Man ſhou'd rather leſſen himſelf, than pretend to too much. A famous Inſtance of this we had in a late *Quack*: Not content to be the ſeventh Son of a ſeventh Son, he muſt needs call himſelf the unborn Doctor. This was too much for the Multitude to ſwallow, ſo the Coxcomb ſtarv'd between his two Titles.

The Church of *England* generally preaches *Alcali's*, the Presbyterians *Acid's*. Both may do well, according to the different Conſtitutions they meet; but the former ſeem to operate beſt with the Men of Senſe, and the latter with the Mob.

There's nothing like bearing an Injury, or a Jeſt, heroically. The Town may da——da——dam me for a Poet, ſays *Charilus*, but they ſi——ſi——ſing my Songs for all that.

'Tis in vain to regret a Misfortune, when 'tis paſt retrieving; but few have Philoſophy or Strength enough to Practice it. A famous Phyſician ventur'd five thouſand *Guineas* upon a Project in the *South-Sea*: When he was told, at *Garraway's*, that 'twas all loſt, Why ſays he, 'Tis but going up five thouſand pair of Stairs more. This Anſwer deſerv'd a Statue.

We have different Notions of Providence: What one Man calls a Misfortune, another Man would call a Bleſſing. Bully *Dawſon* was over-turn'd in a Hack, not far from his Lodgings. This ſav'd him Coach-hire, or, at leaſt, the Trouble of bilking poor *Jehu*; and to his dying Day he look'd upon it as one of the greateſt Mercies that ever befel him. A big-belly'd Woman would have miſcarry'd upon't.

That which diſcompoſes one Man, and breaks his Reſt, makes another laugh.

Damon met *Macer* once in an extravagant Heat, railing at the horrid Ingratitude of the Age, and what not. Never was any Man, ſays the latter, ſo barbarouſly and inhumanly us'd, as I have been. There's no Faith, nor Honeſty, nor Morals, in the World. Why, what's the Matter? cries *Damon*. That eternal execrable Dog of a Printer, replies the other, has work'd off the laſt Sheet of my Poems without ſending me a Proof.

A Change is not always for the beſt. We have ſometimes ſeen the Miniſtry diſcarded, and a new Set of Men brought in their Room, ten times worſe than their Predeceſſors; like the Devil in the Goſpel, that left the poſſeſs'd Man's Body, and came afterwards ſeventy ſtrong.

Well, I muſt get me a Floor of new Fellows, ſays the Maſter of a *Weſtern* Barge, otherwiſe, one Sheep-ſtealing Rogue will ſpoil all the reſt.

What is the Reaſon that the Clergy-Men never forgive an Injury? Why, 'tis becauſe they have better Memories than the reſt of the World, and never forget.

All Parties blame Perſecution when they feel the Smart on't, and all Practiſe it when they have the Rod in their Hands. For all his pretended Meekneſs, *Calvin* made Roaſt-Meat of *Servetus* at *Geneva*, for his Unorthodoxy.

When *Moliere*'s *Tartuff* was acted in *France*, all the Church-Men complain'd of it. The *Feſtin de Saint Pierre*, tho' a lewd beaſtly Piece, went down without the leaſt wry Face. At ſo much an eaſier Rate may a Man expoſe Religion, than Hypocriſy.

I very much Queſtion, after all, whether Mr. *C*-----*r* would have condeſcended to laſh the Vices of the Stage, if the Poets had not been guilty of the abominable Sin of making familiar, now and then, with the Backſlidings of the Caſſock.

Hypocriſy may chain up a Man, when he is among Brethren of the ſame Claſs, but Nature will certainly break out, whenever it finds an Opportunity. How many *Caledonian* Peers, that can ſit out four long-winded Sermons at a Time, on the other ſide the *Tweed*, whore, and drink, and deny themſelves nothing in the *Pall. Mall*, and

and St. *James*? 'Tis a mighty Refreſhment to be out of the Reach of Scandal.

A Whore, in the Buſineſs of Love, is what Farthings are in the Buſineſs of Trade; only us'd for the Convenience of ready Change.

'Tis the moſt unpardonable Affront in the World to tell a Woman that ſhe's old. My Lord *A*———, who was the greateſt Courtier in his Time, us'd to ſay to his Lady, every New-Years Day; Well, Madam, how old will your Ladyſhip be pleas'd to be this Year?

The Virtuoſo's may talk as long as they pleaſe, that the Seaſons are inverted, and the Sun decay'd; whatſoever becomes of our Fruits, our Women ripen much earlier than formerly.

Madam *S*——, laſt Year, brought her Daughter to St. *Martin*'s to be marry'd. Little Miſs look'd ſo unfit for Buſineſs, that the Parſon, innocently, ask'd her Mother, And what, have you brought this Child to be Baptiz'd?

A Man would willingly have it in his Power to oblige the Fair Sex to the laſt Moment of his Life. When Sir *H*—— was to be cut for the Stone, in the Sixty-ſeventh Year of his Age; Well, but Doctor, ſays he, this Operation won't make a Man impotent, will it?

Covetouſneſs, like Jealouſy, when it has once taken Root, never leaves a Man, but with his Life. A rich Banker, in *Lombard-Street*, finding himſelf very ill, ſent for a Parſon to adminiſter the laſt Conſolations of the Church to him. While the Ceremony was performing, old *Gripewell* falls into a Fit: As ſoon as he was a little recover'd, the Doctor offer'd the Chalice to him. No, no cries he, I can't afford to lend you above twenty Shillings upon't, upon my Word I can't now.

When the High Prieſt enter'd the Sanctuary, which was but once a Year, the *Jews* have a Tradition, that he begg'd of God not to hear the Prayers of Travellers, who, to have Fair Weather for themſelves, don't care what becomes of the reſt of the World. Had we any ſuch Cuſtom among us, it would not be amiſs if our *Arch-Flamen* pray'd to him, not to hear the different Petitions of the ſeveral Sects among us, that, if heard, would not only ruin the reſt of the World, but themſelves.

What Sect of Men could ſet up with ſuch Diſadvantage as the Quakers, when they are kick'd, and buffeted, and laugh'd at by every Body? But their Darling Principle ſooth'd the Vanity of Men, and made them Judges of every Thing, *Dans le Dernier reſſort.* Of late they have lick'd their Cub into ſome Shape, and are far from making a contemptible Figure. Who knows but it may be their Turn to be the Reigning Religion an hundred Years hence?

A Gigantick Man, and a Book of a monſtrous Size, generally fall ſhort of what they ſeem to promiſe. An ordinary Soul can no more inform an over-large Body, than an ordinary Genius can enliven a big Volume. 'Tis as if a Gentleman of 200 *l.* a Year ſhould affect to live in *Hampton-Court*, where the very Repairs would exceed the Income. Is not a Leaf of the *Diſpenſary* worth a Cart-load of King *Arthurs*?

Not only Religion and Law, but even Gold and Silver, are falſify'd to procure Gold and Silver.

If we muſt have War with *France*, about *Spain*, the ſooner the better, before Affairs are ſettled, and while the Government is young. In King *Charles* the Second's Time, *Jack Ogle*, a very famous Perſon in his Generation, had got a Clap: Doctor, ſays he, to a Chirurgeon, what wi—wi—will this Buſineſs coſt me? Why, ſome three *Guineas*, Sir. And wha—wha—what Rate does a Pox go at? About ſix. Sir. Well then, ho—ho—honeſt Friend, cries he, I'll e'en let it run up to a Pox, and cure both under one. Pray Heaven there be no *Jack Ogle* among our preſent Politicians.

How unnatural a Sight is it to ſee a Parſon, with a florid Countenance and a double Chin, preach up Abſtinence in *Lent!*

Some Clergymen in the Pulpit are ſuch different Animals from what they are elſewhere, that Mrs. *K*——, when ſhe acts a virtuous Part upon the Stage, is not more different from Mrs. *K*—— with a Rummer in her Hand at the *Horſe-Shoe*.

It has been an old Remark, ſaid a Presbyterian Miniſter, in his Sermon, that *Opinio* is of the Feminine Gender, becauſe Women, for the moſt Part, are poſitive and opini-

opiniated: Whereas, *Judicium* is of the Neuter, becauſe in all critical Exigencies, Men of Judgment chuſe to be Neuters. The Grammatical Obſervations are not worth a Farthing, but a wholeſome Mythology's couch'd under it, which the *Venetians*, at preſent, practice.

A ſpeculative Religion is only calculated for a few Philoſophers, and not the groſs Vulgar. 'Tis too thin a Diet for courſe Appetites, as we find Soops and Sallads are for common *Engliſh* Stomachs. For this Reaſon the popiſh Prieſts amuſe them with Pictures, Shows, and Images; the Presbyterian Parſons with apiſh Geſtures, fantaſtic Expreſſions, and ſordid Similies, that are full as groſs as Images: The Church of *England* goes the middle Way to work, and gives them half in Surplices and Organs, and t'other half in good Senſe and Reaſon.

Tho' a Clergy-man preach'd like an Angel, yet he ought to conſider, that two Hour-glaſſes of Divinity are too much at once for the moſt patient Conſtitution. In the late civil Wars, *Stephen Marſhal* ſplit his Text into twenty-four Parts. Upon this, one of the Congregation immediately runs out of Church. Why, what's the Matter, ſays a Neighbour? Only going for my Night-Gown and Slippers, for I find we muſt take up Quarters here to Night.

A long Reach and as little Conſcience are neceſſary Qualifications to a Miniſter of State, as a long Hand and little Fingers are to a Man-Midwife.

A Wit and a Beau ſet up with little or no Expence. A Pair of red Stockings, and a Sword knot, ſets up one; and peeping on once a Day in at *Will's*, and two or three ſecond-hand Sayings, the other.

Every Man thinks ſo well of himſelf or ſo ill of his Neighbour, that he would not change with him in every Reſpect, though he would in ſome. Thouſands perhaps may wiſh they had Mrs. *Abel's* Voice, or Sir *Charles*—'s Eſtate, yet there's ſcarce a Man in the Kingdom, I believe, would change for good and all; that is to ſay, would have Mrs. *Abel's* good Manners, and Sir *Charles's* Gratitude.

'Tis wiſely done, as a Gentleman obſerv'd, of a Chirurgeon, to live next Door to a Bawdy-houſe; of a Short-hand

hand Teacher, to a Meeting-houſe; and one that has a good H nd at Pimping, to place himſelf near the Court; for then they m y expect Buſineſs.

A Man of Mer't may be allow'd to inſinuate in Modeſty. Prince *Maurice* being ask'd who was the greateſt General of the Age, handſomly anſwer d, the Marquis of *Spinola* is the ſecond.

Well, this Thing call'd Proſperity makes a Man ſtrangely inſolent and forgetful. How contemptibly a Cutler looks at a poor Grinder of Knives, a Phyſician in his Coach at a Farrier a Foot, and a well-grown *Paul's Church-Yard* Bookſeller upon one of the Trade that ſells ſecond-hand Books under the Trees in *Moorfields*.

'Tis hard that a Man ſhould go out of the World almoſt as weak a Wretch as he came into it. *Senes bis Pueri*, Old Men are twice Children, ſays the Proverb. There is an old Drawer at the Baptiſt's Head in *Chancery-Lane*, that drew Vinegar when the *Scots* came into *England* with their Bagpipes and Covenant, in the Year 1640. Soon after, he was preferr'd a Story higher, I mean to dr w Wine, in which Station he continu'd about forty Ye rs.; and ſince the late Revolution, he is a Vinegar-drawer a gain.

'Tis a very hard Caſe, if a Man can't find ſome Excuſe for his Frailty, let it be what it will. About ſeven Years ago, when there were ſuch Complaints of the ill Summers, and Mr *Flamſteed* talk'd, that there were *Maculæ* in the Sun, I knew a Gentleman that us'd to get up about the Du sk of the Evening, and went to Bed by Break of Day, and this was the conſtant Courſe of Life he led. His Uncle ask'd him, what the Plague made him ſuch a Sot ? Oh, ſays he, the *Royal Society* ſay the Sun is ſick, and for my Part I hate to ſee ſick Folks.

A Man does not attain to the Top of Preferment in an Inſtant. In one Houſe a young Member generally is initiated by moving for the bringing in of Candles, and in another by ſnuffing them.

Aſſiduity is one of the beſt Qualities in a Courtier, to recommend him to his Maſter. As Prince *Maurice* was, once at Dinner, in came a huge Maſtiff, and took Sanctuary under the Table. The Pages beat him out of the Room,

Room, and kick'd him, but for all that, *Monſieur Chien* came punctually at the ſame Hour next Day, and ſo continu'd his Viſits, though they ſtill continu'd the ſame Treatment to him. At laſt the Prince order'd them to beat him no more, and made much of him. From that Time the Maſtiff commenc'd a perfect Courtier, follow'd the Prince where-ever he went, lay all Night at his Chamber-door, ran by his Coach-ſide as duly as one of his Lacqueys; in ſhort, ſo inſinuated himſelf into his Maſter's Favour, that when he dy'd he ſettl'd a Penſion upon him for Life.

If your Friend is in Want, don't carry him to the Tavern, where you treat your ſelf as well as him, and entail a Thirſt and Head-ach upon him next Morning. To treat a poor Wretch with a Bottle of *Burgundy*, or fill his Snuff-Box, is like giving a Pair of Lace-Ruffles to a Man that has never a Shirt on his Back. Put ſomething into his Pocket.

When a Man has contracted a Habit, 'tis a hard matter to leave it off. A Fellow of a Houſe had got ſuch a Trick of talking *Latin*, that he could not forbear it even to the Scullion Boys and Bed makers. One Afternoon, ſeeing one of the Turn-ſpit Dogs bask himſelf deliciouſly in the Sun, he thus accoſted him, *Non ſtudes, ignave, non ſtudes, ſed toto die otioſus es, & oſtendis ingentes tuos Teſticulos ad Solem.*

What is Sawce for a Gooſe, is Sawce for a Gander. When any Calamities befel the *Roman* Empire, the *Pagans* us'd to lay it to the Charge of the Chriſtians: When Chriſtianity became the imperial Religion, the Chriſtians return'd the ſame Complement to the *Pagans*.

That which paſſes for current Doctrine at one Juncture, and in one Climate, won't do ſo in another. The Cavaliers, in the Beginning of the Troubles, us'd to trump up the 12th of the *Romans* upon the Parliament; the Parliament trump'd it upon the Army, when they would not di band; the Army back again upon the Parliament, when they diſputed their Orders. Never was poor Chapter ſo unmercifully toſs'd to and fro again!

The

The *Jeſuits* here in *Europe*, in their Diſputes with the *Proteſtants*, have Recourſe to Miracles, as a Proof of the true Church. In *Æthiopia*, where the *Abyſſines* overnumber'd them in Miracles, they very fairly deny'd the Argument, and reaſon'd againſt them as we do.

The *Quakers* here in *England* won't take up Arms, no, not they, becauſe all War is unlawful. When the *French* attack'd them in *Penſilvania*, the Caſe was alter'd; the Drums beat, the Guns fir'd, and carnal Weapons were not thought ſinful.

An *Engliſh* Bull-dog, and a *Scotch* Presbyterian, are of a different Species from all the Bull-dogs and Presbyterians in the World.

Not to flatter our ſelves, we *Engliſh* are none of the moſt conſtant and eaſy People in the World. When the late War pinch'd us, Oh! when ſhall we have a Peace and Trade again? We had no ſooner a Peace, but, Huzza, Boys! for a new War; and that we ſhall ſoon be ſick of.

It may be no Scandal for us to imitate one good Quality of a neighbouring Nation, who are like the Turf they burn, ſlow in kindling, but, when once thoroughly lighted, keep their Fire.

What a fine Thing it is to be well-manner'd upon Occaſion! In the Reign of King *Charles* the Second, a certain worthy Divine at *Whitehall*, thus addreſs'd himſelf to the Auditory at the Concluſion of his Sermon: In ſhort, if you don't live up to the Precepts of the Goſpel, but abandon your ſelves to your irregular Appetites, you muſt expect to receive your Reward in a certain Place, which 'tis not good Manners to mention here.

We can't properly call that Man unhappy, who knows nothing of his Misfortunes. *Liſander*'s Wife is the moſt inſatiable Strumpet that ever liv'd, yet *Liſander* jogs on merrily, ſnores contentedly, and believes her honeſt. T'other Day he made a Viſit to *Chærephon*, whoſe Wife denies her ſelf no innocent Freedoms, but is as chaſt as a *Veſtal*. Lord! cries *Liſander* to himſelf, What an unlucky Wretch is poor *Chærephon*, to have ſuch a Viper in his Boſom?

Con-

Conſcience is a Riddle I don't know what to make of; 'tis ſometimes Pride, 'tis ſometimes Obſtinacy, 'tis ſometimes Intereſt, 'tis ſometimes Nothing; like a ſkittiſh Jade, it will ſtartle at a Wind-mill, and ſtand Buff to a Cannon; it will keck at Pap, and digeſt Steel.

Æmilia would not let her Husband take the Oaths to the Government, and yet never ſcruples to try a Fall with the next Comer for Half a Crown. Her pious Husband too, tho' he won't ſwear, will ſooner get drunk upon Tick, than go ſober to Bed.

In the Time of the laſt War, a *French* Woman kept a little Bawdy-houſe in *Ghent*. To ingratiate with the *Engliſh* Officers, her conſtant Complement was, *Ayez pitie, Meſſieurs, d'une pauvre Refugee, qui eſt venue pour la Religion.* Notwithſtanding her Religion, ſhe had Harlots always at their Service.

Since this Revolution, a worthy Church-man, that for ſeveral Reaſons muſt be nameleſs, thank'd God that the Majority of the Clergy-men had taken the Oaths, and that others again had refus'd them; for, ſays he, by taking them, we have ſecur'd our poor Church, which otherwiſe had been in Danger of falling, as our Siſter of *Scotland* has done; and by ſome of us refuſing them, and ſacrificing all we had to them, we have ſhown the Nation there's ſuch a Thing as Conſcience ſtill among us. And yet this Reverend Parſon choſe rather to ſave the Church, than ſhow his Conſcience.

Meliſſa looks as demure as a Nun, goes twice a Day to Church, abhors the Play-houſe and Players, has always the Catalogue of the *Lent-Preachers* by Heart, rails at Patches and Commodes, and yet is a Fury incarnate in a Corner. I went to pay *Meliſſa* a Sum, ſays a Gentleman, laſt Night, and ſhe was ſo fond of my Money, that I thought, in my Conſcience, ſhe would have run away with the Purſe.

Women tax their Gallants of Inconſtancy without Reaſon. Their Humours, their Faces, their Charms, daily change; what makes them then complain?

For a Woman to think to ſecure her Lover, when her Beauty, that made him ſo, is gone, is to expect as great a Miracle as Tranſubſtantiation wrought in her Fa-

Favour, where the Accidents are ſaid to remain, when the Subſtance, that ſupported them, is vaniſh'd. But this is no Age for Miracles.

What unaccountable Creatures are Women! They treat their Humble Servants like Slaves, when they ſee them; they rail at them, they deſpiſe them, they'll hardly vouchſafe them a Look, yet are uneaſy in their Abſence.

A Miniſter, by ill adviſing his Prince, and putting him upon wrong Methods, has often had the Honour to ſee a flouriſhing Country reduc'd to Beggary. A Gentleman was railing, as faſt as his Lungs would give him Leave, at Cardinal *Richlieu:* Don't talk ſo loud, ſays his Friend to him, leſt ſome of his Creatures there ſhould over-hear you, meaning a Parcel of Beggars that ſtood by them.

Some Authors are ſo long a correcting and mending their Works, that, like *Paul*'s, they may be ſaid to be old before they are finiſh'd.

To acquaint a Man with his being a Cuckold, and to preach the 30th of *January* Sermon before the Houſe, are two tickliſh Points that one wou'd willingly avoid.

'Tis merry to conſider what Sort of Reaſons ſome Men give for what they do. A Diſſenting Parſon was preaching a Funeral Sermon in *Moorfields*; he laid about him ſo powerfully, that all the Congregation wept, except one Fellow, who ſeem'd not a Jot concern'd. Being ask'd the Reaſon why he did not weep? What have I done to weep? ſays he; I am not of this Pariſh.

A good Outſide the beſt Sir *Charles Cotterel* in a ſtrange Place.

Servants are careleſs and impudent, and their Maſters, generally ſpeaking, may thank themſelves for't. A worthy Knight near *Twickenham*, had ſome Gentlemen at Dinner with him; he calls for a Bottle of Ale, his Boy opens it juſt under his Noſe, by the ſame Token it flew all upon his Face, Cravat, and Perriwig. The Knight, not at all diſturb'd, and wiping himſelf, Well, ſays he, this is the wittieſt Boy in the World; I warrant you, he ſerves me a hundred ſuch witty Tricks in a Year. Here, Sirrah, ſays *Tom Otway* to him, who chanc'd to be then

in

in the Company, here's a Shilling for you to encourage you in your Wit.

How glad a Man is when he hears another accus'd of a Fault, which does not reach him! Some People were talking againſt Pluraliſts, and what a horrid Scandal and Shame they brought upon the Church. Heav'n be prais'd, ſays a certain Prelate, no body can tax me with Pluralities: I have but one Benefice, God knows.

If the Church had a Mind to make any thing paſs for a Sin, 'tis an eaſy Matter to lug and ſtretch a Text 'till it fits the Purpoſe. A Parſon would needs prove Dancing to be ſinful, and thus he brought it about. *Imprimis*, Dancing is a circular Motion, deny it who can. In the next Place, 'tis as plain as a Pike-ſtaff, that a circular Motion is Diabolical; for doth not the Text expreſsly ſay of the Devil, *Circuit terram quærens quem devoret?*

The late Ordinary of *Newgate*, Mr. *Smith*, who was one of the moſt famous Scruple-drawers of his Time, had one impenitent Clipper once to deal with. Why, ſays the Fellow, what Harm have I done? A Parcel of over-grown Shillings fell into my Hands, and I only par'd off their Superfluities. They would have bought but Twelve-penn'oth of Beef and Turnips at firſt, and they'll buy Twelve-penn'oth of Beef and Turnips ſtill. Ay, but hark you, my Friend, crys the Ordinary, What is it to clip a Thing, but to pare it round? And what is paring Round call'd in Scripture, but Circumciſion? And who, under the Evangelical Diſpenſation, dares practice Circumciſion, but one that has actually renounc'd the Chriſtian Religion, and is a *Jew*, a moſt obſtinate perverſe *Jew* in his Heart? Upon this, the poor Clipper threw himſelf at his Feet, own'd the Heinouſneſs of his Sin, confeſs'd that Sabbath breaking had brought him to't, and wept like a Church-Spout.

A jolly red-fac'd Preacher, at the upper-end of *Thames-Street*, had a great Mind to prove a ſtanding Army to be *Jure Divino*; and how did he make it out? Why, as plain as you'd wiſh: God Almighty, ſays he, keeps a ſtanding Army of Cherubims and Seraphims, to prevent the Incurſions, and Depredations of the Devil: And

what

what are Kings, but his Vicegerents? The Man meant all well, that's certain, and the Fraternity at *Young-Man's* are bound in Honour to preſent him with a Silver Bottle-ſcrew and a Tobacco-box.

A Divine ought to calculate his Sermon, as an Aſtrologer does his Almanack, to the Meridian of the Place and People where he lives. What Stuff is it to preach againſt Uſury at *White-hall*, and Fornication in *Lombard-Street?* No, invert the Tables; preach againſt Uſury in *Lombard-Street*, and Fornication at *White-hall.*

On Sunday Morning a Shower of Rain drove a Gentleman of my Acquaintance into the College Chappel at *Chelſea.* The Miniſter, as he told me, was very furiouſly inveighing againſt Covetouſneſs before a Parcel of Fellows that were in no great Danger of being infected with that Sin, or overſeeing a greater Sum than Half a Crown. He ought to have preach'd againſt Swearing, Pilfering, rubbing out of Ale-houſe Scores, and building of Sconces.

Ingratitude, Perfidy, Oppreſſion, Bribery, and the like, may be preach'd againſt in every Church between *Berwick* and St. *Michael's Mount.*

St. *Epiphanius*, St. *Theophilact*, St. *Gregory* of *Nazianzen*, the *Concilium Illiberitanum*, and St. *Auſtin de Civitate Dei*, rumble well in a Country Church, and make the Parſon admir'd by his Flock; but is not one good Argument more convincing than a thouſand Citations out of St. *Gregory?*

To quote St. *Ambroſe*, or St. *Jerome*, or any other Red-letter'd Father, to prove any ſuch important Truth as this, That Virtue is commendable, and all Exceſs to be avoided; is like ſending for the Sheriff to come with the *Poſſe Comitatus* to diſperſe a few Boys at Foot-Ball, when it may be done without him.

Some Divines make the ſame Uſe of Fathers and Councils, as our Beaus do of their Canes, not for Support or Defence, but meer Ornament and Show; and cover themſelves with fine Cobweb-Diſtinctions, as *Homer's* Gods did with a Cloud.

Tho' Ignorance is none of the beſt Qualifications for one that ſets up for Director of others, yet 'tis better we ſhould

ſhould have a few ignorant Parſons, than our Pariſhes have none to look after them. My Lord *D*———ask'd a certain Biſhop in the late Reign, why he conſer'd Orders upon ſo many Blockheads? Oh! my Lord, ſays he, 'tis better the Ground ſhould be ploughed by Aſſes, than lie untill'd.

All Churches, let them pretend what they will, aſpire at Power. The *Huguenots* in *France*, after the Aſſembly of *Rochel*, in the Year 1623. gave Commiſſions to their Officers to raiſe Horſe and Foot *in Nomine Eccleſiarum*.

The Presbyterian Divines have been obſerv'd of late, to preach after the Manner of the Church of *England*-Men. Without ſetting up for a Prophet, I dare venture to affirm, that this will be their Ruin. 'Twas the melodious Twang of the Noſe, the duſting of the Cuſhion, the black Cap tipt with White, the zealous Toſs of the Handkerchief, in ſhort, the Fire, the Vehemence, the Impetuoſity of their Action, that gave them all their Authority with the People; which they'll ſoon loſe, if once they quit Show and Grimace for good Reaſon and Senſe. People then will go to their Pariſh-Churches.

Singularity of Expreſſion, Habit, and the like, keep up a Sect that would otherwiſe fall. This, for ought I know, has been the chief Preſervation of *Judaiſm*. When ever the Quakers part with their broad-brimm'd Hats, little Cravats, and Coats without Pockets before, the Author of *The Snake in the Graſs* may e'en leave off writing againſt them, for their Farthing Candle, call'd the private Spirit, will go out of it ſelf.

People may talk what they will of the Liberty of *Amſterdam*, but 'tis no where in ſuch Perfection, ſay I, as in *London*. A Man in *Amſterdam* is ſuffer'd to have but one Religion, whereas in *London*, he may have two Strings to his Bow.

A Man that ſplits himſelf between two Churches, is true to neither, but to his own Intereſt.

There muſt be ſomething more than ordinary in the Wind, when a ſplay-mouth'd Linſey-woolſey Sir *Humphrey*, to qualify himſelf for a Gold Chain and Scarlet Gown, can ſwallow ſo rank a Pill as Superſtition, and ſubmit to the Popery of St. *Paul*'s. Some-

Sometimes the Church of *England* and Presbytery ſhall be one, ſometimes as different as Light and Darkneſs, juſt as the preſent Juncture of Affairs will have it.

The Miniſters of both Churches, that can admit ſuch amphibious Animals by Turns to their Communion, have ſome inviſible Loop-holes to creep out at, which no-body elſe can ſee. For Shame, charge the *Jeſuits* no more with Equivocation!

A Man that keeps ſteady to one Party, tho' he happen to be in the Wrong, is ſtill an honeſt Man.

He that goes to a Cathedral in a Morning, and *Salters-Hall* in the Afternoon, is a Raſcal by his own Confeſſion.

A true Citizen's Conſcience makes a Gain of every Thing, even of Godlineſs itſelf.

Mahometaniſm came into the World, with Teeth and Claws, was nurs'd up in Violence, Rapine and Murder, yet, grown up to Man's Eſtate, generally gives Quarter to thoſe of a different Belief. Chriſtianity, whoſe diſtinguiſhing Character is Love and Meekneſs, allows Cutting of Throats for the Propagation of the Goſpel.

A Man in throwing Dirt at his Adverſary, does often beſpatter himſelf Two Country Fellows quarrel'd in the Field, and one purſu'd the other up to his own Village. When he found himſelf ſafe, Now come on, ſays he, ye Cuckoldly Dog, if you dare; we are four to one of you.

A Woman will ſuffer any Thing, ſooner than to ſee her Husband beſtow his Kindneſs elſewhere. My Lady *B*——found Sir. *John* and her Gentlewoman too familiar together. The very next Moment ſhe turn'd her away. Huſſy, crys ſhe, at Parting, I have no Occaſion for ſuch as you; all the Buſineſs you do hear I can as well diſpatch my ſelf.

Selfiſh never ſpeaks well of any one, and never dines at Home. 'Twas juſtly ſaid of him, That he never open'd his Mouth, but at another Man's Expence.

A jealous Man and a Cuckold, ſays Sir *John Sucklin*, differ like Alderman and Mayor; a little Time makes one

one the other. A common Slanderer wants only an Opportunity to be a Cut-throat.

What greater Torment can there be on this Side Hell, than Deſire and Impotence?

The *Epheſian* Matron, of famous Memory, was an Angel to ſome of our modern Wives: She had the Manners to ſtay 'till her Husband was cold, before ſhe diſpos'd of herſelf. Ours enter into Articles before the old Bond is cancell'd. Dear *Betty*, ſays a Butcher in *Smithfield*, a little before he dy'd, I am not a Man for this World, therefore I would adviſe you to marry our Man *Jack*; 'tis a clever, well-built, ſtrong Fellow, and our Buſineſs you know, requires ſuch a one. Well, Husband, anſwers ſhe, and ſo it does; but if that's all, never trouble your ſelf, *John* and I have agreed that Matter already.

'Tis not a fine Show of Books makes a Scholar; and yet, cryes the *Fleet-Ditch* Quack, why ſhould not I know as much as any of the College? I'm ſure I have as good a Library. As if ſtaring upon a Parcel of Books neatly bound, or upon a Heap of Guineas thro' a Goldſmith's Glaſs in *Cheapſide*, would either make a Man learned or rich.

Buying of Books is grown into a Faſhion, even with thoſe that can't read them. The aforeſaid Quack hearing a *Buxtorf's Hebrew* Lexicon put up at Auction, cries aloud, I'll have it. When he had look'd upon it a little, he return'd it back to the Auctioneer. Mr. *Millington*, ſays he, you may e'en keep this Book for your own Uſe? I'll have none on't. Why, the damned Book-binder has ſpoil'd it; he has made it begin at the End.

In ſome Grounds every Thing degenerates. Wheat runs into Barley, Artichokes turn to Thiſtles, Grapes give nothing but Verjuice. And thus the beſt Subject grows flat and inſipid in ſome Hands, that have the Reverſe of *Mida*'s Talent, and turn every Thing into Lead.

He that writes abundance of Books, and gets abundance of Children, may in ſome Senſe, be ſaid to be a Benefactor to the Publick, becauſe he furniſhes it with

Bum-

Bum-fodder and Soldiers; but 'tis impoſſible he ſhould beſtow enough upon them to make them appear handſomely in the World.

'Tis a Sign of the laſt Neceſſity in an Author, when he is forc'd to ſteal from himſelf. 'Tis worſe than robbing the Spittle.

Mr. *Shadwell*, in one of his laſt Plays, is ſo honeſt as to own, that he had ſtole a few Hints out of a *French* Comedy, but pretends 'twas rather out of Lazineſs than Want. This Confeſſion, inſtead of mending Matters, would have hang'd him at the *Old Baily*; and why it ſhould ſave him in *Parnaſſus*, I can't tell.

'Tis ſtrange that an Author ſhould have a Gameſter's Fate, and not know when to give over. Had the City Bard ſtopp'd his Hand at *Prince Arthur*, he had miſs'd Knighthood, 'tis true, but he had gone off with ſome Applauſe.

Cleander, don't give your ſelf the Trouble to write againſt *Nevius*; ſtay but a while, and you'll find he'll ſcribble himſelf out of his little Reputation.

One would almoſt ſwear, that ſome Authors had ſerv'd an Apprenticeſhip to a Faggot-maker. A ſubſtantial Stick or two on the Outſide, a promiſing Title, a tolerable Preface, and all Rubbiſh within.

Never was there ſuch a Shoal of Verſifiers, and ſo few Poets.

Some Books, like the City of *London*, fare the better for being burnt.

Plays, and Romances ſell as well as Books of Devotion; but with this Difference, more People read the former than buy them; and more buy the latter, than read them.

'Tis natural for every Man to be fond of his own Country, and what it produces. In the Pariſh-Church of *Soeſt*, in *Weſtphalia*, there is a Repreſentation of the Laſt Supper in a Glaſs-Window, where our Saviour and the Apoſtles ſit down before a Gammon of Bacon, the topping Diſh of the Country, inſtead of the Paſcal Lamb. Two hundred Years ago, perhaps in the Days of *Popery*, an *Engliſh* Painter would have made it a Surloin of Beef.

'Tho'

'Tho' Life is ſo ſhort, we ſpend it as unprofitable as if we had *Mathuſelah*'s Age to ſquander away. How many tireſome *Dutch* Volums and tedious Nights, has Dr. *B*———*y* gone through, to acquire all that uſeful Learning about *Theriolian* Cups, and *Sicilian* Groats!

'Twas a merry Saying of *Rabelais*, That a Man ought to buy all the bad Books that come out, becauſe they will never be printed again.

A true COPY of a SPEECH, made by an *Engliſh* Colonel to his Regiment, immediately before their Tranſportation to *Flanders*.

THUS far, Gentlemen and Fellow-Soldiers, I have conducted you, in Order to your Tranſportation for *Flanders*. The Honour of the Poſt I now enjoy, is due only to his Majeſty's Goodneſs; but the Happineſs which I propoſe to my ſelf in the Poſſeſſion, is a Gift which none but your ſelves can beſtow upon me.

Your civil Deportment, and ſtrict Obedience hitherto, I take as an Earneſt of my good Hopes and Succeſſes hereafter; and when I conſider you are *Engliſh-men*, whoſe Loyalty to your Kings, and natural Courage, are celebrated all over *Europe*. I once thought I might have ſpar'd you the Trouble of this Meeting; but though long Speeches are now grown pretty well out of Date, yet having ſomething of high Importance to communicate to you, I am reſolv'd rather to be out of Faſhion, than loſe the Opportunity.

I muſt acquaint you, in the firſt Place, that notwithſtanding our Loyalty and Courage may be at as high a Pitch as any mortal Man can boaſt of, yet the greateſt Loyalty

alty may be debauch'd, and Courage daunted, by the falſe Suggeſtions and cunning Inſinuations of our Enemies, which captivating our Underſtandings, and perverting our Judgments, diſarm us more forcibly than the open Aſſaults of our Foes.

Honour is ſuch an inſeparable Qualification of a Soldier, that when the Honour is gone, the Soldier dies, though the Man perhaps may drag on a miſerable deſpis'd Life. Now, the Juſtice of the Cauſe in which we are to engage, has been always eſteem'd the firſt and greateſt Motive to Men of Honour to hazard their Lives and Fortunes upon; and to undergo the Hardſhips of War, and to appear glorious with all thoſe Wounds, thoſe Scars, and Deformities upon them, which ſtill from the Juſtice of the Cauſe, have ever been reputed Honourable. What Man of Honour then would appear in a villainous Cauſe, and venture his Limbs and Life, and perhaps his Soul, among the reſt, in an unjuſt War? Slaughter in ſuch Caſes, becomes Murder, Plunder is Robbery and Theft, and Victory it ſelf oftentimes ends in the Deſtruction of the Conquerors.

Having premis'd theſe Things, I muſt next obſerve to you how induſtriouſly this War has been miſrepreſented; and, with Grief and Abhorrence I ſpeak it, ſome of the great Towns and Places where I have formerly quarter'd, have behav'd themſelves with a great deal of Rudeneſs upon that Account: I think it therefore my Duty to put you in Mind of this, that you may be prepar'd againſt it. Many of thoſe brave Fellows, that at the firſt riſing of my Regiment, came in Volunteers, have already been bury'd in the Bed of Honour: To you therefore that have never croſs'd the Seas 'tis I am chiefly ſpeaking; it may be of Uſe to you to know what kind of Reception and Entertainment you are to expect Abroad. You, Gentlemen and Fellow-Soldiers, that have been Sharers in our Sufferings, as well as in our repeated Victories, will be informed of what has paſs'd at Home, and conſequently all of you be convinc'd of the Juſtice of our Cauſe.

I ſhall begin at the Fountain and Head of all Juſtice and Honour, I mean King *William*, and follow the Stream

Stream of his moſt admirable Qualifications, until they are loſt in the vaſt Ocean of noble Thought. Firſt then, he is our natural and hereditary King, and Sovereign Leige Lord, and we his natural-born Subjects. Had I no more than this to ſay of him, it were enough to confirm our boundleſs Duty and Loyalty to him. What, Gentlemen, can be more juſt and honourable, than to obſerve the inviolable Laws of Nature? And what Man of Honour can forbear to bluſh, to hear himſelf charg'd with Diſobedience, after ſuch ſtrong and inviolable Obligations.

The Crimes which we commit againſt Nature, make us degenerate below the Level of Brute-Creatures, who even without the Aſſiſtance of Reaſon, preſerve the Law of Nature, from the Kid and his Dam, to the Lyon's Whelp, and the fierceſt Lyoneſs. All Creatures, by Nature, follow thoſe which nouriſh and preſerve them; and ſhall we, whoſe Profeſſion and Reward too is Honour, ſhall we forſake our natural hereditary King, who is our common Father, as well as our Protector?

But to proceed: Were he not our King, yet we have ſo many Obligations to him, that would ſilence all our Complaints. He it is, who at the Hazard of his Life, and at his own Expence, for our Sakes only, has conſented to accept of three troubleſome Crowns, to deliver us from the two dreadful Monſters, Popery and Slavery. He it is that brought in with him Peace and Plenty, and has inſur'd them to us and our Poſterity, beyond the Poſſibility of being again depriv'd of them. He it is that ſo tenderly and compaſſionately loves us, that he holds our Lives in the Palms of his Hands, and is ſo cautious of expoſing them to the common Danger, that he conſtantly heaps up his own Countrymen as a Bulwark before us, whilſt himſelf remains in the Rear to favour our Retreat, if there ſhould be Occaſion.

In his Nature, he is affable, courteous, and liberal even to a Fault; he is likewiſe extremly merciful and compaſſionate, and ſo free from all Ambition and Tyranny, the common and daring Vices of Princes, that

he hath divided his Throne with the Consort of his Bed, and hath intrusted his Power to the Will of his People. But not to dwell too long upon Words, I proceed to Effects, which are more convincing, by how much they are the more sensible to us.

First, From the Beginning of his Reign, how free have we been from unnecessary Taxes? How do we wallow in Peace and Plenty, and are secure even from the Rumours of War? Is not our Trade increas'd, and our Merchants freed almost from the Apprehensions of Loss by the Seas? Are not the Prices of Food and Rayment considerably decreas'd, and every thing in a most regular and flourishing Condition? And more than all, is not Justice equally distributed; and are not the Liberty and Property of the Subject as dear to him as his Prerogative? Have the Nobility, Gentry, or Commonalty, known of any legal Fines or Imprisonments? Have we had any such Thing as brib'd Parliaments? And has not the Church of *England* been always best encourag'd and supported during his whole Government?

Have the Spoils of our Enemies been given to Foreigners, or Honours and Employments bestow'd upon Strangers? Are not our Councils guided by the best of our Nobility, and the Cabinet by the Persons who most love, and are most belov'd of the *English* Nation? Is not the Trade, and *English* Interest promoted, almost to the Ruin of *Holland?* And are they not ready to sink to their poor distress'd State again, for want of Traffick, whilst we ride Masters of the Ocean, and import to them all foreign Commodities, upon *English* Bottoms, to the eternal Glory of our King, and our own inexhaustible Profit?

Are we now infested, as in former Reigns, with Swarms of *Hugonots*, that, like Maw-worms in our Bowels, eat up the Bread of the poorer Tradesmen, and starve the Wives and Families of our willing and industrious Natives? Or are our Palaces guarded by Foreigners, to the Dishonour of our Countrymen? Or our Armies commanded by *Hogan Mogan* Generals, that hate our Nation? Have not the *English* the Prefer-

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ence Abroad, both as to Pay and Post of Honour? And are not the Sums given by Parliament constantly employ'd for the Use of our Countrymen only?

My Hearts, are we not always led on to certain Victory by our brave and wise Commander? Or if any of us drop, or are wounded, is not there the greatest Care imaginable taken of us? Are we not welcom'd by the *Dutch* with high Civilities and Respect, and, upon all Occasions, trusted with more than we shall ever be able to pay? Do they not congratulate our Arrival among them with the most sincere and affectionate Demonstrations of Love and Honour, and lament our Departure, as if they had parted with their Guardian Angels? Are not our Sailors paid and encourag'd to that Degree, that there is hardly any Need of Press-Masters?

To conclude; for what Tongue or Pencil can sufficiently represent the inconceivable Virtues of our gallant Commander. Should I compare him with the bravest of his Predecessors, it would raise his Glories to so high a Pitch, that it would blind the Eyes of the Universe, by gazing too stedfastly upon his insupportable Lustre. Comparisons, says the Proverb, are odious; therefore I shall forbear giving my self, or you, any farther Trouble in that Respect.

To conclude all, Fellow-Soldiers, If all that has, or can be said, were omitted, yet is there one Consideration hitherto untouch'd, sufficient of it self to elevate our Courage and Resolution to the noblest Emulation, and fix upon us all the most durable Sentiments of of Love and Loyalty. In short, we are now, by the exalted Care and Goodness of our Generals, upon the very Brink of entering upon that Stage of Glory, where the greatest Captains, and the Heroes of the Age, are proud to bear a Part. We our selves shall be Actors in those famous Tragedies, which will represent us in History as the Ornaments of all Ages.

To us it is granted to be instructed in the noble Discipline of Marching and Counter-marching, which is the Perfection and Consummation of the utmost Art of War. To us it is given to divide the Spoils of our Enemies, and share in the Trophies of desperate and

decisive Battles. And to us, and us only, is allow'd the Honour of all the most hazardous Attacks and Enterprizes, by which Means 'tis highly evident, that we are distinguish'd from the *Dutch*, and all other foreign Troops. All this, and abundantly much more, which might be said, will, I don't doubt, sufficiently satisfy you how great is the Honour, Justice, Equity, Prudence, Piety, and many more innumerable Advantages of our glorious Cause.

Thus far, as I said, Gentlemen and Companions in Arms, I have brought you; and if I have detain'd you longer than I intended, remember the boundless Character of our inimitable Captain, and his wonderful Qualifications, have been the Occasion of it. I shall now dismiss you, 'till a fair Gale wafts us over to the *Elizian* Fields of *Flanders*, where, in all Probability, the Fate of War will put a glorious End to the many Misfortunes and Hardships of a Soldier's Life.

When the Colonel had done, a stout Voluntier addresses himself, in the following Manner, to his Commander, and the rest of his Fellow-Soldiers.

MOST Noble Colonel, your fine Speech has been so pleasant and grateful to us all, especially to my self, that I rather wish you had added much more, than left off so soon: but since your Honour has been pleas'd to take such Pains for our Satisfaction, I beseech you, Sir, to give a poor Soldier Leave to mind you of one Point that seems to require a more full and ample Explication.

I had the Fortune to be born the younger Son of an *English* Yeoman, now call'd, forsooth, a Gentleman; my Father had 80 good Pounds *per Annum*, he kept a good House, and we had Beef, and Pudding, and Nog, to Content. My eldest Brother has the good Luck to be brought up in the Way of his Ancestors, that is, to the plough, and a quite Country-Life; but, for my Part, my Father who was now a Gentleman, resolv'd that I should be Book-learn'd, and so I was lash'd from School to School, until, at last, I became

came a poor Scholar in the Univerſity of *Cambridge*. But the exceſſive Taxes, Polls, and Prices of all Neceſſaries, ſince the *Revolution*, growing too heavy for my Father's Income, to allow any Thing conſiderable towards my Support, I was forc'd, *ſuper pedes Apoſtolorum*, to make the beſt of my Way back into the Country. I had not been there long, but I perceiv'd my Father's Way of living was entirely alter'd, and our Commons grown ſo ſhort, that my poor Brains were almoſt turn'd with Grief and Melancholy; and, to add to my Afflictions, the Vicar of our Pariſh, who, for a long Time, had been an hoſpitable good Fellow, had ſhut up his Shop, and boarded upon mere Element and Barly-Dumplin at a poor Farmer's Houſe in the Village.

Lord! Noble Colonel, had you ſeen this diſmal Revolution in our Town. it would have broke even your own couragious Heart; for my Part, I was not able to bear it any longer, but had fix'd my Thoughts upon ſeeking my Fortune. In ſhort, I reſolv'd to *abandon Dwelling*, and ſaving your Preſence, *out I went a Colonelling*. *London* is the Place I fix'd upon, as the Center of my Hopes; but long I had not been there, when my ſmall Stock being almoſt ſpent, I found it abſolutely neceſſary to think of ſome Employment: I had heard of ſuch as Knights of the Pad, and of the Poſt, which, as they told me, theſe hard Times a great many Gentlemen has been conſtrained to take up with. Others adviſed me to get my ſelf admitted into the united Company of *Engliſh* and *Dutch* Clippers and Coiners; but obſerving many hopeful young Gentlemen, of thoſe Profeſſions, ſolemnly conducted up *High Holbourn*, it ſoon check'd my Inclination againſt any of thoſe Vocations. I reſolv'd then to ſteer into the City, to try what Luck I could find there, and, if poſſible, to bind my ſelf out an Apprentice to ſome honeſt Handy-craft Trade. But when I look'd into the Shops, inſtead of being buſy'd in ſelling their Goods, and anſwering Cuſtomers, I ſaw moſt of the 'Prentices either aſleep or at Play; or elſe the Shops as empty, as if the Houſe had been infected with the Plague. I

eaſily invited one or two of them to drink a Pot with me, where they told me moſt diſmal Stories of Trade, and generally ſwore to me, that a Man had better be a Hang-Man, in theſe Times, than a Trades-Man. I ſoon took Leave of theſe uncomfortable Companions, reſolving to ſee what was to be done in the remoter Parts of the City; and accordingly I happen'd unluckily to fall into *Spittle-Fields*. But, Noble Colonel, had your Honour ſeen the poor *Engliſh* Weavers, Button-makers, *&c.* ſitting at their Doors with their Wives and Children, curſing and railing at the *French* Dogs, as they call'd them, for taking the Bread out of their Mouths: Had your Honour heard them blaſpheming the Government, or ſmell'd the Hogo of their Onions and Garlick, you muſt have had ſtrange Ideas of the Miſery of thoſe unfortunate People. I ſoon took my Leave of this Quarter too; and finding that there was but ſmall Proſpect of any Good to be done at Land, I reſolv'd to try my Fortune in a Sea-Expedition. In Order to that, I ſet Sail for *Wapping*, not queſtioning, but conſidering I was five Foot and nine Inches at leaſt, I ſhould find ſome honeſt Maſter that would entertain me on Board.

But would you believe it, Sir, the Seamen were all fled with as much Diligence from thence, as I had taken Care to get thither; ſo that I ſcarce found any Body but Shoals of Seamens Widows and Wives, with their Children and Orphans, bitterly exclaiming againſt Preſs Maſters, the Navy-Office, *&c.* I was ſoon weary of this Place alſo, which I look'd upon as the Repreſentative of Hell it ſelf; for I found nothing but weeping, wailing, and gnaſhing of Teeth. Back then I return'd to *Holbourn*, where as my good or bad Stars guided me, I heard a Drum; and ſeeing the Majeſty of a Serjeant, furiouſly marching with his Halbert in the Front of the Rabble, right or wrong, I reſolv'd to liſt my ſelf immediately for a Soldier. The firſt Thing I did, was to enquire who was the Colonel, who I found to be your Honour; and hearing all People giving you the Character of a good Officer, and an honeſt

honeſt Gentleman, I was willing to take on; and now here I am, Noble Colonel, at your Service.

And now, Sir, I have troubled you with all this, only to ſhew you, and my Fellow-Soldiers, that it was Neceſſity, and not Choice, that brought me hither; and, to be plain with you, I neither regard the Juſtice or Injuſtice of the Cauſe. I neither fight for King *William*, nor againſt King *James*; but I venture my Life, to preſerve my Life by Bread and Pay; and ſo I believe do moſt of thoſe that are here preſent, begging your Honour's Pardon, if I am miſtaken in your ſelf.

Your Honour knows, that a luſty young Man's Life is valu'd at ſeven Years Purchaſe; and to venture ſeven Years Purchaſe againſt Five Pence a Day, is ſuch a ſcandalous Bargain, that the Devil himſelf would be aſham'd of, if he had any other Way to help himſelf. Now, if we want our Pay, we want all Things, and by Conſequence get nothing but Blows and Starving for all our Hazards; but that I hope will never be our Caſe, whilſt your Honour is at our Head.

And now, moſt noble Colonel, I only beg the Liberty of one Word more: Since I was admitted into this honourable and beneficial Employment, I have kept Company with many of my own Profeſſion; ſome ſerved in *Flanders*, under the Duke of *Monmouth*, and theſe unanimouſly commend the good Uſage and good Pay they receiv'd in that Service. I have alſo convers'd with others, that ſerv'd under the late King *James*; and when I enquire of them how they were treated and paid in thoſe Days, they fall a ſighing and ſobbing as if their Hearts would break, and I can hardly get any Thing from them, but, ah! ſhall we never ſee thoſe glorious Days again? and ſhew ſuch Raptures of Grief and Love for their Memories, that they almoſt amaze me. But truly, Noble Colonel, when I diſcourſe with thoſe that have made theſe laſt Campaigns in *Flanders*, all of them univerſally, except thoſe of your Honour's Regiment, have given a Relation ſo contrary to thoſe of the former, and eſpecially as to the main Points of Pay and good Uſage, that if your Honour would be pleas'd to

give us a satisfactory Word or two in those two grand Particulars, which I can assure you, Sir, are the principle Motives to us, your Honour may be fully assured, that, like true-born *English Men*, we shall all follow you thro' all Sorts of Danger, without any Regard to the Cause. We will follow you, Sir, thro' Fire as well as Water, even to the Gates of *Paris*, if you command us, and pay us well.

Here the young Fellow ended; and having made a very low Obeisance, the Colonel, smiling, made this short Reply.

YOung Man, I have heard your long Speech with Patience, and forgive many Impertinencies in it; and that nothing may be wanting to your intire Satisfaction, take this in Answer to the two main Points you speak of.

First, Gentlemen, I do most solemnly promise that I will do my utmost, that your Usage in *Flanders* shall be such as shall be worthy of *English Men*, and the Goodness and Justice of your Cause. And next, as to your Pay, I do here give you my Word and Honour, that you shall be, all of you, certainly paid before you return to *England*. In the mean Time, I command you to your Quarters, and recommend your respective Landladies to your Care and good Management.

Mr. Alsop's *State of* Conformity: Or, *An Account of a Conversation between a Gentleman of* Oxford, *and Mr.* Alsop, *the great* Rabbi *of the Dissenting Party, about his Majesty's* Declaration for Liberty of Conscience, *in the Year* 1687; *as also, whether the Church of* England-Men, *or* Presbyterians, *are most inclin'd to an Accommodation.*

By Mr. Tho. Brown.

KING *James* had no sooner declar'd for *Liberty of Conscience*, but the Rabbies of the Dissenters forsook their lurking Holes among the godly Sisters, and with their *crop-ear'd Sanctimony* spread over the Land, like the Locusts of *Egypt*, and almost as numerous. Their diminutive Habit and Band show'd them the spurious Spawn of their good Fathers the *Jesuits*, who, at this Time, began to parade it in Couples about St. *James's*, *White-hall*, and the *Savoy*.

Tubs on the sudden grew dear; and, I'm told, one Cooper got an Estate by a Cargo of old Wine-Casks, to furnish them with Pulpits. The dying Embers of Schism and Heresy being blown up by this Declaration, it burst out in every Corner: Here started up *Presbyterians*, there *Muggletonians*; one making God damn all but themselves, and the other saving him the Labour, and doing it themselves. Here pirk'd up *Anabaptists*, there your formidable *Fifth-Monarchy-Men*, who were for beginning the Kingdom of King *Jesus* from that of King *James*, and

putting an End to *Antichrist*, by striking in with the *Pope*. In short, *Antinomians*, *Socinians*, *Ranters*, *Canters*, *Brownists*, *Quakers*, and a thousand nameless and senseless Ring-Leaders of Roguery and Heresy, open'd each his Shop of License, which he call'd the *Power of the World*; and, like Quacks, that pretend lying Wonders in their Bills, in such a Plenty of Fools and Knaves as this Country abounds with, scarce a gifted Cobler, but found Contribution of much more comfortable Importance, than his abdicated Last and Awl; so much more gainful it was to stich Souls than Soals.

The Bugbear Popery, that at a distance used to raise the Cries of the whole deep-mouth'd Pack, when now it was present, found them the most complaisant Creatures in the World. They were grown so familiar, that in the same Coffee-House you might see a *Jesuit* and a *Holder-forth* join with amicable Spite in running down the *Church of England*.

Well, they gave themselves violent Airs of religious Moderation, Loyalty, and Conscience, and a thousand Things else, of which they formerly abhorr'd the very Name more than a Miser Restitution, a Lawyer the End of a Chancery-Suit, a Sexton a healthy Summer, or an Apothecary the *Dispensary*. 'Twas pleasant to hear the Papists preach against Persecution, and the Fanaticks for Passive Obedience and Submission to the *Royal Declaration*. The Exclusion-Men extol Succession, and deify that very Prince on the Throne, when a known Papist, as the *Restorer of God to his Empire over Conscience*, whom they strove so much to deprive of it, when he was but thought so: To hear them address with Lives and Fortunes for the Royal Family, who had beheaded one King, and endeavour'd the same to a second; and *wish*, *that they had Casements in their Breasts for his Majesty to see the Sincerity of their Hearts*, when their After-Conduct shew'd what confirm'd Hypocrites they were; but they consider'd first, that it was but a Wish, and next, that they spoke to a Man of abundance of Credulity.

But not to dwell longer on this Preamble, you must know, that *Oxford* it self was not free from the Visitation; for *Alsop*, one of the chief Demigogues of the Schism,

Schiſm, was there, and, like another Gentleman in Black, *ſought whom he might devour*. Among the reſt, he attack'd the Tabernacle of a young Gentleman of my Acquaintance with more than Jeſuitical Impudence and Complaiſance, and often beat about the Buſh, to ſtart a Convert in him. One of their Conferences he related to me in the following Manner.

Mr. *Alſop* and my ſelf being met, and fallen on our uſual Diſpute; I am ſurpriz'd, ſaid I, to find thoſe, who uſed always to rail more at the very *Fantom of POPERY*, which they imagin'd to be in the *Church of England*, than Porters at the Penny Poſt, ſhould be ſo fond of *Popery* in its own *proper Perſon*. That thoſe very People, who had brought one King to the Block, under Pretence of his invading *Property* and the Laws of the Land, ſhould ſo zealouſly addreſs another for doing the Thing in *Reality*. Like a certain Puritan Alderman, that rail'd at the Lewdneſs of the *Play-houſe* in a Brothel. For what is this Declaration, but cutting off all Laws, Root and Branch, and reſolving all *Property* into the *King's Will*, while you allow him the Power of ſuſpending or diſpenſing with Acts of Parliament? For if he has Power to diſpenſe with one, he has with all: So that you might as juſtly have ſeiz'd your Neighbours Eſtate, ſhould the King have diſpens'd with that Law that ſecur'd it, as enjoy'd his Diſpenſing with the *Act of Conformity*.

I have heard you, reply'd Mr. *Alſop*, with as much Patience as a Court of Delegates a *Bawdy Cauſe*; but let me tell you, young Gentleman, you're a little too hot in this Affair. Moderation would give you another View; and, with Submiſſion, I will give it you in a fairer Light.

Suppoſe then here an honeſt well-meaning Man, that travelling in the Dark, falls into a Pond; he finds he muſt either be drown, or get out of the Water, by clambering up the Side of a fine inclos'd Garden: Do you think the Owner of it could reaſonably plead Damages, or ſue the drowning Man for a Treſpaſs? Thus it is with us; our Cauſe muſt ſink, or we muſt take Hold of this Opportunity to eſcape with our Lives. Pray which is moſt reaſonable for us to conſider, our Deliverance from haſty

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Deſtruction, or the Fences of your fine Garden? Oh! but why would we cloſe with the *Papiſts*, for this Advantage? A drowning Man would not refuſe to catch Hold of a Cord, though thrown out by an Enemy; and ſince you, who pretend to be our Friends, uſe us like Enemies, certainly we ſhould be look'd on as Fools in Grain, to reject an Eaſe, though offer'd by thoſe you call our Enemies.

Alas! Sir, ſaid I, you have ſet the Matter in a very wrong Light; for this Fellow you mention, was ſo far from an honeſt well-meaning Man, or his Fall into the Pond accidental, and in the Dark, that he jump'd in purely out of Spite, and that in the full Force and Light of the Mid-day Sun, only becauſe he had no other Way of deſtroying the Fences of the fine Garden you ſpeak of, as you may know by the whole Story.—— On the Borders of the famous *Tweed*, there liv'd a Gentleman of a very large Eſtate, and a larger Mind; he was not for racking his Tenants, but allow'd them the full Enjoyment of a certain Manour, on Condition that they ſhould manage it well, and pay him a Pepper-Corn a Year Quit-Rent; nor could he ſuppoſe thoſe hard Conditions, when they were to reap the Benefit and Fruit of their Labour. But in Proceſs of Time, this good Landlord had Occaſion to go a Journey into a far Country, and ſo calls all his Tenants together, and tells them, he's leaving them for a little while; but adviſes them, as they tender his Love, to mind their Plantations, keep up the Fences, watch for one another with a mutual Help and Love; for they were near ſcurvy Neighbours, who would continually be endeavouring to ruin them, either by Fraud or open Force, by carrying Stones, ſowing Diſſention, and perſwading them, that either this Care of your Ground is ſuperfluous, or that you take not Care enough of it, or the like; but do you mind what I ſay, and when I return, I will bring an ample Reward for thoſe who have obſerv'd thoſe Directions. This being ſaid, and all Things prepar'd, the Landlord goes his Journey. Their pilfering Neighbours underſtanding he was gone, whoſe Wiſdom and Power they ſtood in Awe of, make many a Trip over the *Tweed*, now and then catch a ſtraggling

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Cock or Hen; but often, by the mutual Vigilance of the Tenants, they went Home by Weeping-Cross, with broken Heads and bruis'd Sides. At last, the wily Kerns finding it in vain to attempt on their Hen-roosts and Hedges by open Force, while they were thus united, contrive to set them together by the Ears. First they divided their Bands, and insinuated themselves into the Families of the poor good-natur'd Tenants; then they carried Pick-thank Stories from one to another; and being naturally cunning and mischievous, they began to perswade some one Way, and some another, in the Observation of the Landlord's Commands, 'till, in short, they had set the whole Manour together by the Ears. Then, instead of Brother and Neighbour, Son of a Whore and Hang-dog was the best Words they could give one another; but yet they pretty well minded the main Concern, and the Poultry was not so come-at-able as their Neighbours desir'd. To compleat their Roguery, therefore, they found one among the rest who had the largest Farm, and perswaded him, that the Landlord had left him Steward, and that all the rest ought to be guided by him, and pay him the Pepper-Corn Quit-Rent, and in short, all that was due to their real Landlord; and though the Impudence exceeded all but a *Scots*, yet I know not how, by the subtile Insinuations of the Black-Guard that broach'd it, in Time he reduc'd the whole Manour under his Jurisdiction; but, to their Cost they found the Difference betwixt their *old* Master and their *new*. In short, all Things went to Wreck, that is, they were all wreck'd so by their Steward, and his ragged Regiment, that at last some, more stout than the rest, began to enquire into his Authority, and, with equal Resolution, exerted their Liberty. The *Itch* and *Scots* were driven out of their Farms, and they set themselves to reduce Things into the former Order. Among these, there were two more exact, and came to a juster Regulation of this than all the rest, and enjoy'd a while the Sweets of it. But o'th' sudden one of them takes a Freak to pull down all the Fences, and lay all their Ground in common; the other admonish'd him often, and mended them up again. At last, it came to a Breach;

Breach; for *Jack* ſaid, It was contrary to the Landlord's Will, that there ſhould be Encloſures, but all ſhould be common and confus'd. *Harry* he was for keeping it in the ſame Order he had always had it, and after ſeveral Tryals, in vain, to mollify his Neighbour's Obſtinacy, he ſet himſelf to dig an handſome Trench about his Farm, to keep obſtreperous *Jack* out. But *Jack*, vex'd to the Heart at this, coming drunk Home one Night, and as full of Malice as Liquor, (for he would take a chearupping Cup off in a Corner) the Moon ſhew'd him an agreeable Proſpect of his Neighbour's Encloſure on one Hand, and the very Dunghil his own was grown, on the other; what does he me, but leaps into the Mote, and ſcrambles up the Bank, demoliſhes the Dam, and lets the Water into the lower Grounds. But *Jack* was too top heavy to eſcape undiſcover'd: *Harry* ſues him for a Treſpaſs. *Jack* ſwears it was Accident, that falling into the Mote, he endeavour'd to ſave his Life, and this enſu'd. But the Judge finding this was owing to *Jack*'s Malice more than Danger, gave *Harry* Damages. The *Scots*, who were always ſculking about, having found out this Feud betwixt theſe two Neighbours, inform the reſt of the Manner of it, who were all mortal Enemies to *Jack* and *Harry*, who at laſt enter into a compact with *Jack*, every one to join together, and fill up the Mote that *Harry* had made to ſecure his Encloſure. No ſooner ſaid but done. Had not *Harry* juſt Cauſe of Complaint againſt *Jack*, for ſtriking in with both their Enemies, merely to deſtroy his *Encloſure?* This is the Truth of the Story, and you have been told it only by Halves. I need not make the Application, the Pope, the Devil, and the Fanaticks, will appear through the Diſguiſe of the Fable.

But Sir, ſaid Mr. *Alſop*, your Fable does not reach the Caſe. You make *Jack* an obſtinate Fellow, and a miſchievous Invader of his Neighbour *Harry*'s *Encloſures*; whereas the Diſſenters are Men of tender Conſciences. Hold, interrupted I; methinks that's an odd Plea; for what has a Diſſenter to do with Conſcience at all, while he holds Predeſtination? I think of frugal Men, they are the moſt prodigal alive, to throw away

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ſo many Thouſands a Year among you Gentlemen *Holder-forths*, when by their fundamental Doctrine they don't know but 'tis a Limb of the Devil that's preaching to them in God's Name.

Well, well, ſaid Mr. *Alſop*, we had no other Way of keeping up our Party, but by accepting the Benefit of this Declaration. People daily and daily moulder'd away; their Purſes touch'd them more than their Zeal, and they lov'd Eaſe and three Meals a Day better than *Newgate* or any other Goal in all his Majeſty's Dominions. So that if we caught Hold of this Opportunity of retrieving ourſelves, and make the beſt Uſe of it, you may thank yourſelves for it, who would open no Door to let us into your Communion, but one ſo very ſmall, that we could not thruſt our Heads into it, much leſs draw in our Bodies. You are a little apt, reply'd I, to aſſert very odd Poſitions; for we have often invited you to return to your Mother, and ſhe with open Arms expected to embrace you: Your Scruples were anſwer'd to the niceſt Point, and Compliances offer'd, if you can but agree where you would ſtop, and what would content you. That you ſhall be judge of, ſaid he, by a Story I'm going to tell you.

There was a Gentleman (ſays he) of ancient and honourable Extraction, one Colonel *Stiff-rump*, that made Love to a grave and vertuous Lady in our Neighbourhood, of whoſe Character I will tell you more anon; but in the mean Time, I muſt be more particular about my Colonel. As for his Age and Perſon, there was no Exception to be made to them; but his Temper was ſomething imperious and fierce, eaſy enough to thoſe who would ſubmit to him, but impatient of being contradicted. Some thought him too affected and formal in his Carriage; and what was the worſt, he was not content to practiſe theſe Formalities himſelf, but would oblige others to do the ſame; however, in the main, his good Qualities overweighed his bad. So much for the Colonel. And now, to give you a ſhort Account of the Lady, whoſe Name was *Good-love*: Her Fortune was very conſiderable,

rable, which drew abundance of Suitors upon her; yet she rejected them all: She did not delight in gaudy Liveries, and what the World calls a magnificent Equipage; but every Thing about her was plain, and shew'd a well-temper'd Frugality: And as she had not been bred up in Musick and Dancing, she seldom appear'd at any publick Assemblies, but kept for the most Part at Home, and visited none but her Relations. This may suffice to let you see what the Lady's Disposition was. 'Tis now high Time to proceed to my Story: The Colonel, finding it for his Advantage to make an Alliance with her, if possible, very fairly courted her; and, to do the Lady Justice, she receiv'd him with more Respect, and heard his Address with more Complaisance, than she had done any of his Predecessors. In short, Matters went on the Colonel's Side as favourably as a Man could wish; when coming one Morning into her Parlour, *Well, Madam, and what Demonstration do you require I should give you of my Affection? Tell me: I am ready to execute it this very Moment. Colonel,* (says she) *I require none, I always took you for a Person of Honour. Come, come,* (replies he) *that shan't serve your Turn; I have told you an hundred Times I love you, and yet I find you continue still an Infidel, and won't believe me; therefore I am resolv'd to give you some extraordinary Proof of my Passion, such as no Lover gave his Mistress before me. Now, Madam, if you'd have me trot it to the* East-Indies, *and bring you the Empress of* Japan's *Favourite* Paroquet, *or six of the great* Mogul's *Fore-teeth, or the huge Diamond that hangs in the* Sophy *of* Persia's *left Ear; either any of them, or all of them, are at your Service: Or if you'd have me mount up to the Top of St.* Laurence's *Steeple, take out my Heart, and broil it there upon the Grid-iron, 'tis no sooner said than done.* Thus the Colonel gave himself these Rhodomontado Airs, when the Lady taking him up short, *No, no, Colonel,* (replies she) *I expect no Impossibilities from you; but since you have made so free with me upon this Point, I will put you to the Tryal; but you shall find me very easy in my Proposal. Know then, I have only*

one

one Thing to ask of you, the doing of which can neither call your Life nor Honour in Danger; and which if you comply with, I promiſe to be yours, and only yours——And pray, Madam, what may that be? (cries the Colonel, in an Extaſy) *I am ſure I would ſacrifice my Life, my Reputation, my All, to oblige ſo——Talk not of Sacrifices,* (anſwers ſhe) *I am content with leſſer Services; and to convince you of the Truth of this, behold, all I demand of you, is, that you would ſend immediately for the Barber, and cut off your Whiskers, becauſe they hinder me from having a full and perfect Communion with your Lips.——But, Madam, will nothing under my Whiskers ſatisfy you?——Why, can I poſſibly ask you an eaſier Inſtance of your Love? Any well-manner'd Gentleman would part with them at the Requeſt of a Friend, but much more at that of his Miſtreſs. And unleſs I part with them, muſt I never hope to be happy in you?——Never, upon my Word.——Why, then, Madam, farewell: I'll ſee all the Women in the Univerſe pil'd up like ſo many Faggots, to make the Devil a Bonefire, before I'll cut off my Whiskers to pleaſe the beſt of them.* With that he took his Leave abruptly, and has never been ſeen ſince. To apply this Story. Now the Church of *England*, whenever ſhe pleaſes, may marry or incorporate the Diſſenters, provided ſhe will part with her Whiskers, that is to ſay, a few fooliſh idle Ceremonies, which neither contribute to her Beauty nor her Security; by which Means ſhe would render herſelf impregnable, for the ſubaltern Sex can never injure her; yet with the untoward Obſtinacy of Col. *Stiff-rump*, rather than part with theſe *Whiskers*, Trifles upon ſo valuable a Conſideration, ſhe chuſes to loſe a great Part of the Kingdom, not contemptible either for their Numbers, Piety, Learning, or Wealth.

When Mr. *Alſop* had done his Story and Application, he ſmil'd as if the Day were his own; but to pluck him down from his imagin'd Conqueſt, Sir, ſays I, whoever told you this Story, deſerves to have his Bones broke; for, to my Knowledge, he has miſled you, not only in the Names and Characters of Perſons

sons concern'd, but almost in every Particular; therefore to set you aright, I will recount the Story to you, exactly as it happen'd, and that in as few Words as may be. " I knew the Fellow singularly well, and " so I did the Lady; the Man was a *Tallow-Chandler* by Trade, his Name was *Jonathan Schism*, and " he liv'd at the Sign of the Calve's Head in St. " *Swithin*'s Lane, over against *Salters-Hall:* He was " a mighty Frequenter of Morning-Lectures, and the " like Exercises; but his *Watching* bearing no Proportion to his *Praying*, that is, his Zeal swallowing up " his Concern for his Family, Things were run to " Sixes and Sevens; in short, Affairs were come to " that Pass, that he durst hardly shew his Nose over his " Hatch, tho' at the same Time he was as proud as " a gifted Quaker, as full of Malice as an exploded " Poetaster, censorious to the last Degree, glad of any " Misfortune that befel his Neighbours, and never " mannerly but in his Distress. To this odd-conditioned Soul was tack'd a Body that nick'd it like two " Exchequer-Tallies; his Hair was greasy, and curl'd " like a Pound of his own Candles, his Shirt of the " same Complexion with his Hat, and the rest of his " Equipage was suitable to this. I beg your Pardon, Mr. *Alsop*, for dwelling so long upon so nauseous a Subject. To come to the Lady, her Name " was *Conformity*, and liv'd at the fine House yonder: " perhaps she had not her Fellow in the Universe, her " Temper always chearful and easy; joyful when she " heard of the Happiness of others, and afflicted at " their Calamities; she never preach'd up her own " Vertue, nor cry'd down that of her Neighbour; " no Raiser nor second-hand Reporter of malicious Stories; good natur'd, but discreet; humble, but careful to preserve her Authority: In the Management of " her Family, she neither affected a ruinous Magnificence, nor a sordid Oeconomy; but every Thing " was so decent and so regularly order'd, that there was " not the least Confusion or Disorder to be seen. " Thus she liv'd happy, and in the Universal Esteem " of all that knew her; when all on the sudden, ei-

" ther

" ther mov'd by the ſuperior Influence of the Stars,
" or touch'd by an extraordinary Fit of Compaſſion,
" with which her generous Temper abounded to a
" Fault, or ſome other Reaſon beſt known to herſelf,
" ſhe ſent for this ſlovenly Wretch to come to her
" Houſe. Our Friend *Jonathan* immediately waited
" on her, and the Lady thus unboſom'd herſelf to
" him: I am no Stranger, ſays ſhe, to your Cir-
" cumſtances, and know with what Difficulty you
" keep the Wolf from your Door; now, if you will
" comply with a few eaſy Propoſals I have to make
" to you, I will not only free you from the Appre-
" henſion of Goals, and living a conſtant Tributary
" to thoſe Vermine the Bailiffs, but I'll pay your Debts,
" and, what is more, ſettle my Perſon and Fortune
" upon you. This is a Happineſs, cries our ſlav-
" mouth'd *Tallow Chandler*, in a Tranſport, which
" I could never have expected: But may I make ſo
" bold with you, Madam, as to enquire what you
" have to propoſe to me; for if you command me
" to crawl upon all Four to *Berwick* upon *Tweed*, or
" travel to *Rome* and convert the Pope, there's no-
" thing you can propoſe, but I'll cheerfully comply
" with, to attain ſo much Felicity. Why, Mr. *Schiſm*,
" ſays ſhe, I have obſerv'd, that you are none of
" the cleanlieſt Men in the World; now I abominate
" a Sloven, and therefore, to fit you for my Bed, I
" expect you ſhould immediately conſent to the fol-
" lowing Articles: Firſt and foremoſt, I require you
" to comb your Hair, and clean it; that you put on
" a clean Shirt, and be not hence forward ſuch a mor-
" tal Foe to clean Linnen; that you go to the *Bagnio*,
" and mundify your Tabernacle from the filthy rank
" Fumes and Scents of your Trade and Perſon; that
" for the future you watch as well as pray; and
" that you be not ſo proud, but that you ſhew your
" Neighbours the common Civility which is their Due.
" On theſe Terms, ſaid the Lady, I and my Fortune
" are at your Service. Will no other Conditions ſerve
" your Turn, reply'd *Jonathan?* Can you deſire
" any more agreeable, than what would make you

" ceaſe

" ceaſe to be a Monſter, and make you like the reſt " of your Neighbours, to whom now your Singula- " rity and Pride render you a perfect Nuiſance? Alas! " Madam, if nothing but this will do, you and I " can never dance betwixt one Pair of Sheets. What! " your'e a perfect Woman, nothing but a Beau will " pleaſe you! I love my ſelf too well, and know my " Judgment too infallible, to let any Conſiderations " alter my Courſe of Life: Tho' my Hair be lank " and greaſy, my Pores ſomething frowzy, my Li- " nen on the Melancholly, and my Behaviour ſome- " thing obſtreperous; yet it is my Fancy, Madam, " and my Fancy is my Law and my Conſcience; " and if you don't like me, rough as I run, fare you " well, Madam; I am not to be alter'd! Wherefore, " tho' I like your Habitation very well, your Per- " ſon better, and your Fortune beſt of all; yet, were " you Miſtreſs of the Univerſe, I would not ceaſe to " be that very numerical, greaſy *Jonathan*, to have " you. But Decency, Mr. *Jonathan*, ——— Hang " Decency, tho' finical. You ſay, perhaps, I ſtink " among my Neighbours. I anſwer, To me the " Smell's Perfume. You call me a Sloven, I am " tranſported with my Negligent Air. You think " my Trade a Nuiſance, I like it better than a Pow- " der Shop. As for my being like other People, I " laugh at it; no, let other People be like me. —— " So, Madam, adieu; for I am old poſitive *Jonathan*. " ———Away flies *Jonathan*, as full of Indignati- " on as Naſtineſs.———The Lady ſtill, full of Com- " paſſion for his Frenzy, makes Uſe of the Mediation " of Friends, pathetick Perſwaſives, Tenderneſs, and " the like Endeavours, to reclaim him to his Senſes, " and to make him ceaſe to be the Jeſt and Scandal " of his Neighbours; but all in vain, for he remain'd " poſitive: Unleſs ſhe would grow as filthy a Slut " as he was Sloven, he would have nothing to ſay " to her.

The Application, ſaid I, Mr. *Alſop*, is not difficult to make. The venerable and decent Worſhip of the Church of *England*, and the irreverent and ſcandalous Meet-

Meetings of the Diſſenters, are viſible enough to be ſeen without the Help of a Parallel. The Diſſenters might, when they pleaſe, be marry'd to or incorporated with the Church of *England*, if they would quit their Singularity, Pride, indecent Worſhip, and the like, which they derive neither from Scripture nor Reaſon, and which contribute neither to their Beauty nor Strength; and ſo be united to a greater Part of the Kingdom, very conſiderable for their Number, Piety, Learning, and Wealth.

Phoo, ſaid Mr. *Alſop*, this will prove like all other Controverſies, both Sides triumphing, and neither Side convinc'd. For I muſt tell you, that I cannot but think your Adoration of the Churches Antichriſtian and Idolatrous. Why, reply'd I, don't you think there is a decent Reſpect due to the Place that's ſet apart for the Worſhip of God? —— No more, than to my Kitchen, or my Stable, built of the ſame Brick or Stone.——Well, well, Mr. *Alſop*, you and I won't differ for Trifles, I ſhall be glad to ſee you when I come to *London*, which will be very ſuddenly, and will there confute a Bottle or two with you. With all my Heart, reply'd Mr. *Alſop*; for tho' you're a Churchman, you ſeem to be a good honeſt Fellow. Where ſhall we meet, ſaid I? ——Where you pleaſe, at what Tavern you frequent. I abominate a Tavern; but I'll tell you what, I can procure two Gallons of excellent *Burgundy*, and I, and another Friend, will meet and ſuddle our Noſes at your *Meeting-houſe*; where under the Pulpit, as under the Roſe, we may ſay what we pleaſe againſt either State or Church. Hold, hold a little, interrupted Mr. *Alſop*, my Meeting-houſe is ſet apart, for the Worſhip of God, and it will ſound oddly to turn it into a Bibbing-Houſe. Not at all, reply'd I; why not into a Bibbing-Houſe, as well as a Dancing-School, a Buttock-Ball, or the like? Beſides, if it be no more than your Kitchen, or your Stable, how can a Bottle of good *Burgundy* prophane it?

Mr.

Mr. *Alſop* was here at a Stand; and while he was puzzling his Noddle with a Salvo, Company came in to his Relief, and ſo adjourn'd his Conference, *ſine die.*

The Widow's Wedding: Or, A true Account of Dr. Oats's *Marriage with a* Muggletonian *Widow in* Bread-Street, London, Auguſt *the* 18*th*, 1693. *In a Letter to a Gentleman in the Country.*

SIR,

THE only News of Importance I have to communicate to you at preſent, is, that the famous and never-to-be-forgotten Dr. *Oats*, was marry'd the Beginning of this Week. You know for a Perſon of his Conſtitution, that always expreſs'd, and perhaps inherited, an Averſion to the fair Sex; and beſides, had found out a Back-Door to beſtow his Kindneſs and Strength elſewhere, to confine himſelf at laſt to the inſipid Duties of Matrimony, is as unnatural and unexpected a Change, as for an old Miſer to turn prodigal. And this perhaps was the ſurprizing Revolution, which moſt of our Almanacks, both at Home and Abroad, threaten'd us with in the Month of *Auguſt*. I remember I happen'd to be at *Garaway*'s, when a Gentleman came in and told us the News. Immediately all other Diſcourſe ceas'd, *Eaſt-India* Auctions, the Price of Pepper, and riſing of Currants; not a Word of our Army in *Flanders*, or the Siege of *Belgrade*; the *Turkey* Fleet, and the Battle of *Landen*, were not mention'd in two Hours after. Nay, the Duke of *Savoy*, who is now working Miracles for us at *Piedmont*, was wholly laid aſide. Every Body ſtood amaz'd, and it was a conſiderable Time before they could recover themſelves out of this Aſtoniſhment. At laſt an old Gentleman, at the upper End of the Table, broke the Silence, and made himſelf and the Company very merry at the Doctor's Expence. I remember, ſays he, I have ſomewhere read, that when *Eraſmus* heard that *Martin Luther*, of bleſſed Memory, was marry'd, he ſhould ſay in a jeſting Manner, That if, according to the old Tradition, Antichriſt was to be got between

Dr. Oates's Wedding.

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a Monk and a Nun, the World was now in a fair Way to have a Litter of the Sort. Not that I would (continues he) apply this Story to the Doctor; for God forbid that we ſhould live to ſee a Brood of ſucking Antichriſts come out of the Doctor's Loins. My Meaning is only this, that ſince the Saviour of the Nation has joyn'd his ſaving Faculty with a damning Talent, (for you are to underſtand his Lady is a *Muggletonian*, and thoſe People pretend to have the Power of Damnation) we may now expect to ſee a Motly Race of half Saviours and half Damners. Hold you there, cries another Gentleman, you ought to have ſaid half Damners and half Saviours; for ſince the Mother's is the ſureſt Side, if the Doctor lives to have Children, they'll damn in all Likelihood before they'll ſave.

The Doctor (as I have been acquainted by ſeveral of his intimate Friends) had two Reaſons to incline him to marry in his old Age. The firſt, was, his great Concern to ſee the noble Army of Evidences defeated; *Bedloe*, *Dugdale*, and *Dangerfield*, ſleeping with their Fathers, *viz.* the Witneſſes that ſwore againſt *Suſanna*, and thoſe that ſton'd St. *Stephen*; *Fuller*, who with good Management, would have made a clever Fellow, bury'd alive in a Priſon, *Et cætera*. *Young*, his virtuous Companion, routed paſt all Hopes of rallying. Others, at the Sight of a Pillory or Whipping-Poſt utterly diſcountenanc'd, and aſham'd of their Profeſſion. So the Doctor, finding the whole Hopes of the Family of the *Evidences* centering in himſelf, and that if due Care was not taken, the Species would be entirely loſt, reſolv'd, as far as in him lay, to prevent its utter Extinction, and to raiſe up Seed to the Popiſh Plot himſelf.

In the Second Place, the Doctor was touch'd in Conſcience for ſome Juvenile Gambols that ſhall be nameleſs. It ſeems, though he had pity'd the other Corruptions of Popery, yet he ſtill fancy'd Cardinaliſm. Nay, all the World knows Conſcience is a ſad terrible Thing. What ſays the Doctor's Friend St. *Auſtin?* Why, *Conſcientia mille Teſtes*, Conſcience is a thouſand Witneſſes. Is it therefore to be admir'd if

the Doctor, who, make the best of him, is but *one* single Witness, and scarce that, found himself forc'd to yield to *a thousand?* So then, as I said before, his Conscience perpetually alarming and disturbing him, the Doctor, merely, at last, for his own Ease and Quiet, made a Vow to sow his wild *Oats*, and not to hide the Talent which God had plentifully given him in an *Italian* Napkin. No sooner was this pious Resolution communicated to his Friends, who were mightily pleas'd at the News, but they look'd out sharp to find him a proper Yoke-fellow. It was represented to him, that a Maid was by no Means for his Turn; the Doctor was fat and pursy; a Maidenhead was not to be got without much drudging for't; and besides, 'twas now just the Dog-Days, and who knew but the Doctor's Reins might receive great Damage, in Case of a violent Encounter, At last, an independent Minister advis'd him to Mrs. *Margaret Wells* of *Bread-street*, (whose former Husband was a *Muggletonian*, and she continu'd of the same Persuasion) urging this Argument in her Behalf, That in her the Doctor might have open and free Ingress, Egress, and Regress, as oft as he pleas'd: That as he might enjoy her without the Sweat of, so he might eternally live with her without the least Peril of, his Brows, she being no Charmer, and consequently would not equip him with a Pair of Horns, which he knew the Doctor abominated, as being Marks of the Beast, and altogether Popish. The Doctor lik'd the Proposal; and, at the first Interview, was so extreamly smitten with the Gravity and Goodness of her Person, that he could neither eat, (which was much) nor drink (which was more) 'till the Business was concluded.

A comical Passage happen'd at the *Commons*, which I think very well worth sending you: The Doctor going thither for a License, two scurvy Questions were ask'd him; the first was, Whether he would have a License to marry a Boy or a Girl? The Second, Whether he would have a License for behind or before? At this the Doctor lost all Patience, held up his Cane, and thunder'd out, *You Rascal*, as thick as Hops, 'till upon

upon the Proctor's crying *Paccavi*, the Sky clear'd up again.

The Articles of Marriage were as follows:

Imprimis, The Doctor promiſes, *in Verba Sacerdotis*, to keep never a Male-Servant in his Houſe under Sixty, and to hang up the Picture of the Deſtruction of *Sodom*, in his Bed-chamber, *ad refricandam Memoriam*, and to teach his Children to ſwear as ſoon as they ſpeak.

Item, The Doctor promiſes, that he will never offer to attack, either in Bed or Couch, Joint-ſtool or Table, the Body of the aforeſaid Mrs. *Margaret Wells*, *à parte poſt*, but to comfort, refreſh, and relieve her, *à parte ante*; giving the aforeſaid Mrs. *Margaret Wells*, in Caſe he offend after that Manner, full Leave to make herſelf Amends before, as ſhe pleaſes. As alſo on a ſecond Treſpaſs, to burn his Peace-maker; however, with this Proviſo, that whenever the aforeſaid Mrs. *Margaret Wells* happens to be under the Dominion of the Moon, that is to ſay, whenever it is Term-Time with the aforeſaid Mrs. *Margaret Wells*, then the above-mention'd Doctor ſhall have full Power, Liberty, and Authority, to enter the *Weſtminſter-Hall* of her Body at which Door he pleaſes. This laſt Clauſe was not obtain'd, 'till after a ſtiff Diſpute on the Doctor's Part, who threatned to break off, if it were deny'd him. The other Articles, as leſs conſiderable, I paſs over, to come to the main Buſineſs in Hand, the Marriage.

On the 18th of this preſent *Auguſt*, the Doctor, being new waſh'd and trimm'd, with a large ſacerdotal Roſe in his Hat, and all his other Clergy Equipage, came to the Houſe of an Anabaptiſt Teacher in the City; where, in the Face of a numerous Aſſembly, conſiſting of all Sorts, Diviſions, and Subdiviſions of Proteſtants, he was marry'd to Mrs. *Margaret Wells*. The Doctor was obſerv'd to be very merry all Dinner-time; and the largeſt Part of his Face, meaning his Chin, mov'd notably. There ſtood right over againſt him a mighty Sirloin of Beef, to which

he shew'd as little Compassion as he did the Jesuits in the Time of the Plot. After Dinner, six Fifth-Monarchy Men, larded with as many Ranters, danc'd a Spiritual Jig, and twelve Sweet-Singers of *Israel* employed their melodious Quail-pipes all the while. But Madam *Salamanca* (for so we must now call her) seem'd not to be much affected with this Diversion, but look'd very disconsolate and melancholy. One of the Sisterhood ask'd, Why on a Day of Rejoycing she expres'd so much Sorrow in her Looks? To which Madam *Oates*, after a deep Sigh or two, answer'd,

That she very much doubted, like the *Staffordshire* Miller, that mounted King *Charles* after the *Worcester* Fight upon one of his Mill-Horses, whether she should be able to bear the Weight of the Preserver of three Nations.

Thus the Time was agreeably spent 'till Ten, and then the Bell rung for Prayers; and then his Spouse, after the laudable Custom of *England*, being gone before, the Doctor resolutely march'd to the Place of Execution. There was no Sack-Posset, nor Throwing the Stocking; both those Ceremonies being look'd upon as superstitious, and Things of mere human Invention. The Bed continu'd in a trembling Fit most Part of the Night; for 'tis not doubted but the Doctor acquitted himself manfully, since the good Woman has already assur'd her Midwife, that the Doctor fought out all his Fingers, and she began to find an Alteration in her Constitution. An Astronomer in *Moorfields* has been consulted upon this Occasion, and he foretels it will be a Boy; which has made the Doctor very busy among the *Hebrew* Roots, to find out a proper Name for his Son. I am

Your Servant,

THO. BROWN.

A SUP-

A SUPPLEMENT to the *Works* of Mr. THO. BROWN, Prose and Verse, the greatest Part never before printed.

To Sir John Sands, *against keeping of Mistresses.*

From the *Crown.*

WE are at the Tavern, and have your Case under our present Consideration. 'Tis concluded on all Hands, that you can neither justify your present Way of living to your self, nor yet to the Publick; which ought to be of some Regard with all Lovers of their Country. You are got into the modern Foppery of *Keeping*; and behold what are the Sentiments of this honourable Board about it.

Mr. —— who you know is a Poet, deliver'd himself in the Language of his Profession. He maintain'd, that, whatever the wicked World thought to the contrary, a Miss was as much inferior to a Wife, as the *Pindaric* Muse is to the *Epic*; that one is a Whore without Stays, whereas the other is a civil well-bred Person, that always wears them.

Mr. —— who is likewise a Son of *Parnassus*, desir'd me to tell you, that a Miss and a Wife differ only as a single Epigram, and a large Collection of Poems, *viz.* that a Man sooner rids his Hands of one, than the other. But as *Martial* has long ago declar'd his Opinion in the latter Case,

Quid prodest brevitas, dic mihi, si liber est:

that is to say, What the Plague is a Man the better for the Shortness of a Distich, if he obliges himself to read a whole Cart-load of them; so he desires to know where

lies the mighty Advantage of a Whore above a lawful Spouse, if the Spark keeps constant to her; and if he does not, where is the Sense of keeping her in Pay.

Mr. —— express'd himself against the predominant Sin of Keeping, to this Effect: Of all the Vices the present Age is to answer for, nothing comes near it; and yet the Sots make merry with Marriage, which is full as ridiculous as if Dr. *Chamberlain* should laugh at the Bank of *England* for paying People in Paper. If Marriage is expensive, Keeping is certainly more, and with less Pretence. I knew, says he, a Gentleman that lov'd Gaming as he did his Eyes. One Night he lost a hundred and fifty Guineas at the *Groom-Porter's*; when he came Home he found his Lady in the Parlour, with two Candles burning before her: Lord! Wife, says he, what a strange Extravagance is this; two Candles lighted at a Time, and House-keeping so chargeable? But he forgot, it seems, what his shaking of his Elbows had cost him that Evening. This is the Case of all Keepers: What our Churchmen charge the Dissenters with, is actually true of them; they startle at a Gnat, but they can swallow an Elephant.

Right, says *Harry*——, Keeping is the greatest Solecism a Man of Pleasure can commit: If the Gallant is true to his Mistress, it has all the Phlegm, and if he is fond of her, all the Expence of Matrimony. In short, I have an equal Aversion to Marriage and Keeping. They differ only like *Holborn* and *Cornhill:* Both are Streets. But to do Sir *John* Justice, the latter is nothing near so long as the former.

That is as it happens, cries virtuous Mr. ——; for I can shew you several Persons about the Town that parted fairly with their Wives before the first Month was over, and yet could endure to cohabit with their Harlots many Years. But Imagination governs all these Matters. For my Part, I think of Women as I do of Books, the finest of Both Sorts will hardly endure a thorough Examination. If they find more Favour than this, they may thank the courteous Reader for it, who sees more in them than they deserve. I remember I took Mr. *Waller* and Sir *John Denham* last Vacation down with me into the Coun-

Country; I read them over, and what was the Consequence of that, I was weary of them. You may laugh at me for a Man of a vicious Palate: but I can't help that. Before I came to Town, I was glad to borrow *Wesley's* execrable Poem of the Parson of the Parish, only for Variety.

Though I am not wholly of your Opinion, says Mr.—— to him, yet I agree with you, that Keeping is Nonsense all over, and that for a Reason which none of you have yet assign'd. Sir *Henry Wotton's* Definition of an Embassador, in Part, belongs to him. *Legatus est vir bonus ad mentiendum foris Reip. gratia.* And a Keeper is a good Man, to maintain a pretty Woman in fine Cloaths, handsome Lodgings, and all that, for the publick Benefit of the Commonwealth.

Mr. —— the Merchant is in our Company, who has travel'd Abroad, and seen the World: He says, that a Whore in the Civil State, is what Farthings are in the Business of Trade, only to be used for the Convenience of ready Change. But that a Man that makes a Whore, if not his constant Wife, yet his constant Companion, and a Government that makes Farthings their only current Money, will soon be convinc'd of the Vanity of their Politicks. And he said *Ireland* was lately a sad Instance of the latter.

What vexes me most, says ——, is to hear these Keeping-Coxcombs magnify themselves upon their Discretion. I save Charges by it, cries one ——.

Yes, replies his Neighbour, they are as much Savers by the Bargain, as one that goes down to *Tunbridge* or the *Bath*, to save his Expences in Town. But since this Point hath been spoken to already, I will say no more to it. Only give me Leave, Gentlemen, to cap the Story of the two Candles with another like it. A Brace of Country Attorneys went into a Tavern one Morning to take a Whet, and because they had not seen one another for a Term or two, they drank to the Tune of eleven Pints. At last, one of them call'd for a *French* Roll: Why, Brother, says the other, are you not asham'd to inflame the Reckoning? Let the Keepers apply this.

Well, but I 'scape Confinement by it, says another—. I don't know that, says Mr. *N* —— for I think a Man is as much a Prisoner by a Gout or Rheumatism of his own begetting, as if the Government had confin'd him. What signifies it a Farthing to one in this Case, whether the Priest ties the Knot, or he does it himself? 'Tis true, the Confinement of Keeping does not last so long as that of Marriage, but it devours more in a Month than the other does in a Year. It's like falling into the Hands of the *Black Rod*, or a *Serjeant* of the *House*, where the Fees run so high, that you spend more in a few Weeks, than would handsomely maintain you in another Prison all your Life. But to see by what Chimera's the World is manag'd: Matrimony is Hell in *Folio*, because it's a Charm that can't be dissolv'd when a Man pleases. At the same Time, those that keep, can sometimes submit to a Confinement full as long and severe; yet bear it as easily, because forsooth 'tis of their own ordering. This puts me in Mind of the famous Citizen of *Paris*, who had pass'd threescore long Years within the City Walls, and never had the least Inclination to make a Step into the Country: So soon as he heard that his Prince had commanded him never to stir out of it, he discreetly dy'd with the Thoughts of being a Prisoner. There are Penitents in *Spain*, who on certain Days of Mortification, lash themselves as heartily as any of our *Newgate* Rogues are whipp'd by the publick Executioner: 'Tis certain the Pain and Anguish are the same; but one does it voluntarily, and the other cannot help it. What pretty Salvo's a fruitful Imagination can find out!

Thus far, Sir *John*, we have given our Thoughts of Keeping in general, without descending to Particulars; but now we come to consider your own Case more nearly. To the Surprize of all your Friends, you have pitch'd upon a Daughter of the Stage, upon an Actress, to shew your particular Favours to; and pray be pleas'd to hear what the Company thinks of it.

Mr.——, who, next to Mr. *Rymer*, is the best Historian about the Town, says, that this Transaction of your Life will be bound up with the Annals of *Goatam* in the next Age; because to pretend to confine a She-Player

Player to one's self, is altogether of a Piece with hedging in a Cuckow.

Mr.——, the Poet first mention'd, prov'd out of the ancient Records of *Parnassus*, that all Actresses belong to those of his Profession; and that if a Lay Person pretended to lay his unhallow'd Hands upon her, he was guilty of making an Impropriation, and ought to be indicted in *Apollo*'s Spiritual Court.

Mr.—— of the *Temple*, who, tho' he never goes to *Westminster*, is nevertheless an Oracle of the Law, pretends that your Case comes within the Statute of Monopolies; that you have done as bad as inclos'd a Common; and that all the Lovers of *Magna Charta* ought to break down the Fence.

'Tis but fit it should be so, cries another; for he that pretends to confine a Damsel of the Theatre to his own Use, who by her Character is a Person of an extended Qualification, acts as unrighteous, at least as unnatural a Part, as he that would debauch a Nun: That after all, such a Spark rather consults his Vanity than his Love, and would be thought to ingross what all the young Coxcombs of the Town admire and covet.

Captain——ended this serious Debate. He said, that whoever gave Pay to a Woman, or a Soldier, expected they should prove faithful to him. Now, continu'd he, to expect Fidelity from a Female that has been rais'd up in that hot Bed call'd a Play-house, is to expect Honesty from an Evidence. 'Tis a Folly not to be excus'd: 'Tis to bottle up Air, like *Shadwell*'s Virtuoso: 'Tis to wash a Blackamoor. 'Tis to make Dr. *Oates rectus in curia*: 'Tis, in short, to grasp at more than attaining an Impossibility; for 'tis impossible to secure any other Woman to your self, but much more an Actress.

Thus we have sent you, Sir *John*, the Opinion of the Committee of our whole House upon this Occasion. You are desir'd to consider of it coolly by your self; and and when you have so done, if 'tis possible, repent; otherwise do like some of our Divines when they contradict what they formerly asserted, and stand buff to it.

Tom.—— would have you meet us to-morrow Night at the *Rose*, where he pretends to attack you with

so many Arguments against the Female Sex, that he does not question to make you a Proselyte to the Bottle.

The Answer of Sir John Sands, *in Defence of keeping a* Miss *rather than a* Wife.

Gentlemen,

I Find I have a whole *Posse Comitatus* to encounter; but I rely so much upon the Goodness of my Cause, that without calling in the Assistance of my Brother-Keepers, without giving my self the Trouble to repel Numbers by Numbers, I don't question but that I am able, in my own single Person, to maintain the Field against you.

You are divided, Gentlemen, like all other Assemblies, in your Opinions: Some of you seem to favour Marriage, but declare against Keeping: Some of you denounce War equally against both, and consequently must set up for Fornication at large. I make this Inference, because my Charity won't suffer me to believe that any of you are such rank Infidels, as to discard the Sex by Wholesale. If I thought you had any of that Complexion among you, yet I should not think it worth my while to dispute them into better Sense. 'Tis an old receiv'd Axiom, you know, that *contra negantem Principia non est disputandum.*

As for the former Gentlemen, I mean those that have some Respect for Marriage, but are utter Enemies to Keeping, they would oblige me to prove that lying at an Inn, where a Man stays no longer than he finds himself well used, and the Place agreeable, is half so chargeable or foolish, as staying there all one's Life, let the Entertainment be what it will. There are certainly Degrees in Confinement, and the *Fleet* is not altogether so Pagan and uncomfortable a Place as *Sally* or *Algiers*. Oh! but Imagination governs all these Matters. If, as we have frequent Instances of it in History, Imagination can kill as effectually as a Blunderbuss loaded with a dozen Bullets, deliver me, I say, from

from the Hands of that Tyrant Imagination. But tho' this is Answer enough to so trifling an Objection, yet, Gentlemen, I will prove, that there's something more than bare Imagination in the Case. A Miss's Patent runs *durante bene placito*, and she lies eternally at the Mercy of her Patron. A Wife has a Lease of your Body for Term of Life, and has no such Obligations upon her to keep within Bounds. One, like an open Town, can make no Resistance, and consequently has no Temptation or Interest to rebel. A Wife is a sort of Garrison, fortify'd by Law and Act of Parliament, which the Sovereign can't dismantle when he pleases. She lies secure behind that unrighteous Bulwark call'd a *Settlement*, which is made as strong as the *Westminster Hall* Engineers can contrive it; and tho' she's never so plainly convicted of revolting from her lawful Master, and holding an Intelligence with the Enemy, she forfeits neither Life nor Limb; nay, she can challenge a Subsistance as long as she lives. This, I think, shews, with a Witness, that there's a vast Difference between Marriage and Keeping? But, to dismiss this Point, were a Wife never so sincere, and never so submissive, yet there's a Duty in the Case. Consider what I say, Gentlemen, there's Duty in the Case, in which single Word there's Dulness and Impotence, Death and Desolation, and in short, every thing that inspires Horror, and casts a Damp upon Pleasure. 'Tis as bad as the *Mene Tekel* on the Wall, the very Name carries a Palsy with it. It puts People upon unlawful Evasions; it makes them think on other Folks, when their Thoughts should be at Home; and leads them to commit downright Adultery in the Nuptial Sheets.

Even that Pink of Courtesy, Sir *John Falstaff*, in the Play, who never was a Niggard of his Lungs, would not answer one Word when the *Must* was put upon him: *Were Reasons* (says that affable Knight) *as cheap as Black-berries, I would not give you one upon Compulsion*; which is but another Word for Duty. And now we are upon this Chapter, Gentlemen, give me leave to copy from you, and tell you a short Story. A Nobleman, who shall be nameless, in King *Charles* the

IId's Time, kept a Chaplain that was a Rake-hell enough in all Conſcience: He would break Windows, kick and cuff, get drunk and ſwear, and do all the boiſterous Things you can think of, as uncanonically as any of his Cloth. This Fellow had not liv'd a full Month with my Lord, (by the ſame Token, that they kept him as hot as a Glaſs-houſe all the while) but weary, it ſeems, of his Reception, he came ſtaggering into the Room where my Lord was drinking with ſome Friends: 'Faith, my Lord, ſays he, you and I muſt part, before *George* we muſt. Why ſo, Doctor, have not I uſed you with all the Civility? ——You miſtake me, my good Lord, I love Drunkenneſs as well as ever a Peer of you all; but, a Plague, I hate the Thoughts of being forc'd to mount the Guard every Night, I hate to be confin'd to it. You make Drunkenneſs a Duty, my Lord, and conſequently a Vertue, and, I'd have you know, I hate all Vertue.——Pray let me adviſe you to think of this at your Leiſure.

I come now to thoſe worthy Gentlemen, who are againſt Incloſures of all Sorts, and fall upon the firſt Game they can ſtart. Not to call their Judgments in Queſtion, which they never put to the Expence of chooſing for them, I would fain be inform'd why a Man ſhould be ſo fool-hardy as to expoſe himſelf to the *fortune de la guerre*, when there's no Occaſion for it; or what mighty Satisfaction there is in coming off with the Loſs of a Leg or an Arm, when he might have kept himſelf ſafe. Were there no ſuch Things as Diſeaſes in the World, and had *Columbus* never diſcover'd an *Indies*, perhaps I might be reconcil'd to this Sort of Life; but as I am a profeſs'd Diſciple of *Epicurus*, I would, by my good Will, husband every Moment to the beſt Advantage: For this Reaſon I ſcorn to take up Pleaſure, as young Prodigals do Money, at 50 *per Cent.* Intereſt; and 'tis for this very Reaſon that I abominate Drunkenneſs, the only Pander that can make you ſwallow intriguing in common, becauſe a Man gives half an Hour's ſeeming Satisfaction, and two or three Days real Sickneſs.

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I am now arriv'd to the laſt Part of my Indict-ment, where you play all your ſmall Shot at me, be-cauſe I have thought fit to be particular with an Ac-treſs. Some of you pretend, that ſuch a Choice has more Vanity than Love in it. Admit it has, yet I ſhall never be aſham'd to act upon ſo honeſt and univerſal a Principle. What firſt ſet up a Coach and Six, but Vanity? My Lady might ſhew her ſelf to as much Advantage in a Chariot and Two; and if my Lord would condeſcend now and then to beat the Hoof, as his Predeceſſors did before him, it would not be the worſe for his Honour's Health. What in-troduc'd Periwigs as big as Hay-cocks, when the Bor-der, of venerable Memory, would have ſerv'd the Turn as well; or what juſtifies thoſe gigantick Grievances call'd Commodes, but Variety? In ſhort, what furniſh-es Luxury, and ſets off Magnificence, what plun-ders every Corner of the World, and puts us upon ranſacking every Element, but this very ſame Inſpirer of all our Motions, for which you wiſely condemn me? You may rail at Variety as long as you pleaſe; but I would not give a Farthing for a Woman whom all the Town does not deſire to lye with. For this Reaſon I would have her frequently ſeen by all the young Fellows, and my ſelf, that enjoys her, pointed at in the Streets, and envy'd by all that know me. This ſets an Edge upon a Man's Inclination, tho' it flagg'd never ſo much before, and makes his Miſtreſs ſtill new and charming, becauſe ſtill deſir'd by others. Indeed ſome of you are pleas'd to call the Play-houſe a Hot-Bed: If this were any Reproach, ſo are the Ex-changes and the Boarding-Schools: ſo, in ſhort, is all *London*, and ten Miles about it: I was in my Paſſion going to ſay all the Iſland; and if I had ſaid it, I think in my Conſcience I had not been guilty of Scan-dal. After all, if the Play-houſe is a Hot-bed, ſo much the better; for I have a mortal Averſion to Cold-neſs, and every Thing that reſembles it. But to ex-pect Conſtancy from a She-Player! I always thought them made of the ſame Ingredients with the reſt of their Sex; and if they have not their Hypocriſy to anſwer

for;

for, I think 'tis a Sign of their Diſcretion at leaſt. 'Tis an Article of my Creed, that no Woman is conſtant, but ſhe that finds it her Intereſt to be ſo. If that cannot keep my Damſel within due Bounds, I ſhall never break my Heart for the Matter.

And to conclude this Letter, if I muſt be cheated, which I am afraid is the Caſe of us all, I had rather it ſhould be done by a *Jew*, from whom we expect it, and whoſe Profeſſion it is, than by a ſniveling preciſe Villain, that has a Text for doing it. Gentlemen, I am

Your moſt humble Servant.

From a Vintner in the City, to a young Vintner in Covent-Garden.

Couſin JOHN,

YOU have done two very adventurous Things of late: You have taken a new Houſe and a new Wife, and all in the Compaſs of a Week; not having the Fear of ſome late Acts of Parliament before your Eyes, which have made Houſe-keeping ſo very chargeable. After this convincing Proof of your Boldneſs, ſhould you take a Lyon by the Whiskers, it would not ſurprize me. For, Couſin, to deal plainly with you, you have ſet up in a very perilous Time, when 'tis Fall of the Leaf with poor Tradeſmen all the Year round. The Taxes run high, but never was there ſuch an Ebb of Money ſince the Creation. Drunkenneſs, the Lord be praiſed, notwithſtanding all that the new Reformers have done to it, ſtill makes a Shift to maintain its Ground: If it leaves one Liquor, it takes up with another, like the Sea, which, what it loſes in one Place, gains ſomewhere elſe. All the Nation, to give them their Due, would be drunk, if they could, to forget their Sorrows; but, alas! not one quarter of the Nation can afford to be at the Expence of it. The Situation of Things being thus at this preſent Writing, you ought to manage your ſelf with

with more than ordinary Discretion, if you intend to make a Figure in this transitory World.

In the first Place, lay it down for a fundamental Rule, never to trust, or at least as seldom as you can. But when you commit that Folly, let it not be with Men who are protected by their Dignity or Character, or (what will not be unseasonable Advice to one that lives in *Covent Garden*) with the Wits, who are protected from paying by their Poverty. The less Faith you have for other People, the more Charity you shew for yourself; for let the P——sons say what they will, I never knew a Man of any Profession justify'd by Faith. Rather than venture that, cheat as much as you can, I mean in a lawful Way: and when you have got an Estate, then 'tis time enough to think of compounding your Sins with Heaven, by building of an Hospital, according to the laudable and ancient Practice of the City. If you have a Mind to be sav'd by your Faith, take my Advice, do it by Wholesale, but never by small Parcels. In the mean Time, get Money and promote Trade; for that (as a wise Alderman long ago observ'd) is the Law and the Prophets.

Secondly, consider, that the Trade of a Vintner is a perfect Mystery (for that is the Term the Law bestows on it); now, as all Mysteries in the World are wholly supported by hard and unintelligible Terms, so you must take Care to christen your Wines by some hard Names, the farther fetch'd so much the better; and this Policy will serve to recommend the most execrable Stumm in all your Cellar. A plausible Name to an indifferent Wine, is what a gaudy Title is to a Fop, or fine Cloaths to a Woman; it helps to conceal the Defects it has, and bespeaks the World in its Favour. Men naturally love to be cheated, particularly those of our own Nation, for the Honour of old *England* be it spoken; and provided the Imposition is not too bare-fac'd, will meet you Half-way with all their Hearts. I could name several of our Brethren to you, who now stand fair to sit in the Chair of Justice, and sleep in their golden Chains at Church, that had been forc'd to knock off long ago, if it had not been for this

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Artifice. It has sav'd the *Sun* from being *eclips'd*, the *Crown* from being *abdicated*, the *Rose* from *decaying*, the *Fountain* from being *drawn dry*, and both the *Devils* from being *confin'd to utter Darkness*. If your own Invention is so barren, that it wants to be assisted, or you have not Geography enough to christen your Wines yourself, I advise you to buy a Map of *Spain*, *Portugal*, *France*, and *Italy*, and there you will find Names of Places fit for your Purpose, and the more uncommon they are, they will be the more taking. Neither is this Piece of Policy only practis'd in ours, but in most other Trades. A Bookseller, to help the Sale of a dull Pamphlet, will spruce it up with a most glorious Title, and tell you the Edition is almost sold off, when he has five hundred lying dead upon his Hands. A Perfumer will pretend, that his Essences came from *Montpelier*, or *Florence*, tho' he made them at Home. The Glover talks of *Cordova*, and the Mercer of *Naples*, 'till their Lungs are founder'd, when both their Commodities were of *London* Extraction. And what Harm is there in all this? If the People cannot be pleas'd otherwise, we must, in our own Defence, act as the *Nonconformists* Divines do, and humour them in their Folly. *Si populus vult decipi, decipiatur*, was the Saying of a Church-man who understood the World so well, that he wou'd have made an admirable Vintner, had he thought it worth his while.

Thirdly, Don't forget to commend your Wine for those very Qualities that your Customers find Fault with it; like the Poets of the Town, who always justify those Passages in their Plays, for which the Criticks condemn them. For Example, If they say 'tis sower or harsh, why, Gentlemen, 'tis the Nature of true *French* Wine to be so; if they tell you 'tis small, you must reply, that it has a conceal'd Body; and if they quarrel with it for being heavy and strong, you may stop their Mouths, by saying, 'tis so much the fitter for our Climate, and that a Frieze Coat is not false *Latin* in *England*, whatever it may be in a warmer Country. At other Times it will not be amiss to shift your Sails, and use another Conduct; as for

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Inſtance: A Company of well dreſt Gentlemen come to your Houſe, and in reſpect to their Quality and gaudy Outſides, you draw 'em the beſt Wine in your Vaults. Pſhaw, ſays one, what the Devil have you brought us here? Damn it, cries, another, this Stuff is not fit to be ſerv'd at a Porter's Burial. Then you may harangue them to the following Tune. Why Gentlemen, this Wine, an't pleaſe you, tho' it diſpleaſes you ſo much, has the good Fortune to be lik'd by other Palates. There's Sir *John Squander*, and my Lord *Topewell*, and twenty more I could mention, Senators, and Men of Underſtanding, that drink their Gallons of it every Night: But, to ſay the Truth, 'tis not, between Friends, true Orthodox; I find your Palates are extraordinary, ſo I will go down my ſelf, and bring you the Flower of *Europe*, tho' I ſay it; a ſmall Parcel of it came over t'other Day; it only grows in one Vineyard belonging to the *Monks*, a Plague on 'em I have forgot the Place; the greateſt Part was bought for the King's Uſe, againſt a publick Entertainment, and the Merchant befriended me with the reſt: But for God's ſake, Gentlemen, ſpeak not a Word of this to any of my Cuſtomers; you ſhall have of it for your own Company as long as it laſts; but if ever this ſhould be known to my Lord, and Sir *John*, and the W——— Country Par———nt Men, that come to my Houſe, I am undone for ever, therefore I hope you'll be ſecret. Then fly down Stairs like Lightning, bring up a Flaſk of the worſt Wine you have, take off the Oil nicely, and preſent the Glaſs to one of thoſe judicious Gentlemen. Now obſerve how the Scene is alter'd. A plague on't why this will do, ſays the firſt. Do? cries the ſecond, ſpirting it critically upon the Floor, this is fit for Angels, and not poor ſinful Mortals. Why, *Jack*, ſays the third, this is exactly the ſame Wine you and I uſed to make merry with on the other Side of the *Alpes*. An't pleaſe the Lord, cries the fourth, I'll get my full Doſe on't to Night. Maſter, we are oblig'd to you. Here, Drawer, bring me up a Napkin; and then a good Supper is beſpoke, and Drunkenneſs enſues.

ſues. A certain Brother of the Quill, that does not live full an hundred Miles from the *Exchange*, has got a brave Eſtate by this very Trick, therefore ſee you put it in Practice. There are a thouſand other Stratagems to be uſed in our Profeſſion, but ſhould I pretend to recount but half of them here, I ſhould make this more tedious than a Paſtoral Letter. A little Time and Experience will ſoon bring you acquainted with them.

I have nothing now left upon my Hands to do, but to anſwer the Scruples you propos'd to me in your laſt, which I will diſpatch with all the Brevity I am Maſter of. You deſire to know whether a Vintner may take Advantage of People when they are in their Cups, and reckon more than they have had. To which I anſwer in the Affirmative, that you may, provided it to be done in the Way of Trade, and not for any ſiniſter End. This Caſe has been ſo adjudg'd many Years ago in *Vintners Hall*, and you may depend upon't. Don't you ſee how in all other Trades they never ſcruple to make a Penny of a Cuſtomer's Ignorance, (elſe how could the Bookſeller in *Paul*'s Church-Yard, have palm'd *Ogilby*'s Fables with Cuts upon a Country Wench, for a Common-Prayer-Book, and told her that *Æſop*, with his Beaſts about him, was *Adam* in Paradiſe) and is not Drunkenneſs, while it continues upon a Man, a State of Ignorance? Beſides, is it not a Sin, a heinous Sin? And ought not we, that are in ſome Meaſure acceſſary to it, to mortify and puniſh it? And does any Thing more diſturb the Conſcience of an *Engliſhman*, than to make his Pocket do Penance? After all, if the Fraud is diſcover'd, (and 'tis ten to one whether it be or no) the Maſter of the Houſe is not at all affected by it. A Vintner, like the King, can do no Wrong. The Bar indeed may miſtake, the Drawers may be Sons of Whores, and miſ-reckon; but a Maſter is not to be damn'd for the Tranſgreſſions of his Servants. Even General Councils, with the Pope at the Head of 'em, are not infallible. *Humanum eſt errare.* The poor Woman at the Bar is but juſt come out of the Country,

try, or the Noise of the Bell, or the Hurry of Business, distracted her. Gentlemen, to make you amends, I'll call for my Quart; I'd not do any ill Thing for the Universe. And thus the Farce concludes.

In the next Place, you wou'd know how you ought to govern yourself in relation to lewd Women that Gentlemen bring to your House: To which I reply, That as Men that have Wives, are commanded to live as if they had none; so, in this wicked Town, a Vintner that has Eyes, must behave himself as if he had them not, and sometimes too he must have no Ears, otherwise, *damn'd Rogue*, and *Cuckoldly Villain*, would make but ill Musick in them. So long as all this serves for the promoting of Trade, for my Part, I think there's no great Sin in it; this I am sure of, that if it were not for this Practice, our Neighbours the Apothecaries and Surgeons would fairly starve; and, you know, we should love our Neighbours as our selves. The worst Effect it produces, is in respect to our Wives and Daughters; it sets their Mouths a watering, and often makes them wish to be in the Harlot's Place. I once knew a Vintner's big-belly'd Wife, that having taken Notice of a painful Whore, who by the Sweat of her Brows had earn'd fifteen Pints of White Wine one Night with fifteen several Men, went ill from the Bar, and nothing would serve her Turn, but she must be deliver'd in the very Chair that had assisted so much Fornication. But you'll say 'tis against your Conscience. Cousin *John*, you are a young Beginner in the World, therefore follow my Direction, and clap a Muzzle upon your Conscience. When you have got twenty thousand Pounds in your Pocket, you may take off your Muzzle, if you think fit, and leave it to itself. Then you may shut up your Doors at Nine, look as discreetly as the gravest Hypocrite in the City, forbid singing of Catches in your House, deliver a Gill of Wine thro' the little Wicket only on the Lord's Day, call the *Sunday* the Sabbath, strut to the Parish-Church at the Head of half a Dozen notch'd Drawers lugging a *Geneva* Bible between them, and take the Sermon

Sermon in Short-Hand, as many of your Predeceſſors, (when they thought they were wealthy enough to deſerve Damnation) have done before you. This is all, from

Your affectionate Kinſman.

To my Lady . . . . . that marry'd an old decrepid Widower.

Madam,

YOU have uſed yourſelf with greater Cruelty than the moſt barbarous Tyrant durſt have done, had it been your ill Fortune to come within his Power. *Algiers* itſelf inflicts no ſuch Puniſhment upon its vileſt Slaves, as you have voluntarily and freely impos'd upon yourſelf. *Mezentius*, ſo execrable in Hiſtory for tying the Living to the Dead, reſerv'd this inhuman Uſage only for his Enemies; as Brutal as he was, he never dream'd of his uſing his Friends in that Manner, much leſs himſelf. Yet you, Madam, have thought fit to practiſe it upon one, who, to my Knowledge, deſerv'd a better Treatment at your Hands.

All the Town was melancholly upon the News; but eſpecially thoſe who are in the Intereſts of Beauty, lamented as heartily, as ſome pious People do, when they hear of a Chriſtian Town fall'n into the Hands of the Infidels. And that we fear is your Caſe; for if a Man has no other Way of ſhewing his Faith but by his Works, 'tis concluded by all Sides, that your Lot is fall'n upon a Perſon who is as nearly related to an Infidel, as an Informer is to a Villain.

I have lately read over ſome of the old Martyrologies, where innumerable Inſtances are to be found, of Perſons of both Sexes, who, in a Fit of Devotion, practis'd ſtrange Auſterities; but none of them come up to you, even of thoſe, who, for the ſingular Mortification they enjoyn'd themſelves, have been advanc'd to the Kalendar by Holy Church.

We meet with frequent Inſtances of young Virgins that have leapt into the Flames to make Profeſſion of their

their Belief, and courted Death in its moſt terrible Mien, as eagerly as other Women do a Coronet and a Title. Some have attended the Sick in Hoſpitals, and in the midſt of Affluence and Plenty have denyed themſelves the Conveniencies of Life, and mortify'd in Sackcloth. Some, after the Prieſt has done his Office, have refus'd to receive the lawful Tribute of Matrimony; and ſome have oblig'd themſelves to a perpetual Silence, which is certainly Self-denial enough in a Woman. Others have injur'd their own Beauty, to preſerve themſelves from the Courtſhip of their Lovers, or from the Luſt of Tyrants. But, alas! what Proportion does this bear to what you have done? Death puts a Period to all our Miſeries; but you have given a greater Proof of your Conſtancy, by reſolving to live. You have confined yourſelf to a walking Infirmary, and nothing but Providence can give you a Diſcharge. You have ſacrific'd your Youth and Beauty to one that can enjoy neither, nor will ſuffer others to do it for him, like the modern Library-keeper of St. *James's*; he will neither peruſe your Manuſcript, the faireſt in the World, nor lend it to others, who can make a better uſe of it. In ſhort, there's never a Ghoſt in *Glanville* or *Aubry*, if he met him in a Church-Yard, but would take him from his Brother Spectre. You, and your Husband, between you, really undergo two of the ſevereſt Puniſhments which Antiquity believ'd to be in Hell. He, like *Tantalus*, ſees the Fruit everlaſtingly before him, which he is not in a Capacity of taſting. You, like *Siſiphus*, take an infinite deal of Pains to no Purpoſe, to roll a Stone every Night, which is no ſooner *up*, but it falls down of itſelf, and will do ſo to the End of the Chapter.

Tho' I need not exaggerate your own Torments to you, who are ſo well acquainted with them; yet, as a Divine ſometimes explains the Effects of Drunkenneſs to his Pariſh, that know them as well as himſelf, give me leave to lay down Part of the Perſecution you undergo before your Eyes, that through you the World may know what you endure.

The

The Night approaches; but the Night which bountifully rewards the Pains of other Lovers, proves but the Beginning of your Misery. Even the Bed, where all the marry'd World besides find Happiness, or at least a Relaxation from their Pain, is the Scene where you suffer most emphatically. That old solemn Piece of Antiquity, call'd your Husband, leads you to this Place of real Martyrdom, but no Execution, with his Head muffled up in an Infinity of Caps; and his Lungs, lest Musick should be wanting to the Entertainment, are sure to serenade you all Night long. Thus he disturbs your Repose; but has nothing about him to reward you for keeping you awake. If he has got his Cargo of Wine in his Guts, he snores by your Side as heartily, as *Garagantua* and the Monks in *Rabelais* do, after they have rock'd themselves asleep with singing the Penitential Psalms. But if in Spite of Impotence and Age, he pretends to disturb you with his Vigour, his Shot scarce reaches the Walls of the Fortress. Thus your Fate is just the Reverse of *Semele*, she generously expir'd in the Arms of the Thunderer, whereas your Fumbler chills you with his warmest Embraces; his very Flames give you an Ague-Fit, and, like the Weather we have had of late, his Summer has a Spice of Winter in it. The Mischief on't is, that every Day will leave him a worse Practitioner than other; and Time, which uses to soften other Hardships, will daily make yours more insupportable.

What is it then that could induce your Ladyship to pitch upon so rigorous a Penance, which your very Enemies (were it possible for you to have any) would never have impos'd upon you? Since your Body can be no Gainer by this wicked Match, one would imagine you did it for the Benefit of your Soul; but Religion produces no such Miracles in this Age, whatever it has done formerly. 'Tis enough now if People stick to it while they get by the Bargain; for few, very few, even those that wear her Cloth and eat her Bread, will be Losers for her.

'Tis

'Tis, in short, the Desire of unrighteous Mammon, that has drawn this Servitude upon you. You took this nauseous Pill only for the Sake of the Gilding. That pale-fac'd Metal, to purchase which our Merchants ransack every Corner of the World, made you take up with this leaky batter'd Vessel; but with this Difference, that whereas they are at Liberty to shift their Climate as they see fit, you have confin'd yourself to the Latitude of 70, and have settled in a Country which is eternally cover'd with Snow, and affords no Prospect of a Spring. All that your humble Servant can do, is, to wish that your Tyrant's Reign may be but of short Continuance; which is the daily Payer of——

Lysander.

A Consolatory Letter to Mr. H—— *on his being a* CUCKOLD.

SIR,

I am none of the best Comforters in the World; however, yours is so common and easy a Case, that any one may set up for a Doctor, and pretend to prescribe Remedies for it. You send me Word, you are a Cuckold, and desire my Advice upon the Matter: Why, is this a Time to complain of Cuckoldom? You ought to have reconcil'd your self to that Point long ago, before you ventur'd into the holy State, and not to mortify with the Thought on't now, when you can't help your self. A Soldier should consider before he lists himself, how he can bear the Loss of an Arm or Leg; if he meets with an unlucky Shot, 'tis but the Chance of War; and if he comes off in a whole Skin, 'tis more than he could expect, and Providence used him better than he deserv'd. The Oracle in *Rabelais*, to which you are no Stranger, long ago declar'd, *That every marry'd Man either has been, or is, or will be a Cuckold*; and could you ever hope to elude an Oracle? For my Part, 'tis no more than what I expected to hear of you every Post: You have been long jealous of your Wife, and now it comes Home

to you; for Jealousy does as naturally ripen into Cuckoldom, as a Caterpillar into a horned Insect, call'd a Butter-Fly. However, you have got this by the Bargain, that it has cur'd you, God be thank'd, of your Jealousy, which is one of the worst Torments a Man can have; and who wou'd not bear with a sawcy Companion, to get rid of the Devil? But after all, what you complain of, is no Disgrace; you share it in common with the *Cæsars* and *Pompeys*, and most of the Heroe's of former Ages, and with the *N*—— and *M*—— of this, besides an infinite Number of Dukes, Marquesses, Earls, Bishops, Knights, Aldermen, Deans, Archdeacons, Heads and Governors of Colleges and Halls; who would regret to be join'd in so good a Company?

But, *your Family's dishonour'd*, and so, perhaps, it has been twenty times since the Conquest. I told you before, I had no extraordinary Hand at Comforting. A thousand other Families have been subject to the same Calamity; and why you should expect to fare better than your Neighbours, I don't understand. *But if I had deserv'd it from my Wife.* Why, so much the better still: Other People use to comfort themselves in their Misfortunes, by reflecting upon their Innocence, and why should not you? If your Wife has a Fancy to go to the Devil, let her ne'er lose her Longing: Rather than that should happen, do by her as *Charles* the Fifth is said to do by a flying Enemy, build her a Bridge to go thither.

Well, but *what would you have me to do?* You say, *Job*, and *Plutarch*, and *Seneca*, have been so often prescrib'd to People in your Condition, that I won't offer them to you. My Advice is then, that you'd come to Town as soon as you can, and take a Lodging in *Cheapside*, or near *White-hall*, and there, I'll pass my Word for't, you'll be thought no Monster; though you unmannerly Folks in the Country stare at a Cuckold, as much as here we do at a King's Evidence just after a new Plot; yet *London*'s a civil Place, and we think him no Prodigy here. But if your Affairs won't give you Leave to come to Town, my next Advice, is, to retaliate upon your Neighbours, plant Cuckoldom as thick as you can in your Hundred, and, for that End, get in with

with the Aunts, the Nurſes, and Midwives; but above all, ſecure the Church, and get the Clergy on your Side. When your Numbers are grown pretty conſiderable, make a Deſcent into the next Hundred, and ſo on, 'till you have made the whole County of a Piece. When you have effected this, you'll be above the Reach of Scandal, your Multitudes will protect you, and then you'll live as comfortably as we do here in *London*. But *what ſhall I do with my Wife?* I have already told you: Build her a Bridge, and loſe no Time. I am

Your Loving Couſin,

T. B.

To W. Knight, *Eſquire. Written in the Time of the Froſt.* Jan. 22.

Dear Sir,

'TIS a Sign I am never weary of keeping a Correſpondence with you, ſince I can afford to do it at this terrible Juncture, when the Ink freezes as I write: But you muſt expect nothing elſe from me, but what you would hear in every Coffee-houſe, were you in Town, and that is, to be entertain'd about the Froſt. The common People here, are of Opinion, that the Northern Monarch, who has done us the Honour of a Viſit, has brought his own Country Weather along with him, and they confirm it with a very good Inſtance; for they remember, that when the *Morocco* Embaſſador was here, we had the hotteſt Summer that ever was known. Thus, according to theſe merry Philoſophers, every Foreigner that comes to ſee us, takes Care, like *Nicholas* in the *Virtuoſo*, to bottle up ſome of the Air of his own Climate, and retails it among us here.

It has been a general Complaint, that all the Seaſons, but Winter, have been of late inverted. Mr. *Flamſteed*, you know, has pretended, that the Sun has been out of Order this good while; and a Friend of yours, who loves dearly to ſit up a-Nights, being ask'd what was the Reaſon that he never ſaw him, reply'd, that he could not endure to ſee ſick Folks. 'Tis no Wonder that he can

do

do no more in *January*, since for eight Years last past, he has not been scarce able to maintain his Summer Quarters, and Winter has had the Impudence to bully him even in his own Dog-days. Indeed if he decays in Proportion to what he has done of late, the Lord have Mercy, say I, on Dr. *Burnet*'s Hypothesis of the *Charter-house*; for he'll be no more able to cause a general Conflagration, than *Parr* was to get a Bastard in the hundred and fifty second Year of his Age.

But to leave off these metaphysical Contemplations.—If this severe Season lasts many Days longer, it will as effectually try the Orthodoxy of Peoples Constitutions, as the new A—— concerning King *James*, will shew who is *starch* to the Government, and who not. We used to say in the late Reign, that if Popery prov'd to be long-liv'd, 'twould soon be found out who were in the Interests of the Whore of *Babylon*. But this Frost, I conceive, will make truer and juster Discoveries; for a Man, if he's wickedly inclin'd, may play a thousand Tricks with his Faith, and no Body be the wiser; but the Devil is in him, if such searching Weather (which penetrates deeper than the Inquisition) does not extort very unlucky Confessions from his Carcass, especially if in his younger Days he study'd natural Philosophy in *Covent-Garden*. I can't tell how it fares with you in the Country, but here in Town, Water is scarcer than its opposite Element, Fire.

A Friend of mine happen'd Yesterday to be in a Tavern Kitchin, near the *Custom-House*, and complaining of the Cold, Lord, says a Sea-Captain to him, this is nothing, Sir, to what I have felt; no more, as God shall judge me, than a Tooth-picker is to the Main-mast of the *Britannia*. I made the North-East Voyage with Captain *Wood*, and have been in a Country, Sir, where they don't bury between *Michaelmas* and *Lady-day*. What, said my Friend, don't the People die all that Time? Yes, a Pox on them, they die fast enough; but the Ground is as hard as a Flint, and they are forc'd, in their own Defence, to pile up their dead Folks in the Belfry, as we do Faggots in a Wood-yard, and tie Pieces of Paper about their Necks, for all the World, Sir, (as your good Housewives

wifes in the Country do about their Cordial Bottles) to know them again; and so they bury them at Spring of the Year. Sir, says my Friend to him, you seem to be an honest Gentleman, and I don't doubt but what you tell me is true; for I, in my Time, have been a Piece of a Traveller, and have pass'd a Month or two among the *Samoeids*, where it is so excessive cold, that, as in *Italy* and other hot Countries, they forbid the Priests to preach out of the *Canticles* during *July* and *August*, for Fear of putting some old Whimsies into the Heads of the People: So here, the Patriarch of *Moscow* forbids all the Clergy, under Pain of Suspension, not to make the least Mention of the Roasting that is used in the other World, lest they should set all their Congregations a longing to be there. In short, noble Captain, the Parsons take as much Care to conceal the Doctrine of Hell-Fire, for the Reason above-mention'd, from the poor Inhabitants of this Country, as they do the Bible from the Laity in *Spain*. The Captain graciously thank'd my Friend for his News, and so they parted.——

One would be apt to imagine, 'twas in such Weather as this that *David* penn'd the *Psalms*, where he advises People to look to their Ways. The Streets are so excessive slippery, that a Man runs through half the Danger of an *East India* Voyage, in passing only from *Temple-bar* to the *Change* in a Coach; and if he ventures it on Foot, he's oblig'd to walk with the same Precaution upon the King's High-way, as your Fellows in *Bartholomew-Fair* manage themselves upon the High-Rope. For want of observing this Direction, a Country Gentlewoman, t'other Day, met with a sad Mischance at the Corner of *Fetter-lane*; for up flew her Heels, and off came her Commode, and she unluckily discover'd a hideous Breach in her Fabrick, at which two Foot-Soldiers ran away in a Fright, and a grave Citizen that pass'd by, was exceedingly scandaliz'd. The Physicians and Surgeons, however, are no Losers by this Season; for what between Phthisick and Fever, (which really makes a handsome Figure in the Weekly-Bill) and those providential Blessings, call'd broken Arms and Legs, both Professions find as much Employment, as Dr. *Oates* will tell you the

Pimps had at *White-hall* in the Reign of King *Charles* II. Our Divines need not be over-nice in what they preach; for there is such everlasting Barking in the Churches, that though the Parson had the Lungs of twenty Trumpeters, yet 'twere impossible to understand a Syllable he says. Some Phthisicky old Gentleman leads up a Cough, his next Neighbour immediately takes the Hint from him, a third pursues it, and so the Snow-ball rowls merrily on, 'till at last the whole Congregation joins in the *Chorus*, and one Side of the Church answers the other as regularly and harmoniously, as two contending Nightingales in a Hedge, or the Vicars in the new Choir at St. *Paul*'s. The *Thames* is in great Danger of being made a Captive, and of wearing Fetters, which he generously endeavours to throw off every Tide, and never was so true an Emblem as now, of that noble-spirited Island of which he is the Defence as well as Ornament, which can never have Chains put upon it of any Continuance.

I am sorry to find by your last, that your Neighbour Mr. *H*—— grows fat upon Marriage; for I don't see how he can answer it to his Conscience. Marriage is a lean, hungry, craving Soil, on which he that can fatten, may raise an Estate in *Scotland*, or recover from an Ague by removing into the *Hundreds*. Ecclesiastical History tells us of a Bishop that suspended one of his Priests for no Crime, but because he had double Chin. That Prelate could not be perswaded that his Curate preach'd and pray'd, and minded the Business of his Parish, so long as he carry'd such an unapostolical Badge about him. Pray acquaint your Friend Mr. *H*—— with this Adventure of the double Chin, and tell him from me, that neither Canon, nor Civil, nor Common Law, will justify him in making a *Sine Cure* of his Wife. I am

Your most humble Servant,

THO. BROWN.

Some

Some Remarks upon MARRIAGE.

Marriage being the Port or Haven at which moſt of the Sons and Daughters of *Eve* deſign to touch ſooner or later, 'tis no Wonder that People are univerſally curious to know how this tickliſh Ceremony is perform'd in other Countries. We find here at Home, that the firſt Place in the Common-Prayer-Book, that young Maidens generally dip in, is the Service of *Matrimony*. I once knew a raw Girl, that could readily make all the Reſponſes in that Office, before ſhe could anſwer to one Queſtion in her Catechiſm; which occaſion'd her Father, who was a grave old Gentleman, to wiſh, that thoſe of her Sex would take as much Care to prepare themſelves for their latter, as for their firſt End; for ſo it proves to moſt of them.

It has been frequently ſaid, that *Marriage* and *Hanging* go by Deſtiny; but, for my Part, I am no Predeſtinarian, neither do I believe, with the reſt of the World, that *Matches* are made in Heaven, any more than I believe that all Oxen are bought and ſold there before they come to *Smithfield*-Market. But tho' I am no Admirer of Deſtiny, as I ſaid before, yet I would not have any one infer from thence, that I believe there's no Manner of Reſemblance between *Hanging* and *Marrying:* For *Hanging*, with Reverence be it ſpoken, as well as *Marrying*, is perform'd by tying a Knot, which Death only diſſolves; and they agree too in this Particular, (which is more ſuitable to the Occaſion of the Book) that all civiliz'd Countries in the World obſerve different Faſhions in one, no leſs than the other.

The *Roman* Catholicks make a Sacrament of *Matrimony*, and, in Conſequence of that Notion, pretend it confers Grace. The Proteſtant Divines don't carry Matters ſo high; but ſay, this ought to be underſtood in a qualify'd Senſe; and that Marriage ſo far confers Grace, as generally ſpeaking, it confers Repentance, which every Body knows is a Step to Grace.

It must be confess'd on all Hands, that *Marriage* is the most serious Action that a Man can engage in, and therefore we ought to think of it, as we do of our latter End, with Fear and trembling. For this Reason, I cannot endure to hear People pass their ill-natur'd Jests upon so holy an Ordinance. If it is a Man's good Fortune to meet with a good Wife, he ought to date his Happiness in this World from that very Moment; and if she proves not as he desires, he ought to look over the Catalogue of his Sins, and interpret it as a Visitation, or at least to take it patiently. For my Part, commend me to that Gentleman, who having marry'd a Lady of an extraordinary Capacity, never complain'd of his Fate, nor made his Spouse uneasy, but honestly thank'd God, that now he had a Hole to put his Head in.

The Ladies that read a Book call'd *Marriage-Ceremonies*, will find sufficient Reason to thank Providence that they were born in so good-natur'd an Island as ours is, where the Preliminaries to Marriage are nothing near so morose and severe as they are in some Places in the World. To give an Instance of this, our Author of the *Marriage-Ceremonies* tells us, *p.* 51. *Among the* Sabrians, (a Sort of mungril Christians, that live on the Confines of *Persia* next *Turkey*) *the Parties meeting together at Church, the Minister makes the Bride swear before the Women that she is a Virgin.* As ill an Opinion as the World unjustly entertains of our Females, I am very well satisfy'd, that there are above forty thousand conscientious Wives, within the Bills of Mortality, that would have lost all, before they would have taken so rash and insnaring an Oath. How is it possible that a Woman should positively swear to an imaginary Thing, which may be lost (the Lord knows how) between sleeping and waking? This I am sure of, that no Husband was a Jot the securer for prescribing arbitrary and unlawful Oaths.

Yet, as great a Hardship as this may seem to be, it is nothing in Comparison of Hardships practis'd in some Countries, even after the Nuptial Ceremonies are performed. Thus we find in the said Book, *p.* 42.

That

That among the Greeks, *if the Women find in the Bed the next Day any Sign of a loſt Virginity, they make a great Feaſt; but when that is wanting, they ſay nothing, the Bridegroom ſending back the Bride to her Relations and Friends.* The ſame inhuman Cuſtom is likewiſe obſerv'd by the *Perſians*, as the Reader may ſee, *p.* 64, *by the* Moors *of* Morocco, *p.* 73, *the Inhabitants of the Kingdom of* Fez, *p.* 75, *by thoſe of* Algiers, *and* Tunis, *p.* 79, *by the* Spaniards, *who retain this Cuſtom from the Moors*, p. 22, *and lately by the* Jews *in* Barbary. As for the latter, I don't wonder at it to find ſuch Uſage among them, becauſe they were a ſtiff-neck'd People, that was always demanding Signs and Tokens; nor among Infidels and *Mahometans*; but that any Chriſtians, that are happily freed from the Levitical Bondage, ſhould ſtill hanker after the old ſuperſtitious Leaven, is a Matter of the greateſt Aſtoniſhment to me. I cannot but reflect with Horror, how many Ladies in *England*, that now live comfortably with their Husbands, and are bleſs'd with a numerous Iſſue, had been ſhamefully diſcarded and ſent Home, if ever ſuch an unrighteous Faſhion as this had got Footing among us. It ſeems to argue a great deal of Cruelty in the Men, that they ſhould reliſh no Pleaſure but what comes at the Expence of their deareſt Conſorts. But it is my daily Prayer, that Providence will protect the free-born Women of *England* from ſuch bloody-minded Husbands.

But tho' the greateſt Part of the World are ſo extravagantly fond of Virginity, yet we find there are ſome People that have other Notions of Things. Our ſaid Author, *p.* 88, acquaints, *That when one of* Conchin *marries, whoſoever he is, he may not lie with his Bride the firſt Night, but is oblig'd to give her to a* Brachman, *who lies with her; and that they believe this to be a Favour, and a good Omen.* I hope their Pariſhes in this Country are not of a large Extent, otherwiſe the Prieſt has more Work upon his Hands than he will go thro' with, unleſs he keeps a Curate or two to relieve him, when Marriage comes in thick. The Holders-forth of our Conventicles affect to be

thought great Pains-Takers, and really deserve the Name; for their Bands will testify for them, both in the Dog-Days and out of the Dog-Days, that they sweat exceedingly. But, alas! what is this, if consider'd in the same Scales with the Drudgery that these Priests undergo in their Ministry. I have often wonder'd that the Popish Clergy, that stand up so stifly for the Divine Right of First-fruits, don't troop in Shoals to this Kingdom, when they voluntarily pay such an extraordinary Tribute to the Church.

'Tis observable, that in most Countries of the World this Ceremony is perform'd by the Priesthood, who, if they equally pretend to the Power of *Loosing*, as they do to that of *Tying*, they would have more Business upon their Hands than they could well dispense with. Only in *Turkey* marry'd People are join'd together by the *Cadey*, or Civil Magistrate, and here in *England*, in *Oliver*'s Time, by a Justice of Peace; the Reason alledg'd for it then, was, that none was so well qualify'd to marry others, as he, who, by his Office, was impower'd to lay People by the Heels, and put them into the Stocks.

As I have already taken Notice, *Virginity* is reckon'd so essential to Marriage, in several Countries, that the poor Bride is inhumanly dismiss'd, and sent Home to her Relations, if she be found defective in that Particular; but in this Author we shall find, that all the World is not of this Humour; in *Pegu*, of the *Marriage Ceremonies*, p. 96, *The King and those of the greatest Quality, lie not the first Night with their Wives, but admit others, and pay them bountifully that will give themselves the Trouble.* With all due Respect to our Women be it spoken, I humbly conceive, that one half at least of the marry'd Men in this Kingdom, if they will speak their Minds freely, must do their Wives this Justice, as to own, that they sav'd this *Porters-Druggery*, as a Monarch (not inferior to *Solomon* for Wisdom) rightly call'd it. Our Neighbours of *Scotland*, before they came to be civiliz'd, used to lie the first Night with the Bride, their Vassal; but now they have flung up such a troublesome Piece

of

of State, and make their Tenants drudge for themselves.

We rail at the Church of *Rome*, and not without Reason, for exacting implicite Obedience from her Sons; but, alas! what signifies it, to take a few Articles upon the Credit of the Priest; but to take a Wife (as our Author tells us they do in *Moscovy*, and other Places) without seeing her once, or knowing what Defects she may have, is somewhat hard upon the Subject. Heaven be prais'd, that here in *England* we are not forc'd to buy a Pig in a Poke; nay, there are some marry'd Men in the World, that were as intimately acquainted with their Wives before Marriage, as ever they were after. See now what it is to live under a free Government, and to have *Magna Charta* on one's Side.

To conclude these Reflections, it is my hearty Advice, That all unmarry'd Persons would chuse themselves proper Spouses by the first Opportunity, in order to recruit those Numbers that have been destroy'd in the Wars, and not suffer their Talents to be buryed in a Napkin. For which they must severely answer one Day. And as for those that are marry'd, the best Way they can take, as I presume, is, to live as easy as they can; and, following the good Counsel of *Hobson* the Carrier, so to manage themselves, as not to tire before their Journey's End.

A Consolatory Letter to Mr. H----*being a farther Consolation on his* CUCKOLDOM, *&c.*

SIR,

I Find by your Answer, that my Advice had not that good Effect upon you which I expected. You still complain of your Unhappiness, and disturb yourself and your Friends with Chimera's of your own creating. If I thought complaining would make you a Farthing the better, I would out-weep a Church-spout, and out-lament a Widow that has bury'd three

Husbands, and now laments for a fourth: Or if I thought you wanted any ſpiritual Cordials, I would ſend you a Cart-load of Sermons, to teach you that Patience which the Preachers of them could never practice. But you are a *Malade imaginaire*, and *Moliere* would ſooner bring you to yourſelf than a Divine. In ſhort, think no more of the Viper that ſtung you, and you are well.

You talk much of what People do in *Spain* upon theſe Occaſions; but what have you and I to do with them? Are we to regulate our Eating by the Sots of *Lapland*, or to go naked, in Complaiſance to the Salvages under the Line? Had you liv'd in *Spain*, perhaps I had preach'd Revenge to you; and out of great Concern for your Perſon, adviſed you to venture the Gallows, becauſe forſooth your Wife, with the Sweat of her Brows, had earn'd Damnation. But ſince you live in a Country where the People are wiſer than to be enſlav'd by ſuch fooliſh Notions, pray ſuffer yourſelf to be govern'd by the Maxims of it. I tell you once more, Cuckoldom is no Scandal in our Nation; and if you were the firſt and ancienteſt ——— in *England*, I could ſay no more to you. If 'tis the Rarity that makes the Monſter, you'll never come within the Number of them. 'Tis only the marry'd Men that are not Cuckolds, that, properly ſpeaking, are the Monſters here; as in *Guiana*, 'tis not thoſe that have huge Lips and flat Noſes, but thoſe that have them otherwiſe, are really the deformed.

The old *Romans*, who may be ſuppos'd to have had as juſt Sentiments of Honour, as the niceſt *Dons* of *Caſtile*, were guided by wiſer Maxims. In Caſe of Infidelity, the Wife was ſent Home with Infamy to her vertuous Relations; but no Manner of Diſgrace reflected upon the Husband. *Pompey*, the Conqueror of ſo many Kings, *Cicero*, the Father of Eloquence, and *Cæſar*, the Maſter of the Univerſe, had all of them Wives that prov'd as errant Recreants as yours: yet we don't find that they thought themſelves a Farthing the worſe for it, or that they rail'd at their Stars, or

flew

flew into such Extravagancies as you do. *Cicero* in particular, that has written so many consolatory Treatises, to relieve a Man under all the Misfortunes and Accidents of human Life, as Banishment, Poverty, the Loss of Friends, old Age, Disgrace, and the like, yet never thought it worth his while to part with one single drop of Comfort out of his philosophical *Aqua Vitæ* Bottle, to cure the Heart-burning of a Cuckold. And, *Jack*, shall it ever be said, to the Infamy of old *England*, that Heathens, uncircumcis'd Heathens, could practice that Patience, which you that, God be thanked, live under a meeker Dispensation, cannot reconcile your self to?

You tell me, perhaps, that the *Romans* bore this with the greater Resignation, because they could make themselves Amends out of the Sex, and marry another Wife as soon as they had dismiss'd the former. On the other Hand, I think 'tis happy for you, that you live in a Christian Country, where they won't let you cut your Fingers the second Time with a Knife, as long as the Instrument that wounded you last is in Being. There's a Fable in *Æsop*, that fits your Case exactly; therefore pray listen to it with due Attention and Reverence. A Shepherd kept a Flock of Sheep near the Sea, and observing it to be wonderful calm for a long Time, had an Itch upon him to turn Merchant-Adventurer; that is to say, in plain *English*, a Gentleman, liking the Outside of the fair Sex well enough, picks out one to his Purpose, and resolves to marry. So he converts his Sheep and other Moveables into a Purse of Money, buys a Parcel of Dates, and puts to Sea; that is to say, furnishes him a House, provides a fine Suit of Cloaths, goes to *Dukes-Place* and marries. A Tempest ruffled him cruelly there, (this Tempest, *Jack*, by the By, is Cuckoldom) that he was forc'd to throw his Dates over-board, to lighten his Ship; that is to say, his Wife was so damn'd a Thorn in his Side, that he was forc'd to drink her to Death, to get rid of her. And thus, with much ado, escapes to Shore, and returns to the old Place, to follow his old Profession; that is breaks up House-

keeping, and lives privately, as he did before. A few Days after, finding old Father Ocean to look merrily about the Gills, that is, ſome of the Sex ſmile and ſimper, as if they had a Deſign to hook him into Matrimony again; a Plague take you, ſays he, for a Diſſembler: What, your Chops water for more Dates, I warrant; but I'll ſee you hang'd before you ſhall have any. I don't queſtion, *Jack*, but that there are twenty and twenty Women in our Neighbourhood, that long to be fingering your Dates; but if you'll follow the Shepherd's Example, they ſhall all loſe their Longing.

Well, we have got over this troubleſome Point; and now nothing vexes you, but that your Wife ſhould run away with a Soldier, a (confounded Enſign I think you call him) and an ugly Fellow too. But this is the moſt fantaſtical Complaint that ever was heard. It puts me in Mind of an *Iriſh-man* in the Civil Wars, that when he was going to be hang'd, ſet nothing to Heart, but that he muſt be trus'd up in a Halter, and not in a Withe. If your Houſe was robb'd, I ſuppoſe it would be all a Caſe to you, whether it was a Beau or a Chimney-ſweeper, that did you the Honour to riffle you: And in your preſent Misfortune, what Relief would it be to you, that a blue Garter planted your Horns, any more than a blue Apron, the Duce take me if I can ſee. But you, I find, are ſomewhat of *Beſſus*'s Humour in the Play, who comforted himſelf after a good Kicking, that his Honour had not ſuffer'd, becauſe in the firſt Place, 'twas a Lord that kick'd him, and ſecondly, 'twas done with a *Spaniſh*-Leather Slipper. In your next Letter I expect to find you lamenting, becauſe the Fact was done under a Hedge, or upon a bare Floor, and not with the uſual Accommodations in a Bed. Once more, *the Fellow was ugly:* Why, ſo much the better ſtill, the Cockatrice of your Boſom, will have the leſs to ſay for herſelf another Day, and that ought to be no little Comfort, *Jack*, to one in your Caſe. Beſides, it juſtifies the old Saying, *That Subjects, and Wives, when they revolt from their lawful Sovereigns, ſeldom chuſe for*

for a better. As for her pitching upon a Soldier to be her Gallant, I don't wonder at it. The Gentlemen in Red, and their Brethren in Black, have for several Ages been in Poſſeſſion of the Sex; the latter, upon the Account of their Secrecy, which may be the Reaſon, perhaps, why they wear the Roſe, the Badge of Silence, in their Hats; and the other, upon the Score of the mighty Performances which the Women expect from them. The Ladies imagine them all to be Heroes; and as the Laity formerly believ'd, that Black conferr'd Grace and *Greek*, ſo they vainly think, that Red gives the Wearers of it Courage and Vigour above their Neighbours. If we may believe Antiquity, *Vulcan* had a broader Back than *Mars*, and was the ſtronger made of the two; yet the latter, with the powerful Charms of the embroided Coat and *Steen-kirk* Cravat, ſo won the Goddeſs's Heart, that ſhe was eaſily tempted to cuckold the poor Blackſmith. In ſhort, Women are like Mackarel, bate but a Hook with a Piece of red Cloth, and you infallibly take them.

But to return to the Chapter of Uglineſs, from which we have digreſs'd; I told you before, 'twould make it the Worſe for your Wife at the Re——on; but upon ſecond Thoughts, I don't know but ſhe may have a great deal to ſay for herſelf. You are a handſome Fellow, *Jack*, I own it; but perhaps have convinc'd her by ſorrowful Experience, that, as the Proverb has it, *All is not Gold that glitters.* Who can tell but your Wife has read natural Philoſophy enough to know, that where the Ground was the rougheſt, the moſt unpromiſing Surface, there the richeſt Mines lie below.

After all, whether it is ſo or not, Variety is a mighty Matter; and much may be ſaid on ſo fertile a Head. People love to alter their Hands, tho' it is not always for the better; a clear Inſtance of this we find in *Plautus*'s *Amphitryo*, *Jupiter*, who by the high Poſt he ſtood poſſeſs'd of, one would think ſhould have no groſs Palate, lies with *Alcmene* the very Night before ſhe was deliver'd of two chopping Infants. The Lady, for her Part, was complaiſant, that's certain; but Women, generally ſpeaking, are not ſo refractory as Camels are, that

that when they have got their Burden, rise up, and will carry no more; so this is no great Wonder. But what the Duce should bewitch a Lover, that had the whole Universe before him, to make his Son *Mercury* pimp for him for the Space of twenty four Hours by the Clock, to put himself to the Expence of a Miracle, to make the Moon and the rest of the Stars do double Duty, to keep back the Sun, and make an universal Disorder in Nature, and all to carry on a foolish Intrigue with a big-belly'd Woman? 'Tis agreed by all the *Dutch* Commentators, that he would never have done so much for *Juno*, his lawful Spouse, in one of her most engaging Moments, with all the Advantages of Dress and Art to recommend her, much less under such embarrasing Circumstances. What then may we imagine to be the Reason of it? Why, that partly Variety and partly the Itch of making a Cuckold, engag'd him in this Expedition. But all this while, I forget that I am pleading for your Wife, like the Bishop that was employ'd to write against *Luther*, and turn'd one of his Party.

Thus I have briefly run over all your Scruples, and endeavour'd to make you *rectus in curia*; but before I conclude, give me Leave to tell you a short Story. A Gentleman of my Acquaintance had a Tenant that rented about some 40 Shillings a Year of him: The Hut he liv'd in was a sad wretched Hole, made up of a few feeble Poles, cover'd with Mud, Dung, and Straw; 'twas not to be mention'd on the same Year with a Crow's Nest, either for the Materials, the Convenience, or Architecture of it. The least Puff of Wind ruffled it more severely than a Hurricane does a Ship in the *Indies*. The Discharge of a Gun, at a Quarter of a Mile's Distance, would give it a *Tertian* Ague for a Fortnight. Then as for the Furniture, it was all of a Piece with the Building, half a Score wooden Spoons, with a Platter of the same Metal, a broken-back'd Chair, and what they call'd a Bed, by a bolder Catachresis than is to be found in all Mr. *Cleveland*. It was not so much as furnished with a Suit of *Grub street* Tapistry; I mean, a Set of Protestant Ballads, or the Devil tempting a *London* 'Prentice,

or

or the Tanner's Advice to his Children, or the Royal Family on Horseback, to keep the poor Walls in Countenance. The Fellow's whole Substance was a Bee hive, half a Score Cabbages, and an Apple-Tree in the Yard; on the Success of which he depended more than the Con——tes on that of a Campaign in *Flanders:* A Tit that sharp'd for his Livelihood on the Common, but as Lean as a Projector's Foot-man; a Cow, whose Milk was Meat and Drink, and her Tail an Almanack to the Family; with a Cock strutting at the Head of a Progeny; and a Brace of Pigs educated within Doors, and serv'd with as much Care as the Heir apparent to the Cottage. His Musick, when he came Home, was, to hear a Litter of young dirty Children squawling on one Side of him, and the above-mention'd *Messieurs de Porcraugnac* grunting on the other, and his rank two-handed Spouse, (that never had a Drop of Water touch her Face since the Parson sprinkled her at the Font, by the same Token even then it made her cry out) endeavouring to keep the King's Majesty's Peace between them. Yet amidst all this Poverty and Filthiness, the Fellow look'd merry, and in good Humour, snor'd as contentedly at Church as the best of his Neighbours, in an old *Sunday*-Coat that had out-liv'd six Generations; still whistled at his Work; and what is more, without any of the Parish to assist him, once a Year got his Wife with Child, as if he breakfasted every Morning on the Duke of *Buckingham*'s famous Broth. So his Landlord ask'd him what Shift he made to keep himself so cheerful and merry? Why, Master, says he, when I think of such fine Folks as your Worship, that ride in your Coaches, and eat and drink of the best, without doing any Thing for it, why then, an't please you, I can't forbear cursing my old Father for begetting me under such a starving Planet: But when I consider how few are in your Case, and how many Millions in the same Condition with my self, if not in a worse, why then I set my Hand to my Plough, and jog on as merrily as I can. *Jack*, this Story needs no Application; do but think of the Millions you have on your Side, enough to confound the *Turk* and *Pope*, nay, to carry the whole World before you, if you knew your

your own Strength; do but think how many Noblemen and Courtiers you have to lead the Van, how many Cits to bring up the main Body, how many Soldiers to fight, Lawyers to plead, Phyſicians to preſcribe, and Divines to pray for you, and I dare engage you'll ſleep heartily upon't, and perſecute me with no more of your whining Letters; who am

Your humble Servant,

THO. BROWN.

POSTSCRIPT.

A Phyſician of my Acquaintance, that has heard of your Misfortune, call'd upon me this Morning, juſt as I had ended my Letter; and, leſt my Advice ſhould fail of making a good Impreſſion upon you, was ſo kind to ſend you the following Preſcription. If theſe Precepts won't cure you, we muſt proceed to Topicks; and one of the beſt Remedies I know, is what follows. When your diſcontented Soul labours with a little Brow-Anguiſh, take a Child's Coral, with a Whiſtle and Bells to it, moiſten it with Faſting Spittle, and rub your Forehead with it *ter in die horis Medicis*. It will make your Brow-Antlers cut eaſy; for ſome Cuckolds are as froward under the breeding of Horns, as ſome Children are under the Breeding of Teeth. Once more adieu.

A LETTER *to the Reverend Mr.* —— *in* Eſſex, *Graſier, Phyſician, and Parſon.*

I Have had a Mind to write to thee this long while, but the Misfortune on't is, that a Man does not know how to accoſt thee, without being at the Pains to conſult the Heralds-Office. *Geryon*, of tripple-headed Memory, gave his Subjects, I ſuppoſe, the ſame Trouble, who, when they came to deliver a Petition to him, found themſelves as much embaraſs'd which of his Heads to addreſs to, as I find my ſelf at preſent under which of your three Capacities I am firſt to conſider you. In ſhort, I am told you have got three Strings to your Bow, that you are a Parſon,

Parſon, a Graſier, and a Phyſician. Now, which of theſe is your Top-Profeſſion, I mean that which brings you in the moſt Money, the Lord knows. However, hoping the beſt ſtill of the Church, this comes to tell you, Reverend Sir, that I am glad at your good Fortune, and wiſh you all the Proſperity you can deſire.

All your Friends here in Town are extreamly pleaſed at your grafting the Graſier upon the Clergyman. You have reduc'd Things, they ſay, to their primitive Condition, and join'd two Trades, as the World makes them now, that liv'd peaceably together long before the Flood. The old Patriarchs, you know, were both Prieſts and Graſiers, and had an equal Juriſdiction over their two-legg'd and four-legg'd Congregations. When Paganiſm got Footing in the World, the Caſe was ſomewhat altered; then Sacrifices came in Play, and the Prieſts and Graſiers turn'd Butchers; which noble Employment, ſome malicious People will tell you, their Succeſſors have kept up under another Diſpenſation.

But as for your joining the Phyſician to the Divine, they are not ſo well ſatisfy'd. Some wonder'd why you would take up a Profeſſion that lies under the Imputation of being in the Hands of Atheiſts: But, Gentlemen, ſaid I, don't trouble your ſelves for that Matter; for let a Parſon tack a hundred other Profeſſions to his own, yet I'll engage, that like Oil among other Liquors, the Clergyman will float uppermoſt. Beſides, who knows but it was your ill Fortune to live amongſt ſuch a refractory perverſe People as *Don Diego*'s were, that would not knock off in any reaſonable Time, but liv'd long, on Purpoſe to ſpite their Relations, and defraud the Church of its Perquiſites. The Ropes grew mouldy, and the Bells were in Danger of forgetting their Notes, for want of Exerciſe; and the Graſs in your Church-yard, for want of being corrected by the Spade, grew ſo ſcandalouſly and enormouſly high, that the Arch-Deacon complain'd of it at the Viſitation. Then the poor Sexton, God help him, finding no Employment from the Dead, was in a fair Way to be ſtarv'd among the Living; and had as little to do as a Pimp at *Newmarket*, when the C——t is not there. Then he and you; oh! I beg your Pardon

don, Doctor; then you and he, under the melancholy Yew-Tree that faces the Church-Porch, all alone, like Mr. *Dryden*'s two Turtles in the Siege of *Granada*, coo'd and murmur'd to each others Moan, and made as mournful a Conſort between you, as two Sea-mens Widows in a Brandy-Shop near the Navy-Office. Husbands complain'd of their Wives, and Wives of their Husbands, for ſticking ſo unmercifully long to one another; and what is a dreadful Thing to conſider, there had like to have been a general Inſurrection of all the young Fellows againſt their moſt unnatural Fathers for the ſame Account. To prevent theſe, and a thouſand other Inconveniences, I think it was very diſcreetly done of you, to ſet up for a Phyſician; and now I don't queſtion but the Bells toll merrily, the Ropes are made tractable with uſing, the Churchyard looks like a Place of Buſineſs, and your Sexton can afford to treat himſelf with a Capon at Supper.

As I was reading *Caligula*'s Life t'other Morning, you came into my Head, I proteſt, and I could not forbear to wiſh, that it had been your good Luck to live under his auſpicious Reign. That Emperor, who was not partial to his own Species, but heartily encourag'd Merit where-ever he found it, whether in Man or Beaſt, 'twas the ſame Thing to him, generouſly beſtow'd a fat Parſonage upon his Horſe *Incitatus*, whom, by the by, he deſign'd to make Lord-Mayor of *Rome* the next Year, but granted him, I ſuppoſe, a Diſpenſation to officiate by a Curate, becauſe the poor Brute had a natural Impediment in his Speech. So I was thinking with my ſelf, if this noble-ſpirited Prince could preſent his Horſe to a rich Living, what Preferment would he have refus'd to a Gentleman of your Ability, had you liv'd in *Rome* at that Time. But you have prevented all theſe Wiſhes in your Friends, by the wiſe Courſe you have taken to get Money; for the Devil's in't, if three gainful Trades, in *Confederacy*, cannot make a Shift to keep the *French* Wolf of Poverty from the Door. Some People, indeed, think you come within the Canon about Pluralities; but that is a Jeſt; they may as well call a double Chin a Plurality, and then the Lord have Mercy on the Wicked, and give a Bear and Fiddle that ſcandalous Name, which would

would touch the Copyhold of half the Curates in *Wales*. I would fain know why the Incumbent, where the Benefice won't keep Body and Soul together, ſhould not be ſuffer'd to make himſelf Amends in ſome other Employment, as well as your Mercers in a Country Village, to ſell every Thing, from broad Cloth and Sattin, down to Tape and Pack-Thread. Beſides, all the World knows that the *Reformation* ſtript the Church of Confeſſion and ſeveral other advantageous Points, which kept the Laity in good Order: Now what could better ſupply the Abſence of theſe Things, than the Profeſſion you have taken up, ſince we find the World is ſo wickedly given, that they have a greater Regard for their tranſitory Bodies, than their Souls? So now, if any of your Pariſhioners are obſtinate, don't threaten them with the Eccleſiaſtical Court, but ply them with Pills; don't excommunicate them, but give them Phyſick; for that will ſooner ſend them to the Devil, than the Cenſure of the C——h.

I, that am at ſo great a Diſtance from you, pleaſe my ſelf now and then with the Thoughts that I behold you in your own Dominions, with as buſy a Face as a Country Attorney ſtanding at his Door with a Brace of Pens in his Hair; ſometimes I ſee you in the Pulpit, knocking down Sin like an Ox; ſometimes handling of Bullocks in the Market, and from thence ſent for to feel the Pulſe of a Farmer's plump Daughter *in ordine ad Spiritualia*. Then out comes the Clyſter-Pipe; and when that is adminiſter'd, the Prayer-Book is lugg'd piping hot out of the ſame Pocket to beg a Bleſſing upon't. The Harmony of Authors too in your Library, muſt needs be admirable; *Culpepper*'s Midwife, and Dr. *Sherlock* upon Death; *Harvey de Lue Venerea*, and *Burgeſs* of Original Sin; *Colebatch* of Acids, and *Twiſſe* of the Goſpel Sweets; the Diſpenſatory, and the Concordance; a Father, and an Urinal-Monger. But what pleaſes me moſt, is, to hear that you are grown the graveſt Perſon in all the Country. Whatever you do, keep to your Gravity, and that will keep you. Some People, I know, will call it Dulneſs; and, to ſay the Truth, Dulneſs and Gravity like the two *Sofia*'s in the Play, reſemble one another ſo much, that 'tis almoſt impoſſible to diſtinguiſh them; but

but no Matter for that, ſtill hold to the Text of Gravity; for the topping Men in all Profeſſions are protected by their Gravity, as the Towns in *Holland* are by the Mud and Dirt about them.

Having been told of ſeveral of your Cures, I wiſh we had you here in Town, to ſhew a Piece of your Skill upon an old Acquaintance of yours, who is troubled with a dead Palſey on one Side, which I am afraid he will never recover of, 'till Death or you come to his Relief; I mean poor *Harry S*——, who has lately marry'd the Widow *D*——. For my Part, I can never ſee him, but I think of the Embalmer in *Herodotus*, that committed Fornication with a dead Body. St. *Francis*, that was forc'd to run into a Heap of Snow, to correct the Inſolences of Nature, would have turn'd as cold and motionleſs as *Lot*'s Wife at the very Sight of her. A generous well-body'd Calenture, ſuch as they have under the Line, may perhaps put her Blood into Motion; but a common ordinary Fever can no more warm her, than you can roaſt a Surloin of Beef by a Farthing Candle. By this you may gueſs what a wretched Condition your Friend is in. If there is any Thing in your Art that can give this Gentlewoman a civil Lift into the other World, (for really ſhe is too good for this) you are deſir'd to communicate it; and, beſides a good round Gratuity, *Harry* promiſes you ſhall preach her Funeral Sermon; ſo that after you have deſtroy'd her with your Pills, you may likewiſe murder her with your Oratory. I am

Your humble Servant,

THO. BROWN.

A LETTER *to Madam* —— *kept by a* Jew *in* Covent-Garden.

AT my coming to Town, I was ſurpriz'd to hear two Things: That the Duke of *Savoy* had quitted the Confederates, and gone over to the *French*, and (what ſtartled me more) that Mrs. *Lucy* had thrown off her old Chriſtian Acquaintance, and revolted to the *Jews*. Faith, Child I could never have imagin'd, that you,

you, of all the Women in the World, would ever have chosen a Gallant out of that Religion, which clips and diminishes the current Coin of Love, or could ever be brought to like those People that liv'd two thousand Years on Types and Figures. But, perhaps, you fancy'd the Nation for *Sampson*'s Sake, of brawny Memory. If you did, you are like to lose your Longing; for you may as well look for some of the Race of the two Giants at *Guild-hall in Cheapside*, as for any of *Sampson*'s Progeny in *Dukes-Place*. Some of your Friends alledge, in your Justification, that you were wholly directed by your Interest in this Choice, and troth I can't blame you. Our Statesmen and Senators, our Divines, Merchants, and Lawyers, act all upon that Principle; and why a poor frail Woman should not be allow'd the same Privileges, I cannot see. So then, I find, 'tis neither Circumcision nor Uncircumcision that avails any Thing with you, but Money, which is, in Reality, of all Religions; and you only put in Practice what your kind Keeper's Ancestors did formerly in the Wilderness, that is, you fall down before the Golden Calf, which, the *Rabbies* say, was some Excuse for their Idolatry. Upon this Foot I'll allow you to grant some Favours to your *Old Testament* Spark, so long as his Pot of *Manna* continues full, and you find him like the Land of *Canaan*, flowing with Milk and Honey. However, in the mean Time, consider how his Predecessors serv'd the *Ægyptians*, and let it not disturb your pious Conscience to use him in the same Manner. For your Comfort, all our Casuists agree, that it is no more Sin to cheat a *Jew*, than to over-reach a *Scot*, or to put false Dice upon a Stock-jobber. And now, old Friend of mine, to tell thee the Truth, I have a great Inclination upon me to be wonderfully loving to thee, and I'll tell thee the Reason: If thou hadst kept still within the Pale of the Church, I believe you and I knew one another so intimately well before, that I should have lain under no great Temptation to trespass with thee. But since thou hast admitted an Interloper into thy Bosom, I have a wonderful longing to beat up his Quarters,

Quarters, and am resolv'd to cuckold this *Eleazar*, this *Eben-Ezra*, this Son of Circumcision, only to shew my Zeal to Christianity. Therefore meet me, dear *Lucy*, this very Evening in the Pit; for I long to know, first, how thou madest a Shift to pass the *Levitical* Muster with him; and, secondly and lastly, to be informed, whether *Aaron*'s Bells make better Musick than ours.

Adieu.

A LETTER *from a Gentleman in* Holland *to his Friend in* England.

YOU may imagine I lead none of the most comfortable Lives here, when I tell you, that I am quarter'd in a little pimping Village on the Frontier of *Flanders*, where I have no Men to converse, and no Women to intrigue with. To begin with the former, I am a perfect *Barbarian* to them, and so I believe I should be, if I liv'd among them till Doomsday. For all I know, they may wish me at the Devil, and curse me, when I fancy they are at their Complements. However, this is no more Temptation to me to learn their croaking Language, than I should have, if I were marry'd, to imitate the jealous *Italian* in *Poggius*, who gelt himself, on purpose to know whether his Wife was true to his Bed. Then their Liquor is so abominable, that there's no enduring it; rather than do Penance in such vile Stuff, two of my Soldiers are forc'd to fill their Guts with Water every Day, and then stand upon their Heads a quarter of an Hour together, to make themselves giddy, which gives them some feeble Representation of Drunkenness. In short, I am grown rusty for want of Exercise, and pass away my Time as uneasily, as a poor Carp that has been used to range in a River, does in a little Cistern of Water at a *Fishmonger*'s by *Temple-Bar*. However I could make a Shift to bear the Brutality of Men, if the other Sex made me Amends; but i'faith they are cold to such a Degree, that neither Love nor Wine can unthaw them.

them. I must needs own, I have the same Quarrel to the Generality of your Women in *London*, as the Clergy have to the Laity, that is to say, they know too much; but a Plague on't, the Females here have the contrary Fault, and are such flegmatick, stupid Creatures, that a Man must live the Age of a Patriarch among them, to teach them to fetch and carry. In short, you may sooner teach a *Laplander* Algebra. Tho' the *Virtuosi* may be mistaken in their universal Character, yet I thought Love had an universal Language, which was understood from Pole to Pole, and that he kept an Exchange in all Corners of the Earth, where the two Sexes might barter their Commodities; but here, it seems, this Traffick is not practis'd, tho' they trade in every Thing else. By Signs, and other Motions, I can make a shift to tell them what I would eat and drink; but I cannot, with all that my Eyes can speak, with all that my Fingers can express, make the Women understand my Meaning, so as to relieve my more pressing Necessities. Looking once with a languishing ridiculous Air, as People in Love use to do, my Landlord's Daughter thought I was ill, and a Physician was presently sent for, (so I guess'd him to be, by the Clister-pipe hanging by his Side) but I had the Grace to refuse the Civilities he design'd me. To try her yet farther, I put a Pledge into her Hands, which the Women in all other Parts of the Globe are willing enough to exchange, and know the Value of; but she look'd upon it as unconcern'd as a *Cheapside* Cit does at a Cuckold, and return'd it me back; and yet the Wench was plump and handsome, was past twenty, and seem'd to be made of the same good-natur'd Materials with the Women in *England*. 'Tis a common Saying, but untrue, that no Nation is so barbarous, but Love and Religion have got Footing in it. If we may believe our modern Travellers, the *Hotentots* have no Religion; and I have found, by sorrowful Experience, that the *Dutch* Women have no taste of Love: Whether this proceeds from this natural Coldness, which produces the same Effects here that Grace does in other Places, or whether their Business, to which they are

no

no leſs br d than the Men, proves too prevalent for all amorous Impreſſions, I can tell; but this is certain, that as a modern Author expreſſes himſelf, we find among theſe *Pagan* People, *un certain uſage de pruderie quaſi generalement etablie, je ne ſcai quelle vielle tradition de continence, qui paſſe de mere en fille comme une eſpece de Religion.* In ſhort, if Love be a Deity, there are no ſuch damn'd Atheiſts in the World as in this ſtrange Climate. 'Tis true, in other Places thoſe of the fair Sex may be too profuſe in their Offerings: but, as the Divines rightly obſerve, Superſtition is better than Prophaneneſs. Thoſe few here that pretend to own his Power, pay their Oblations to him with as ill a Will, as a breaking Tradeſman pays his Taxes to the Government. It does not come from any generous Principle within, the Heart has no Share in the Sacrifice; and the Soul, which in other Countries loves to aſſiſt, and go along with the Body upon theſe Occaſions, is as unconcern'd here, as a Tradeſman's Rake-helly Prentice at a Quaker's Meeting. Not but that there are Whores and marry'd Women too in this Country; (which m y ſeem to deſtroy what I have ſaid before) but they know no more what Gallantry means, than they underſtand *Arabick*; and the former are ſuch rampant mercenary Devils, that they would even lick old *Lucifer*'s cloven Feet for a ſingle Gilder. In ſhort, there's not one honeſt *Rahab* to be found among them, to juſtify the Profeſſion; and Love has ne'er a Court in all the Seven Provinces, where a Man can be heard in *forma pauperis:* which is a ſad Thing for us poor Soldiers, that are not over-ſtock'd with the Ready. And then, as I have already told you, thoſe that paſs for Maids, are ſuch inſenſible Things, that one may ſucceed much ſooner in his Pretenſions elſewhere, than he can here make himſelf underſtood: Or, to expreſs myſelf in the Language or *Weſtminſter-Hall*, one may get his Cauſe try'd, enter upon the Premiſes, and levy a Fine elſewhere, before he can put in his Plea here, let him uſe all the Art he can. The young Fellows are made of the ſame unthinking Clay; they ſometimes talk of the Flames of Love, but 'tis ſo as we do,

do, at this Distance, of the Siege of *Troy*, which nothing concerns us. 'Tis next to an Article of Faith with them, that no Evacuation is so refreshing as a *Belch*, that nothing warms but Brandy, and that nothing is worth a Man's courting but Money.

Gues's then what a dismal Penance I have undergone in this wicked Place; but now, Heaven be prais'd, my Persecution is like to be at an End; for next Week we are order'd to join the Army at *Nivelle*, where I hope to meet good Store of Champaign, and to make my self Amends out of the Female Recruits that are arriv'd from *England*. Come Battle and Murder, Bloodshed and Desolation, Fire and Faggot: in fine, any Thing but *Dutch* Women, and the Curse of Sobriety. Thus prays

Your most oblig'd Servant.

To his Mistress, that shew'd his Letters to his Rival.

YOUR barbarous and unjust Usage of me has had this good Effect, tho' I am not at all oblig'd to you for it, as to make me a very good Christian. I was in a fair Way to commit Idolatry, and to pay my Adoration in a wrong Place; so far had a gay Outside impos'd upon me. But, Madam, you have absolutely cur'd me of this superstitious Blindness; and now I can plainly discover the Fiend, where I imagin'd a little before, that nothing but a Goddess inhabited.

Since my Eyes have been thus open'd, I can look upon the fairest of your Sex, without finding the least Emotion in my Heart; and the most beautiful Woman of Heaven's making affects me no more than one of Sir *Godfrey*'s: Nay, in some Respect, the Copy may be said to exceed the Original: It has as fair and charming an Outside, but nothing of that Vanity and Impertinence, nothing of that Hypocrisy, Malice, and Dissimulation, which make up the Composition of the other.

I dare appeal to yourself, who are none of the most impartial Judges in the World, whether I ever said, or did, or write, one misbecoming Thing to you. Passion, perhaps, which intoxicates no less than Wine, might betray one to some Excesses; but still they were to your Advantage; on which Score you were obliged, if not to forgive them, yet at least to bury them in Silence. I never approach'd you but with a sacred Awe, and always represented a Divinity to myself, when ever I took Pen in Hand to acquaint you with the Sentiments of my Soul. If my Incense was not of the first Sort, (for I am humble enough to believe, that you might have receiv'd much better from a thousand other Hands) yet the Sincerity of him that offer'd it ought to have cover'd him from your Displeasure. Tho' you dislike my Flame, yet in common Charity you might have suffer'd it to expire in its own Urn. If you were resolv'd to punish it for aspiring so high, one single Frown would have extinguish'd it, or at least secur'd you from being troubled with it any longer. But to divert yourself and my Rival, at the Expence of an unhappy Lover, who was then bleeding for you; to publish his Infirmities, only occasioned by the Violence of his Passion; oh! thou downright Devil! I should say, Woman, was cruel to the last Degree, and such Usage that the worst of Princes never treated the worst of Subjects with. But, Heaven be prais'd, it awaken'd every Resentment about me, and in spite of my Weakness gave me Courage enough to tear you from my Heart, which you had so unjustly usurp'd.

But I forgot, Madam, that you made me a Christian; so to shew that I am still in perfect Charity with you, I hope, and that without any Reserve, to see you marry'd to my Rival. Since your Vanity takes such Delight to be address'd, the very next Day after the Priest has join'd your Hands, may you receive more Letters from your pretended or real Admirers, than are sent to a Secretary of State after the first Discovery of a Plot. May you shew them to your Husband, in hopes he will challenge one of the Sparks, and

and fall in your Quarrel. May they have that Effect, as to fly-blow him in the jealous Side of his Head; but may he never think you worth the while to venture the cutting of a Finger in the Defence of your Honour. Still may the Sparks perſecute you with their Billets; and ſtill may he think them to be of your own contriving, and treat you accordingly. In ſhort, may he and you live long, exceeding long together, and may Providence ſo influence all his Actions, as to make him an Inſtrument of doing Juſtice to you, and to the

Much injur'd———

From a Beau, diſſwading his Brother Beau to go to Flanders.

ALL the Chocolate-Houſes at this End of the Town are exceedingly ſurpriz'd at the inhuman Reſolution thou haſt taken, of paſſing this Campaign in *Flanders*, and talk of going into Mourning for thee. Nay, would'ſt thou believe it! thoſe brawny Inſenſibles, the Chair-men, take it to Heart, and threaten to renounce Flip and All-Fours, ſince thou haſt decreed to leave *England*. Prithee, *Tam*, what have the Ladies done, that thou ſhould'ſt be ſo cruel to them? Or, rather, what unweildy Sins haſt thou committed, to be ſo barbarous to thy ſelf? For my Part, I look upon thee to be bewitch'd, for I cannot otherwiſe account for thy Madneſs. Thou haſt no Religion to fight for, that's certain; and there are Liberty and Property Fools enough in the Nation, without thee, to help to increaſe their Numbers.

Lord! what will the Degeneracy of this Age come to? That a Gentleman that underſtands Dreſſing to Perfection, and has ſpent ſo many Hours at *Locket's* and the *Blue Poſts*, to cultivate his Palate, ſhould ever be ſuch a Sot, as in cool Blood, and of his own true Accord, to viſit that helliſh Country, where the Burgo-maſters and the Boors conſpire between them to infect the very Air with their Belches. Rot my

Diaphragm, if the nasty Word has not polluted my Ink, so that I am forc'd to put some Orange-Water into the Standish, to correct the unsavory Smell. Really, *Tam*, to think of the Miseries thou must endure this Summer, is as bad as going up to the Monument: It has made me giddy, confound me else, and my Head turns round like a Weather-cock. In the first Place, to lye in a damn'd sneaking Tent, where you can scarce turn yourself round, with no Curtains to your Bed; nay, not so much as a Looking-glass in its lowest Signification: Then no other Pulvilio to scent your Periwig, but the Dust of the Plains and Gunpowder, and to stink worse of the latter than *Cheapside* did formerly on a Lord Mayor's-Day; upon those unrighteous Things call'd Marches, no such Convenience as a Chair to be got. For your Comfort, *Tam*, you must walk thro' thick and thin with no Waiter behind you to clean your Shoes, among a Herd of skirtless Rascals, that stink worse than Pole-cats. Oh! let me think no more of them. Besides, 'tis a Million to one that walking thus in the Sun, will dignify your Face with some Pimples. Horrid and hideous! the very Thought of a Pimple has so discompos'd me, that feeling something itch in my Forehead,——I must beg your Pardon, *Tam*,——if being under the Apprehensions of such a Disaster, I now and then make bold to consult that faithful Oracle my Glass:——Heaven be prais'd, 'tis not so bad with me;—— and yet what the Devil means that little Spot of Red?——'Tis well 'tis no worse, I may thank my Sotting for this.——Dem it, to drink a whole Pint of Claret at a Sitting! Hell and Furies! how it increases!——I would not have a Pimple, *Tam*, for the *Indies*.——But 'tis gone after all, and I find my Suspicions were in vain.

To come now, *Tam*, to the Field of Battle; those ill-bred whorson Things call'd Bullets, are no Respecters of Persons. A Pox on them, they observe no Distinction between a fine Gentleman and a Dragooner. Perhaps it would not grieve a Man to lose his Life upon a good Occasion; (I speak this by Way of Supposition

position only) but to survive the untimely Fate of one's belov'd Wig, to see one's embroider d Coat mangled and hack'd, is enough to break the Heart of *Hercules*, if he were alive, and had a true Sense of Things. To dissuade you, if 'tis possible, from embarking in this pernicious Affair, let me conjure you as a Friend, to reflect upon Sir *John Foppington*'s Case. About two Months ago he puts on a Milk white Suit, designing to shew himself in it that Evening in the Park; and to do Sir *John* Justice, he never exerted the Brightness of his Imagination so much as he did upon the Trimming of it. Coming by *Catharine-Street*, a sawcy impudent Chimney-Sweeper daub'd his Coat. I wonder, *Tam*, by the by, that the Parliament never made a five Mile Act to banish such prophane Vallains out of all Corporations, as once they did the Dissenting Ministers. But so it happen'd as I tell you, and poor Sir *John* immediately went Home, and took his Bed upon't. He had all the Agonies of a despairing Sinner.——Come, Knight, says I, there's no Harm, I hope; prithee take Courage, and get up.——Good Heavens! my Coat, cry'd he.——Why there's no Danger, but it will recover, and do well.——Oh, that confounded Chimney-Sweeper!——Providence sent him to visit you for your Sins, Sir *John*.——But what Ill have I done to draw such a Judgment upon me?——The Ways of Heaven Sir *John*, are dark and mysterious. *Jack*,——I never committed Murder nor Sacrilege in my Life, why then should——. So he run on for above six Hours. All this while we endeavour'd to soften his Calamity to him, by reminding him of the Inconstancy of human Affairs. We refresh'd his Memory with Stories of Kings depos'd, and famous Monarchies subverted; but 'twas all in vain: He could not be perswaded to live, 'till the Scowerer had taken his Oath before a Justice of Peace, that the Coat was not a Farthing the worse. Nay, this was not enough, the Taylor was sent for to confirm the Scowerer's Deposition; and the Woman of the House, who saw him put it on in the Morning, must swear, as she hopes to be saved, that is was not in the least injur'd.

If this melancholy Instance, *Tam*, is not enough to deter you from your wicked Resolution, and you have no Bowels of Compassion for the Issue of your own Fancy, meaning your Cloaths, pray retire for a Moment or two to your Closet; lay your Hand upon your Heart, and ask it coolly and soberly, how it would relish that most extraordinary Accomplishment, a wooden Leg? Think what a decent Figure you'll make in a Lady's Chamber with so fine a Qualification. Good Lard, a wooden Leg! 'Tis almost as charming as the Devil's cloven Foot. A Lover made of Flesh and Blood above, and of Timber below, what an odd Composition is that! The *Minotaur* in the Fable, who was half Man and half Beast, was a Cherubim to him. Or, *Tam*, if this does not mortify you, pray consider, that there are certain impudent Things in an Army call'd Guns, that without asking any Questions, will demolish a Man's Nose, or run away with one of his Arms, or carry off half his Teeth and Under-Jaw; and yet there lies no Action against them for it. Such Blessings as these are to be had in *Flanders*, with due Care and Application; and, *Tam*, you must see several Heroes about the Town, who purchas'd them at no little Expence of Time and Blood at *Steenkirk* and *Landen*. But, *Tam*, if you have any Guts in your Brains, you'll never long to make one of the Number.

Having mention'd the Loss of Arms, Teeth, and Legs, without which, *Tam*, we can neither make our Reverences with a good Air, nor talk agreeably to the Ladies, nor perform our Parts at a Ball; if this won't fright you, 'twould be impertinent to put you in Mind that you have another Thing still to lose, and that is your Life. For, alas! *Tam*, what is Life worth, when we have lost the only Thing that maketh the Trifle dear to us? As for me, confound my *Glandula Pinealis*, if I am not of *Will Essence*'s Opinion, the greatest Genius that *Covent-Garden* ever produc'd for exquisite Dressing, who used to say, For his Part he knew not what a Man's Head was good for, but to hang his Hat or his Periwig on; and that if it were put to his Choice, he would as soon lose that as any other Part about

about him; that the chief End of Man was to dress well, and Death itself was not so formidable as a *Dishabille*. But whether does this Subject hurry me? Or how came that sowr Monosyllable *Death* in our Pen's Way? Faith, *Tam*, I dare trust my Thought no longer with so melancholy a Theme. So hoping you'll be so kind to your self, as to consider more of this Matter, I am

Votre tres humble Serviteur.

The Shoulder-knot Cabal meets to Morrow Night near St. *James's*, to do a singular Act of Justice, and to think of Ways and Means how to restore those long-neglected Ornaments. Your Company is expected there.

To a young Lawyer that dabbled in Poetry.

SIR,

YOUR Friends in the Country, understanding, to their Grief, that you are infected with Verse-making, by the same Token that the Spots of *Parnassus* have broke out upon you in several Love-Sonnets, and a Pindarick Ode upon the *Peace*, they have desir'd me, whom they knew to labour under the same Distemper formerly, to attempt your Cure, with the same Prospect, I suppose, as the People of *Spain* and *Italy* employ the Priests to exorcise the Devil, because they are best acquainted with him. Take it therefore for an undoubted Truth, that Law and Poetry are as incompatible as War and Plenty, and that the Lawyer and Poet can no more inhabit in the same Person, than a Beau and Chimney-sweeper. The Law proposeth Interest for its End, and that Consideration makes its Thistles palatable; but you'll find your self damnably mistaken, if you think to advance your self by the Muses. After you have spent your whole Age in their Service, you must not expect to have your Arrears paid so much as in Malt-Tickets or Exchequer Notes. They'll put you off to one Mrs. *Tattle*, alias *Fame*, the veryest Coquet that ever was; and that prating Gossip

will ſham you with an Immortality-Ticket, forſooth, which is not to become due to you 'till you are laid aſleep in a Church-yard; and neither you nor your Heirs will be a Farthing the better for it. What is worſe, the nine Siſters above-mention'd will not only diſappoint your Expectations as to a Reward, but will engroſs all your Favours, and ſuffer no Rivals to interfere with them. Like the *Eaſt-India* Women, they'll expect you ſhould prove conſtant, and beſtow no Marks of Benevolence elſewhere, otherwiſe conclude to be poiſon'd by them, and made uncapable of any Thing elſe; and nothing, you know, is ſo furious as the Revenge of a diſcarded Miſtreſs. If you deſign to touch at the moſt advantageous Port in the Land of Poetry, call'd the Theatre, conſider how viſible the Dangers, and how unſuitable the Returns are. To pleaſe the Ladies, you muſt take Care to lard the Dialogue with Store of luſcious Stuff, which the Righteous call Bawdy: To pleaſe our Reformers, you muſt have none; otherwiſe gruff *Jeremy* will be upon your Bones. In ſhort, a Poet has as hard a Task on't to manage, as a Paſſive Obedience Divine that preaches before the Commons on the 30th of *January*. Then, to ſit with an aking Heart for three long Hours behind the Scenes, within an Inch of Damnation all the while, though you ſhould come off never ſo victorious, can you imagine the ſucceeding Pleaſure can make you Amends for ſo much Pain and Anguiſh? But you fancy the *Indies* are lodg'd in *Drury-Lane*, and that the *Spaniſh* Plate-Fleet is not to be compar'd to a good third Day. To undeceive you then, the Theatre is not ſo overſtock'd with ungodly Mammon, as you may believe. *Rablais* ſomewhere ſaith, that the very Shadow of an Abbey-ſteeple is enough to get a Woman with Child; and I can tell you, for your Comfort, that the Shadow of the Theatre is ſtarving, and the Air of it as naturally produces Poverty, as that of the Hundreds in *Eſſex* begets Agues. There was a Woollen-draper in the *Strand*, that unhappily dream'd but of a Candle-ſnuffer of the Houſe, who is at leaſt four Removes from a Poet, and the poor Fellow broke within a Week after.

So then, if you have the Fear of Intereſt before your Eyes, ſtick cloſe to the Law, and let Poetry go to the Devil.

vil. *Ovid* will be an everlasting Testimony of this truth to all Ages of the World. His Father, like a wise old Gentleman, design'd him for the Bar; but the giddy Fop flung up that Profession, and set up for a Wit; but observe, I beseech you, what he got by the Exchange. By some of his foolish Verses he drew the Emperor's Displeasure upon himself, who sent him a grazing, to teach him more Manners, and so he liv'd a miserable Fugitive, *in partibus infidelium*, where he had Leisure enough to curse the versifying Planet which betray'd him to these Extremities. One or two perhaps in the Compass of six thousand Years have made their Fortunes by it; but is this any Encouragement for you to betake your self to *Apollo*'s high Road? What Man of ordinary Sense would hazard his All in a Lottery, in Hopes of meeting a benefited Ticket, where he has Forty thousand to One Odds against him. Besides, Business and Poetry agree as ill together as Faith and Reason; which two latter, as has been judiciously observ'd by the fam'd Tub-drubber of *Covent Garden*, can never be brought to set their Horses together. Those poor Rogues, that do *Apollo*'s Drudgery, like the Servants that belong to Dr. *Ch—n*'s Land-Office, must ev'n take their Labour for their Pains; for *Apollo* and the Doctor pay no Wages; and they agree in this too, that Paper passes with both for ready Money.

On the other Hand, the Law has all the Baits you can think of to take you: Crowds of Clients to dance Attendance at your Chamber every Morning: Wealth perpetually flowing in upon you, and all this attain'd with a few Qualifications; nothing but a strong pair of Bellows, call'd Lungs, and a Forehead of the *Corinthian* Order, are required. So that if you abandon so rich a Soil, to starve upon a barren Common, the very Stones in *Westminster-Hall*, like the Blood of the Recorder's Horses, will rise up in Judgment against you. After all, if you are not Master of Philosophy enough to set your self at Liberty, and cannot entirely shake off the rhiming Disease, let me advise you, as a Friend, to trespass that Way in private; let not your Mistress, nor so much as your Bottle-Companion, know any Thing of the Matter; but when the Writing-

Fit is upon you, do it with as much prudent Circumspection as discreet Thieves when they are going to commit Burglary. Otherwise you must lie under the Scandal of being thought a disaffected Man to *Cook* and *Littleton*; and if that should arrive to my Lord Chief Justice's Ears, good Night to your Practice. This is all that I have at present to say upon this Head, who am

Your most humble, &c.

A comical Letter out of the famous Monsieur de Colletier, *to Mademoiselle* de Choux.

Madam,

DID you ever see an Almanack in your Life? You'll say this is an odd Question. I'll give you the Reason then why I ask'd it: There's an odd Sort of a Fellow usually pictur'd in it, Madam, with the Devil knows how many Darts in his Body. And what of him? Cry you. Why, Madam, he's only a Type of your humble Servant; for that Son of a Whore *Cupid* has so pink'd me all over with his confounded Arrows, that, by my Troth, I look like, —— let me think, like what?—— like your Ladyship's Pin-cushion. But this is not all: Your Eyes had like to have prov'd more fatal to me, than *Cupid* and all his Roguery; for, Madam, while I was Star-gazing t'other Night at your Window, full of Fire and Flame, (as we Lovers use to be) I dropt plumb into your Fishpond, by the same Token that I hiss'd like a red-hot Horse-shoe flung into a Smith's Trough. 'Twas a hundred Pounds to a Penny but I had been drown'd; for those that came to my Assistance, left me to shift for my self, while they scrambled for boil'd Fish that were as pentiful as Herrings at *Rotterdam*. Some of my Fellow-sufferers I caught, of which I intend to make an Offering to your Ladyship, as well as of, Madam,

Your most devoted Slave,

Colletier.

To

To Madam ———

AS nothing is so honourable as an ancient Friendship, so nothing is so scandalous as an old Passion. Undeceive yourself, Madam, of the false Merit of being faithful, and take it for a certain Truth, that Constancy is the only Thing in the World that can bring the Reputation of your Beauty in Question. Who knows whether you resolv'd to love but one Person, or whether it was your Happiness to find but one single Lover. Malicious People will be apt to fancy the latter.

You vainly imagine that you practise a Vertue, while, alas! you make us suspect you have Defects we don't perceive. In the mean Time, consider how many Inquietudes accompany this pretended Vertue, and what a vast Difference there is between the Disgusts that an old Engagement gives us, and the pleasant Conflicts of a growing Passion.

In a new Amour we pass every Hour of the Day with new Satisfaction. 'Tis an expressible Pleasure to find that our Love grows upon us every Minute; but in a Passion of an old standing, our Time is spent very uneasily, in still loving less, or not loving at all.

We may live well enough with Persons that are indifferent to us: either common Civility, good Manners, or the Consideration that they may sometimes be serviceable to us, may reconcile us to it: But how miserably do we pass our Lives with them whom we love, when we find that we are not belov'd again?

I have only four Words more to say to you, and I will be so free with you as to desire you to make some Reflection upon them. If you continue still to place your Affection upon that which ought to displease you, 'tis a Sign you have none of the best Tastes; and if you have not Resolution enough to quit that which makes you uneasy, 'tis a downright Weakness; you ought to put it into your Litany, and pray to be deliver'd from it.

Out of the Reflections of Monsieur Villiers. *To his much esteem'd Friend, Monsieur*-----, *shewing the Difference between a young Lady and an old Hypocrite.*

I Remember that the last Time I had the Honour of your Conversation, we happen'd to talk of several Persons that made a great Ostentation of their Piety, and pass'd for Saints in the Places where they lived, who, as we had just Occasion to suspect, by their over-acting the Farce, were downright Cheats if truly examin'd. I was going to confirm this with a Story that lately fell within my own Observation; but happen'd to be interrupted by the coming in of fresh Company, which put a Stop to the Discourse. However, as it is worth your knowing, I have given my self the Trouble to send you a full Account of it in this Letter.

About a Month ago I had Occasion to travel into the Country with two Ladies, one of them a young Marchioness, descended of one of the noblest Families in the Kingdom; the other a Lawyer's Widow, about fifty Years old, who took the same Title upon her, tho' the Meanness of her Extraction, and her Husband's Employment, that was none of the most honourable, might have secur'd her, one would have thought, from so ridiculous a Temptation. But being left very rich, her own Vanity, and the Complaisance of her Friends, had made her a Marchioness, and this was the Title she receiv'd on all Occasions, and at last challeng'd as her Due.

I had but little Acquaintance with either of them, but I was engag'd in this Journey by a Friend, whose Commands I could not well disobey, and who knew both these Ladies perfectly well.

We were going to the Government of the young Marchioness's Husband, where she was expected, and Preparations were made on the Road for her Reception, the old Marchioness travelling only as her Companion; however, she had her Share of all the Honours and Civi-

lities

lities that were paid to the other. At the first City where we arrived, as soon as we had alighted out of the Coach, the young Marchioness was invited to a very pleasant Walk without the Town; and it being Summer time, she embrac'd the Motion: But the old Lady taking an Air of Authority upon her, said it would be much better to go to Church, and hear a good Sermon there. The young Marchioness told her, she might go thither if she pleas'd, while she took a Walk. This Answer cruelly nettled the Widow; but she dissembled the Matter as well as she could, and, taking the next Way to the Church, she desir'd me to bear her Company thither. Altho' this Fit of Devotion seem'd somewhat unseasonable to me, yet good Manners would not suffer me to let her walk alone. So with her I went, and all the Way had the Satisfaction to hear her vent her godly Spleen very plentifully at the young Marchioness; she told me a hundred reproachful Stories of her; nay she did not forbear to censure even her Conduct. This Language continu'd 'till she came into the Church-Porch. I admir'd with my self how it was possible for so zealous a Sermon-hunter to be so damnable censorious.

All the while she was at Church, she made up her Mouth as demurely as the best of the Congregation; as soon as it was over, she re-assum'd the old Argument, and rail'd on as fast as her malicious Lungs would give her leave, 'till we came to the young Marchioness, who was still walking in the Garden. I had there an Opportunity to discourse the young Lady in private; and to satisfy my self whether there had been any former Quarrel between them; turn'd the Conversation upon the old Marchioness, of whom she spoke in very obliging Terms, and did not say the least Syllable of her that was disrespectful. I then made no Difficulty to conclude, that this formal Hypocrite, that was perpetually disgorging broken Ends of Sermons, and pelting every Body that came near her with Texts of Scripture, was nothing near so vertuous at Bottom as the young Lady, who kept her Devotion to herself; and I made a thousand Observations during this short Journey, that fully confirm'd me in this Opinion.

The

The young Marchioneſs, who, as I told you before, made no great Noiſe or Buſtle about her Religion, ſpent but half an Hour at her *Toilet*, and always got ready one of the firſt for her Journey.

The old Lady ſpent no leſs than three Hours in tricking herſelf, and made the Company perpetually tarry for her.

Our Religious Dame, for all her Pretences to Mortification, thought it no Sin to patch and paint her ſelf: The Marchioneſs, content with her Face ſuch as Heaven made it, ſcorn'd to have Recourſe to ſuch Artifices.

The former muſt always have her Gellies, and Broths, and Caudles, and the Lord knows what, brought to her before ſhe would venture her Carcaſe out of Bed; the latter never thought of eating 'till the very Moment before ſhe went into her Coach.

The young Lady was always in good Humour, ſpoke well of every Body, was ſatisfy'd with every Thing, and carefully avoided all the Complements and Honours that were done her, in a Country where ſhe was Miſtreſs.

On the other Hand, the old Marchioneſs, who was a perfect Stranger in it, not only took every Occaſion to receive them, but was always complaining that ſhe had not Reſpect enough paid her. The Beds were never good enough for her, the Dinner never pleas'd her, the Servants were always ſawcy or negligent, the Bills unreaſonable, the Coach-man either drove too faſt or too ſlow: Still ſhe found one Opportunity or another to vent her pious Indignation. No Body's Name could be mention'd to her, but ſtill ſhe found ſomething to blame in their Conduct. Then ſhe was the moſt imperious Devil alive to her Servants, none of her Women ever liv'd a full Fortnight with her. In ſhort, ſhe was eternally railing, cenſuring, and backbiting; but ſtill ſhe did it with a godly Air, and in the Language of the Old Teſtament.

If any one now ſhould ask me the Queſtion, which of theſe two I thought to have the moſt Religion, I ſhould immediately declare my ſelf in Favour of the young

young Marchioness; and yet to see how partially the World judges of Persons, the young Lady passes by common Consent for a Woman that is wholly devoted to the World, and the other is universally taken for a Saint.

Thus you see how easily the World is impos'd upon by a fair Outside and glittering Apearance. 'Tis true, your Persons of Sense see through these thin Disguises, and are sensible of the Cheat; but where you meet one of that Character, you find ten thousand Fools that always assist to deceive themselves. A Man of true Piety, that has no Designs to carry on, like one of an establish'd Fortune, always make the least Noise. One never pulls out his Money, the other never talks of Religion, but when there's Occasion for it.

This puts me in Mind of a Passage that happen'd t'other Day. I made a Visit one Afternoon to Madam ———, where I found several City-Ladies of the first Magnitude. After a great deal of foolish Chat about the Duty of Husbands, and the Infidelity of the Men, some Body in the Room, by what Accident I have now forgot, trump'd up *Silvius*'s Name, who you know is a Man of great Merit, and has the Happiness to be well receiv'd by the fair Sex. Says a starch'd Piece of Formality, I wonder how he comes to make so many Conquests; but for my Part, tho' he sigh'd a whole Age at my Feet, I am sure I should never lose a Moment's Repose for him. I don't know the Gentleman, replies another Lady; but if he is what the World represents him, I dare not answer to my Heart, that I could maintain it long against him. This latter spoke her Sentiments honestly, and without Reserve, whereas the other was a dissembling Coquet, that had bury'd two Husbands, and was looking out for a third; and, if warmly attack'd, would, I dare answer for her, swallow a Temptation without making wry Faces, as readily as an Usurer does an Orphan.

But tho' a good Reason may be given why we have so many Hypocrites in Religion, when they make their Fortunes by it, I could never comprehend the Mystery, that the Generality of the World should be such

Asses,

Asses, to value themselves for Things that are apparently false.

Lucius is the Grand-son of a Chimney-sweeper, all the World knows it, and yet the Sot values himself, in all Companies, upon his noble Extraction, everlastingly talks of the Services which his Ancestors have done the Publick. Yet, says a Gentleman to him one Day, finding him upon this Strain, the publick is obliged to your Ancestors, if it had not been for them, *Paris* had been in Danger of burning more than once.

Stentor is one of the vilest Preachers that ever murder'd a Text: He has nothing but his Lungs and Impudence to recommend him: He had never Learning enough at the College to get him a Degree, nor Reputation enough in the City to get twenty Auditors together to sit with him throughout; yet in all his Sermons this Insect quotes Fathers and Councils with as much Assurance as if he knew them, and talks of nothing but the vast Multitudes that flock from all Quarters to hear him.

Æmelia is an antiquated Maid, censorious and deformed, she has often brib'd Midwives and Persons to proclaim her for a great Fortune, and twenty times given Money to be join'd in a Lampoon with twenty Sparks one after another, to try if something would come on't. But after all her Intriguing, she could never yet find any one Cully weak enough to marry her: Yet she perpetually tells every one she sees, what advantageous Matches she has refus'd in her Time; such a Lord languish'd, and such a Knight run mad for her. And if you'll believe Captain *Buff*, the King has not dispos'd of the Government of a Fort these twenty Years, but he has had the first Offer of it.

But I forget I am writing a Letter, and have launched into an Essay: Therefore I will end abruptly here, rather than trespass any longer upon your Patience, and only beg Leave to add that I am

Your most humble Servant.

Miscel-

Miscellaneous Letters.

A LETTER *to the Duke of* Buckingham *in* Yorkshire.

My Lord,

AN humble Servant of yours here in Town, Monsr. *Borne* by Name, is so fully satisfy'd of the Reality of your Reformation, that he expresses himself in these Terms to all that have the Honour to know you.

I dare venture my own Salvation upon the same Bottom with that of the Duke of *Buckingham*'s, so firmly do I believe the Sincerity of his Conversion.

Conversion, says Mr. *Waller* to him, have a Care what you say: People don't use to be converted now a-Days so easily. This new Reformation you talk of in the Duke of *Buckingham* is owing neither to you nor me, nor yet to any Man living.

'Tis a new Friend of his, but one that has been dead the Lord knows how many hundred Years ago, that has very lately brought about this miraculous Change that so surprizes us.

I mean *Petronius Arbiter*, the most delicate Man of his Age, for Poetry, Painting and Musick. One that perpetually study'd and pursu'd Pleasure, one that turned the Day into the Night, and the Night into the Day; but at the same Time so absolute a Master of himself, that whenever his Affairs required it, he was one of the most regular Men in the Universe.

The Duke of *Buckingham*, who has long ago resembled him in a thousand other Qualities, was resolved

ved of late to imitate him too in this. Thus I have shown you, Monsieur *Borne*, from whence proceeds this Alteration in his Grace's Life, which you, it seems, have mistaken for a Conversion.

But with both these Gentlemen's Leave, I shall account for it after another Manner.

'Tis a certain Maxim with me, that no Man of a nice Palate can love Vice, when once it ceases to be agreeable; so, for my Part, I don't wonder that a Person of so refin'd and delicate a Taste as your Grace, takes up with the Vertue of Continence in the *North*, where you have no Objects to tempt and disturb you. But I dare engage that if we had you here in Town, and shew'd you some of our topping Beauties, that have Charms enough to conquer the most insensible, we should soon find the new Convert of Monsieur *Borne*, and Mr. *Waller*'s new *Petronius*, to be nothing in the World but the true genuine Duke of *Buckingham*.

Heaven forbid that I should ever be so wickedly given, as to dissuade your Grace from so comfortable a Quarter as Love. But I have another Sin to propose to you, which of your self you would never guess, and yet I recommend it sincerely to you, and from the Bottom of my Heart. I confess, it has a Scurvy Name, and the World calls it *Covetousness*; however, it would be of more Advantage to your Grace, than the Wisdom of Philosophers, and the Glory of Conquerors. To be short, I should rather chuse to see your Grace copy any of the Heroes in *Lombard-street*, than either *Socrates* or *Cæsar*. Where the Difficulty is great, the Merit of surmounting it is great. Now all the World knows that your Grace will find it infinitely more troublesome to you to imitate the former, than the two latter Gentlemen.

As we don't all on the sudden arrive to the Heighth of Perfection, I am not so vain as to expect you should practise all the Rules of Oeconomy at first Sight, nor so morose as to advise you to deny your self every Thing amongst so great an Affluence as surrounds you. All I beg of your Grace, is, that you would have a watchful Eye upon your City Friends, that have the fingering

ing of your Money, to keep them honeſt in ſpite of themſelves. For unleſs, out of Tenderneſs to their Souls, you hinder them from playing the Knaves, I dare ſwear for them that they would venture Damnation a hundred Times a Day, and all in your Grace's Service.

And now if you think it worth your while, when you come next to *London*, to bring a ſmall Retinue with you, but a great deal of Money in your Pocket, you will certainly be the Wonder of the whole Nation. If you neglect this Advice, the greater Part of the World will never be for you, and you muſt content your ſelf with a few Admirers in private, of whom I ſhall always be firſt, who am,

Your moſt humble Servant.

A Letter to the Dutcheſs of MAZARINE: *Out of* French.

I Have preſum'd, Madam, to ſend you ſome Advice, tho' I am ſenſible how little you Ladies care to receive any. But let the Effect be what it will, I am too much in the Intereſt of your Beauty, not to inform you, that you'll injure it extreamly, ſhould you be ſo ill adviſed as to ſet off and adorn your ſelf after the Faſhion of the Court-Ladies on the Queen's Birth-Day. Let others of your Sex make Uſe of Ornaments; for, properly ſpeaking, they are but ſo many artificial Helps, which we employ to cover the Defects of Nature, or elſe to give us ſome Agreements that are wanting in our Perſons. But, Heaven be praiſed, Madam, you lie under no ſuch Neceſſity: Every Ornament that is beſtow'd upon you, hides a Charm, as every Ornament that is taken from you, reſtores you ſome new Graces; and you are never ſo lovely, as when we behold nothing in you but your ſelf.

The greateſt Part of the Ladies loſe themſelves very advantageouſly under their Dreſs. How many indifferent Faces paſs well enough with Jewels and Diamonds,

monds, and conquer Hearts by Candle-light, that would make a very sorry Figure without them. The richest Necklace in the World would have an ill Effect upon you. It would make some Alteration in your Person, and every Alteration that happens to a perfect Beauty, would certainly be for the worse.

Leave others then to ruin themselves by their Jewels, and other Decorations; Nature that has been at so vast an Expence to frame you, has sav'd you that Charge. You, Madam, would be very ungrateful, and we should discover but a wretched Taste, should we not be equally content with that Profusion of Gifts she has heap'd upon you.

I would counsel you, Madam, to take the same Measures on her Majesty's Birth-Day, which the famous *Bussy d' Amboise* formerly observ'd at a Tournament. Being inform'd before-hand, that all the Noblemen of the Court design'd to put themselves to an extraordinary Expence in their Equipages and Cloaths, he order'd those of his Retinue to be dress'd like Lords, and appeared himself in the plainest Dress in the World, at the Head of so rich a Train. The Advantages of Nature were so conspicuous in the Person of *Bussy*, that he alone was taken for a great Lord, and the other Noblemen, that rely'd so much upon the Magnificence of their Habits, pass'd but for Valets.

Govern yourself, I beseech you, Madam, by the Example of *Bussy:* Let your Women be attir'd like Dutchesses, but as for your self, appear in the ordinary Dress of a Country Nymph, with nothing but the Charms of your Beauty to recommend you. All the Ladies will be taken for your Women, and the Plainness of your Habit will not hinder you from out-shining all the Queens in the Universe.

I have no great Inclination to tell Stories, which, perhaps, is nothing but the Effect of an ill-grounded Vanity, that makes me prefer the expressing of what I imagine, to the reciting of what I have seen. The Profession of a Story-teller sits but awkardly upon young People, and is downright Weakness in old Men. When our Wit is not arriv'd to its due Vigour, or when

when it begins to decline, we then take a Pleasure in telling what does not put us to any great Expence of Thought. However, I will for once renounce the Pleasure which I generally take in my own Imagination, to recount to you a short Adventure, which I once saw happen at the *Hague*.

During my Residence in that Place, some malicious *Damon* put it one Day into the Head of a certain Count and his Friend, to draw the Eyes of the Spectators after them. To put which noble Design in Execution, they both resolv'd that their Dress should have all the Magnificence which this Part of the World was able to give it, and at the same Time discover the Goodness of their Invention.

The Count, who was one of the nicest Men of his Age, had a thousand Singularities to distinguish him. He had a Plume of Feathers in his Hat, which was button'd up by a Diamond, the largest that could be found for this Occasion: He wore about his Neck some Point *de Venise*, which was neither a Cravat nor a Band, but a small Ruff, which had serv'd him formerly instead of a *Golille* when he liv'd at *Madrid*. After this, Madam, you would expect to find him in a Doublet, after the *Spanish* manner, but, to your Surprize, I must tell you, it was an *Hungarian* Vest. Then the Ghost of Antiquity haunted his Memory, he cover'd his Ancles with Buskins, but infinitely richer than the ancient *Romans* us'd to wear them, on which he had order'd his Mistress's Name to be written in Letters that were extreamly well design'd upon an Embroidery of Pearls.

From his Hat down to his Vest 'twas all singular, and odd, and fanciful: By the latter you would have taken him for the Count *de Serini*, or some Beau of Quality, dropt out of the *Hungarian* World; and an old Picture of *Cæsar* or *Scipio* had inspir'd him with the noble Thought of wearing Buskins.

As for his Friend, he had apparell'd himself after as extraordinary a manner as he possibly could, but it was in the modern *French* Way: His Cravat reach'd down to his Middle, and had Stuff enough in it to make a Sail for

for a Barge. A moſt prodigious Cravat-ſtring peep'd from under his Chin, the two Corners of which, in Conjunction with a monſtrous Perriwig, that would have made a *Laplander* ſweat under the *Northern* Pole, eclips'd three quarters of his Face. In ſhort, he was ſo be-ribbon'd all over, that one would have thought all the Milliners in the place had join'd their Stocks to furniſh him.

This, in ſhort, was the Equipage of our *Meſſieurs*, when they made their Appearance in the *Voorhout*, which is the Place where Perſons of Quality uſe to take the Air, and divert themſelves.

They were ſcarce enter'd upon the Spot, when Multitudes ran from all Hands to gaze and ſtare at them; and as every Body was ſurpriz'd at ſo fantaſtick a Scene, they could not tell at firſt whether to admire it as extraordinary, or to ridicule it as extravagant. In this uncertainty of thought, as they were going to determine it one way or another, Monſ. *de Louvigni* arriv'd in the Place, and put a ſtop to their grave Contemplation. He wore a plain black Suit, and clean Linnen made up the reſt; but then he ſhew'd one of the fineſt Shapes and moſt agreeable Face that can be imagin'd: His modeſt Deportment ſilently inſinuated the Merits of all his excellent Qualities. Having thus deſcrib'd his Charms to you, 'tis no difficult Matter to gueſs how the Company receiv'd him: The Ladies were touch'd, and the Men were infinitely pleas'd. In ſhort, Madam, all the Spectators were as much affected, as the poor Count and his Friend were mortify'd, to their great Diſappointment.

People ſtill remember at the *Hague* how triumphantly Monſ. *de Louvigny* came off, and ſtill make Sport with telling the ill Succeſs of the two aforeſaid Gentlemen.

I need not give my ſelf the Trouble, Madam, to make a formal Application of this Story to you, who have a Judgment ſo exquiſitely nice and diſcerning. Let my Advice meet with what Entertainment it will, none of your Subjects prays ſo heartily for your long and happy Reign over us, as,

Madam,

Your moſt humble Servant, &c.

Jo.

Jo. Haines *in Penance:*

Or, his Recantation-Prologue, at his acting of Poet Bays *in the Duke of* Buckingham's *Play call'd* The Rehearsal. *Spoken in a white Sheet, with a burning Taper in his Hand, upon his Admittance into the House after his Return from the Church of* Rome.

Written by T. Brown, *for his Friend* Jo. Haines.

AS you dislike the Converts of the Nation,
That went to *Rome* and left your *Congregation*,
By the same Rule, pray kindly entertain
Your penitent *lost Sheep return'd again.*
For re-converted *Haines*, taught by the Age,
Is now come back to his primitive Church, the *Stage*;
And own my Crime, of leaving in the Lurch
My Mother *Playhouse*; she's my Mother Church.
As Penitents do go from you to *Rome*,
A Penitent from *Rome* to you I come;
Tho' I from *Rome* to you did never go
As Runagade for her, but Spy for you.
For seeing the *Beau* and *Banterers* every Day
Ev'n tir'd with themselves in ev'ry Play,
I went to *Rome*, to seek for Fops more new,
And more ridiculous than any of you;
A Miracle from *Rome*, I thought, might do.
Besides, I left ye, all design'd for *Rome*;
But seeing ye came not over, I came Home:
For I, like you, finding my self mistaken,
Did early tack about, to save my Bacon.
Pox on't!——

At *Rome*, a godly part they made me play;
A damn'd unnatural one to me, you'll say:
They wou'd not let me roar, or rant, or swear,
But fobb'd me off with Penitence and Prayer,
Gueſs how that Penance reliſh'd with a *Player*.
That ever any *Player* ſhould have the Face
Thus to pretend to ſuch a Thing as *Grace!*
'Tis very hard, indeed, th' *Italian* Nation
Should put this Phiz a little out of Faſhion;
But yielding Nature, and this tempting Face,
Confirms me Fleſh and Blood in ſpite of Grace:
Therefore, dear loving Siſters of the Pit,
Again your Brother Runnagade admit,
And don't deſpiſe me now becauſe I've liv'd
Where ſawcy Boys claim your Prerogative.
No, Siſters; no, ——
I ne'er turn'd Heretick, in Love at leaſt;
'Twas decent Whoring kept my Thoughts ſtill chaſte:
But you, kind Sirs! who here are daily known,
To love all Whores but her of *Babylon*,
Will never damn *Jo. Haines* for his Religion.
Well, Sirs! ——
B'ing thus confeſs'd, and free from all Pollution,
I beg from your kind Hands my Abſolution.

Tho. Brown's *Recantation of his Satire on the* French King. *Suppos'd by ſome to be written by Mr.* Brown, *tho' ſaid by others to be written by a* Nonjuring-Parſon.

Facit Recantatio Verſum.

AND has this Bitch, my Muſe, trapan'd me?
Then I'm as much undone as can be;
I knew the Jilt would never leave me
'Till to a Priſon ſhe'd deceive me:
Curſt be the Wretch, and ſure he's curſt
That taught the Trade of Rhiming firſt:
'Tis a damn'd Trade, and who purſues it,
I'll paſs my Word, at laſt, he rues it:

Homer

Homer and *Virgil* were but Tools,
Fit only for the Uſe of Fools.
And *Horace* too, with all his Art,
To Men of Senſe not worth a Fart:
Even *Caſaubon* for Satire famous,
Was but a jingling *Ignoramus*.
And all the reſt, to *Ben*, and ſo forth,
A Crew of uſeleſs things of no Worth:
But now I have no Time to rail,
Alas! alas! I'm now in Jayl;
My Wits are rather on the Wrack
To ſave my own Poetick Back:
Yet, by the Way, 'tis very hard,
Poets, of all Men, ſhou'd be barr'd
From lab'ring in their proper Station;
Why, where's the Juſtice of the Nation?
Believe me, Sirs, as I am a Sinner,
I writ that Satire for a Dinner:
And ſtampt it with a Parſon's Name,
Not as I meant them any Shame,
But ſince I muſt the Matter tell,
I thought 'twould make the Paper ſell:
By all that's Good, and all that true is,
I ever lov'd and honour'd *Lewis*:
He's Great and Wiſe: more could I ſay,
But fear again to diſobey;
And for his Prieſts, I here proteſt,
I value them like all the reſt:
And tho' I curſt them all, what then?
The Men are honeſt harmleſs Men.
Next for King *James* and Prince of *Wales*,
I always wiſh'd them happy Gales;
And for my ſawcy naming *Molly*,
I own 'twas Impudence and Folly.
Laſtly, for naming the *Non-Juror*,
Why that was but Poetick *furor*,
I know I have ungrateful been;
'Twas raging Hunger drew me in
T' abuſe thoſe very Friends that have
Almoſt preſerv'd me from the Grave;

They're

They're honeſt Men, mark what I ſay,
If I love any Prieſts, 'tis they.
I now confeſs 'tis highly baſe,
T' inſult the Gown in ſuch a Caſe:
And could the thing be done again,
I'd ſtarve before I'd wrong ſuch Men.
What ſhall I ſay, I here recant,
And own my ſelf a Sycophant:
But, oh! I fear that will not do,
A thouſand diſmal thoughts perſue.
I'm all in Pain, and let me tell ye,
My Back begins to curſe my Belly:
I'm juſt as if at Cart's-Arſe ty'd,
With Hangman grinning by my Side,
And Mob of all Sorts crowding round me,
Adviſing *Ketch* to ſwinge me ſoundly;
And what torments me worſt of all,
Methinks that ſome among them bawl,
'Tis he that for a Crown to ſpend,
Reviles crown'd Heads, betrays his Friend.
All this, 'tis true, I well deſerve,
And yet 'tis very hard to ſtarve;
So that if things were rightly ſtated,
Part of my Sentence might be bated:
I was of *Poppin's-Alley* Chief,
'Till forc'd from thence to ſeek Relief;
And to avoid ſome dang'rous Rogues,
Took ſhelter among Pedagogues.
'Twas then, like the *Sicilian* King,
Under ſtrict Laws I Boys did bring;
And tho' I was but a Vice-Roy,
I cou'd command the chiefeſt Boy:
But here a little Time was ſpent,
Before I left my Government,
Was charg'd with Male-Adminiſtration,
And ſo pull'd down from regal Station.
To Town again diſgrac'd I came,
For now 'tis vain to hide my Shame;
Where ſince I ſharp'd, and ſpung'd, and tick'd,
Being always ſcorn'd, and ſometimes kick'd.

And

And yet the worſt is ſtill behind,
Oh! hear me but, and you'll be kind.
For three long Weeks my Muſe and I
Had been ſhut up in Garret high:
The Cauſe, I think, I need not tell
Poet with P——convertible;
While thus I lay in deſperate State,
In comes a Bawd, whoſe Name was *Kate*;
A rampant Jade, where once I tabled,
Who finding me of Strength diſabled,
Not Vows nor Promiſes could ſave me,
But off ſhe tears the Cloaths ſhe gave me.
And thus of Coat, e'en Shirt bereſt,
Poor naked *Tom* in Bed was left.
In this moſt ſharp and ſtrange Diſtreſs,
'Twas then I thought on truſty *Beſs*;
Who, tho' I knew ſhe was but poor,
I always found a faithful Whore:
To her, without a long Petition,
I briefly told my ſad Condition.
But I forgot to tell you how
With hot Ox-cheek, and Heel of Cow,
With Trotters neat, and Tripe like Jelly,
She oft had fill'd my empty Belly.
And one Thing more I had forgot,
Hot Furmety and Riſe-Milk hot
She never let me want; for why,
It was her Trade the ſame to cry.
I thought (poor Fool) ſhe'd pity me,
Who thus reſolv'd to ſet me free.
With twenty-pence which ſhe had got,
And Shillings Four, for Loan of Pot,
To ſome convenient Bulk ſhe hies,
And there a Coat and Breeches buys;
The want of Shirt too, to ſupply,
Sends me her Smock, tho' hardly dry.
And more, to fit me out compleat,
For t'other Three-pence buys a Cheat.
When thus equipp'd, Abroad I venture,
Hoping on Subjects new to enter;

But all my Hopes prov'd vain, God wot,
Beſs ſtill muſt want her Porridge-Pot.
My Belly too grows lank, for ſhe
Had no Rice-Milk nor Furmety.
All Friends I try'd, not one was willing
To credit me with one poor Shilling:
In this Diſtreſs, without adviſing,
I fell to curſed Satyriſing.
Oh! pity me, or I am loſt,
Far worſe than when in Blanket toſs'd;
And if this Time I'm ſpar'd from whipping,
If e'er again you catch me tripping,
May all the Plagues that e'er befel
A Poet poor, on this Side Hell,
Sieze me at once, and may I be
A publick Mark of Infamy:
May all my Whores and Duns o'ertake me,
And all my Friends (even *Beſs*) forſake me:
And may the P——, with which I ſtruggle,
Join'd with the Gout, afflict me double:
May I at laſt by Inches die,
Firſt loſe my Noſe, and then an Eye;
And when I'm dead, then may I have
A juſt *Memento* on my Grave.

An ELEGY

Suppos'd to be written by Stephen Switch, *upon* Dobbin *a Coach-Horſe, who departed this Mortal Life on Saturday the 8th of* April.

OH! cruel Death! whoſe Rage without Remorſe is,
Why ſhould'ſt thou perſecute poor harmleſs Horſes?
Whoſe righteous Blood, as ſaid a Spokeſman wiſe,
Againſt thy Malice will in Judgment riſe.

On

On Courtiers thou'it my Leave to be ſevere,
For now and then I grudge thee not a Peer;
Spiritual and Temporal, no Matter whether,
Or a whole Corporation take together.
Such *Gain*, methinks, might thy keen *Stomach* ſtay,
Conſidering thou'dſt a Whale the other Day,
Then, why the Plague muſt thou on *Horſe-fleſh* prey?
It grieves my Conſcience, and diſturbs my Quiet,
To ſee thee giv'n to ſuch *Tartarian* Diet.
Poor two-leg'd Beaſts thou think'ſt not worth a Groat,
But into Porter's fooliſh Sport art got,
And muſt be playing at *All-Fours*, God wot.
Were I t'adviſe a Dinner for thy Palate,
A well-cram'd Prieſt ſhould ſerve inſtead of Sallad,
Fat Draymen's Chines ſhould be a ſtanding Diſh:
I'd have an Admiral, when I din'd on Fiſh.
If nought but tender Morſels wou'd go down,
Commend me to a Lady of the Town;
But for the choice tough Bit t' employ the Maw,
I'd take a Scriv'ner, or a Man of Law.
But thou'rt, I find, a Stranger to good Breeding,
And doſt not know the Methods of good Feeding.

Oh! *Dobbin*, thou wert hurry'd off the Stage,
Juſt in the prime and Vigour of thy Age.
Howe'er, dear Beaſt, 'tis to thy Friends ſome Eaſe,
Thou fell'ſt by a Right Worſhipful Diſeaſe.
Inſtead of Clyſter, Balls, and Farriers Phyſick,
Thy Days, alas! were ſhorten'd by the Ptiſick.
And all Men know (I ſpeak it without ſcoffing)
That many an Alderman has dy'd of Coughing.
But if Heav'ns Juſtice will endure Inſpection,
What had thy Lungs done to deſerve Infection?
For I can ſwear thou ne'er had'ſt the Ambition,
To talk Profaneneſs, Bawdy, or Sedition.

Once more farewel, my dear belov'd *Quadruped*,
The Loſs of thee has plainly made me ſtupid.
I knew thy Dad, thy Mother, and thy Grandſir,
But thou return'ſt to my Complaint no Anſwer.
No *Hugmatee*, nor *Flip*, my Grief can ſmother;
I lov'd thee, *Dobbin*, better than my Brother.

Since then so lame my Muse, so dull my Wit is,
I'll have thy Epitaph compos'd by *Pittis*.

To Mr. Justice Higden, *upon the ill Success of his Play.*

NO longer your expected Play conceal,
But to a more impartial Court appeal.
The Righteous few, true to the Cause of Wit,
Will soon reverse the Sentence of the Pit.
Why should their Censure Men of Sense alarm?
Those Sons of *Muggleton* can do no Harm.
The Wit, that oft their Malice dooms,
Outlives its Judges, nay, outlasts their Tombs.
Thus 'twas my Fate to visit once a Friend,
Whom dire foreboding Omens did attend:
The Doctor tells him, Sir, your Hour is nigh,
Send for the Parson, and prepare to die.
In vain the help of Physick you implore,
Art has been try'd, but Art can do no more.
With this the angry Patient rais'd his Head,
And, Doctor, do you then conclude me dead?
Peace, you grave Sot, elsewhere your Cant bestow,
I'll bury half the College e'er I go.
And spite of that learn'd Phiz, and rev'rend Beard,
Will live to see your Rascalship interr'd.
Thus he run on, and as his Stars decreed,
Was soon from his unkind Distemper freed:
Left his vain gaping Kindred in the Lurch,
And saw the Velvet Fop born decently to Church.

To the same, upon his Play's being damn'd, for having too much Eating and Drinking in it.

FRiend *Harry*, some furious Pretenders to thinking,
Say thy Play is incumber'd with Eating and Drinking,
That too oft in all Conscience thy Table's brought out,
And unmerciful Healths fly like Hail-shot about.

Such

Such a merry Objection who e'er could expect,
That does on the Town, and its Pleasures reflect?
Are a Dish and a Bottle grown quite out of Fashion?
Or have the spruce Beaus found a new Recreation?
Else why should these Fops be so monstrous uncivil,
As to damn at a Play what they like at the *Devil?*

Upon persecuting it with Cat-calls.

WHEN to *Moloch* of old, by Way of Oblation,
Any *Jew* of his Son made a wicked Donation;
The Priesthood with Trumpets and Drums made a Noise,
To stifle his Groans, and extinguish his Cries.
Thus our fierce modern Heroes, those *Jews* of the Pit,
When to damn a poor Author's Attempt, they think fit,
With Cat-calls so dreadful the House they alarm,
Lest the Wit of the Play should their Fury disarm;
Howe'er, they may pass with the rest of the Nation,
Tho' their Malice I blame, I recommend their Discretion,
For 'tis but convenient, you'll readily own,
That the Beast should perform what the Man would (disown.

A Pastoral on the Death of Queen MARY.

SHE'S gone the brightest Nymph what Bless'd the Green,
No more the Beauty of her Eyes is seen.
Who can from Grief's Extremities refrain,
Or in due Bounds the swelling Tide contain?
Who can behold this dismal Scene pass by
With an unmov'd and unrelenting Eye?
London! thou Pride and Glory of our Isle,
Tho' in thy Bosom both the *Indies* smile;
Oh! ne'er forget that unauspicious Day,
Which thy best Treasure rudely snatch'd away.
Thy busy *Change* be for a Season dumb,
No sawcy Mirth within thy Mansions come;
Let all thy Sons in mourning Weeds appear;
Each Face shew Sorrow, and each Eye a Tear.

T' expreſs their Duty, let all Hearts combine,
And on this black, this ſad Occaſion join.
Mourn, drooping Britain, *mourn from Shore to Shore,*
Thy beſt beloved MARIA *is no more.*
Ye beauteous Virgins, that in moving Strains
Were uſed to ſing her Vertues on the Plains:
Ye Shepherds too, who out of pious Care,
Taught ev'ry Tree *MARIA*'s Name to wear;
Your rural Sports and Garlands lay aſide,
This is no Time for ornamental Pride;
But bring, oh! bring the Treaſures of your Fields,
That ſhort-liv'd Wealth which unbid Nature yields,
The mourning Hyacinth inſcrib'd with Woe,
The beauteous Lillies that in Valleys grow,
And all the Flowers that ſcatter'd up and down,
Or humble Mead or lofty Mountains crown;
Then gently throw them all upon her Herſe;
To theſe join laſting Bays and living Verſe.
Mourn, drooping Britain, *mourn from Shore to Shore,*
Thy beſt belov'd MARIA *is no more.*
Ye dauntleſs Hearts, that for your Country's Good
All dangers ſcorn, and wade thro' Seas of Blood,
In heavy Silence march around her Tomb,
And then lament your own and *England*'s Doom:
For Death has by this ſingle Stroke done more
Than when (ten Thouſand ſlain) he ſtalks in Gore.
Ye penſive Matrons, who by Fortune croſt,
In foreign Fields have dear Relations loſt,
Now give a free and open Vent to Grief,
Baniſh all Hopes, and think of no Relief;
That bounteous Princeſs, who ſo juſtly knew
What was to blooming Worth and Merit due,
Who as ſhe lov'd on Valour ſtill to ſmile,
Ne'er fail'd to recompenſe the Soldier's Toil;
Is now (malicious Fate wou'd have it ſo)
Hurry'd, alas! to the dark Shades below.
Mourn, drooping Britain, *mourn from Shore to Shore,*
Thy beſt belov'd MARIA *is no more.*
Ye miter'd Head, and likewiſe you that wait
Upon the Altar in a lower State,

Be-

Bewail the Loſs of ſo divine a Prize,
And open all the Sluces of your Eyes.
Rome's gaudy Pomps her Mind could ne'er allure;
Firm to her Word, and in her Faith ſecure.
The ſacred Scriptures were her daily Care,
Her only Exerciſe and Food, was Prayer.
Where can we now ſo great a Pattern find?
Where can we meet ſo bright, ſo pure a Mind?
Mourn, drooping Britain, *mourn from Shore to Shore,*
Thy beſt belov'd MARIA *is no more.*
But tho' proud Fate has done her utmoſt Spite,
And bury'd all her Hopes in endleſs Night;
Tho' rav'nous Death has ſiez'd the richeſt Prey
That ever did a regal Scepter ſway;
Her Name ſhall live, and ſtill continue fair,
Fragrant as rich *Arabia*'s Spices are:
While *Albion* in triumphant State ſhall reign
Queen of the Iſles, and Goddeſs of the Main.
While Silver *Thames* in wanton Folds ſhall play,
And Tribute to the *Britiſh* Ocean pay:
While haughty *Lewis* ſhall remain abhorr'd,
And *William* be by all the World ador'd.
Our grateful Tongues her Vertues ſhall proclaim
Thro' all the diſtant Provinces of Fame:
Still in our Hearts ſhall chaſt *MARIA* reign,
Tho' dead, her Station there ſhe ſhall maintain.
Then Shepherds leave at laſt your mournful Lays,
And turn your Songs of Grief to Songs of Praiſe.

Prologue to a Muſick Speech in the Theatre at Oxford.

WEll! for a careful provident Bawd, ſay I,
Give my Mother-Univerſity.
Bleſs us! how neatly has ſhe rank'd you here,
Where drawn in *Love*'s Battalia, you appear,
The Black, the Brown, the Fair, and the not Fair.
I muſt confeſs the Caſe is alter'd now,
From what your narrow fulſome Box could ſhow.

A Muſick Room! a fitter Name 'twould prove,
Call it a Stove, a Bathing Tub of Love,
Where ſweating Scholar faints, and knows not why,
And melting Tallow-Chandler drips hard by,
And all this Heat from Love, or elſe *July*.
But now you're welcome hither, in this Row
Painting does in its full Perfection ſhow,
Streter above you, Ladies here below.
Did not ſuch Malice in your Beauties reign,
We yet might hope a Golden Age again:
When *Nature* taught her untold Tale of Love,
And Paſſion from a ragged Gown could move.
But now thoſe Days are gone, and ſaucy Art,
Mimick of *Nature*, acts the nobleſt Part.
E'en Paſſion is ſucceſsful in this Age,
Unleſs ſet off by *Love*'s high Equipage.
The ruffling Pantaloon declares the Flame,
And the well-ty'd Cravat-ſtring wins the Dame.
Plain Lovers, like plain Linnen, e'er caſhier'd,
In whoſe behalf no Point has e'er appear'd:
What Hopes then have unhappy we to pleaſe,
Whom niggard Stars made not ſo vain as theſe?
Alas! we hate your gentle ſtinking Water,
Loath diſtill'd Oils, but thoſe of Mother *Nature*.
This knew our Fates, and plac'd us in a Town
Where Beauty is ſo thin, ſo rarely ſown;
The Nymphs o'th Fleece, and the three Gates go down.
Like homely Peaſants us'd to wholeſome Meat,
When Love invites us to your ſplendid Treat;
We'll gape and gaze, and make no hearty Meal,
Give us our ſturdy Beef and Mutton ſtill.
But let us not deſpair, I'll lead the Van,
And tho' I proudly ſay't, we Scholars can,
Altho' not act the Fop, yet play the Man.
We'll run at all, and freely take our Lot,
From the fair *Walcop* down to foul *Beſs Scot*.

The EPILOGUE.

AS from a darken'd Room some Optick Glass
Transmits the distant Species as they pass;
The World's large landskip is from far descry'd,
And Men contracted on the Paper glide.
Thus crowded *Oxford* represents Mankind,
And in these Walls *Great Britain* seems confin'd:
Oxford is now the publick Theatre,
And you both Audience and Actors are:
The gazing World on the new Scene attend,
Admire the Turns, and wish a prosprous End.
Oxford, the Seat of Peace, the quiet Cell,
Where Arts, remov'd from noisy Bus'ness, dwell;
Should calm your Minds, unite the jarring Parts,
And with a kind Contagion sieze your Hearts.
O! may its Genius, like soft Musick move,
And tune you all to Concord and to Love.
Our Acts which has in Tempest long been tos's'd,
Could never rest on so secure a Coast.
From hence you may look back on civil Rage,
And view the Ruins of the former Age.
Here a new World its Glories may unfold,
And here be sav'd the Remnant of the old:
But while our Thoughts on publick Cares are bent,
Past Ills to heal, and future to prevent,
Some vacant Hours allow to your Delight;
Mirth is the pleasing Bus'ness of the Night,
The King's Prerogative, the Subjects Right.
Were all your Hearts to sullen Cares confin'd,
The Body would be wary'd by the Mind.
'Tis Wisdom's Part, betwixt Extreams to steer,
Be Gods in Senate, but be Mortals here.

Upon Mr. Creech's *Translation of* Lucretius.

1.

LET not the *Thracian* Bard adm're,
Whose powerful Strains the list'ning Stones inspire,

To keep just Measures with his Lyre:
Tho' taught by his commanding Harmony,
The Beasts forgot their native Cruelty,
And to a universal Peace did jointly all conspire.

2

Thy sacred Hand does more,
That does *Lucretius* again restore,
Who was a mighty Solitude before:
His rolling Atoms now we see,
In Squadrons and just Measures lie,
Even in Confusion now appears just Symmetry.

3

Nought but a heav'nly Hand could make
These Atoms their old Nothing forsake,
And a true decent Order take:
Thy charitable Hand has greater Wonders done,
And has *Lucretius* his own Errors shown:
Our modern Atheist grieves to see
His belov'd Sins so lash'd by thee,
That do'st in this deserve e'en of Posterity.
What Trophies can thy Victory out do,
That triumph'st o'er the present Times, the past, and future too?

Algern. Sidney's *Letter of Advice to his Friend concerning the Education of his Son.* *By* T. B.

SInce 'tis your only study, and your Care,
How to dispose of *Bob*, your Son and Heir,
I'll give you my Advice, Sir, in this grand Affair.
If *Bob*'s ingenious, and a Boy of Parts,
Do not debauch him with the liberal Arts.
Those jilting Whores instead of Silk and Sattin,
Equipt in Linsey-Woolsey, *Greek*, and *Latin*,
Will spoil his Fortune if they once come at him.
But if he is mercurially inclin'd,
Of Wit sagacious, and heroic Mind,
He'd best pursue those honourable Courses
Of picking Pockets, and of taking Purses;

And

And I'll prescribe the Lad a safe and true Gate,
How to avoid the dreadful Path of *Newgate*;
Lest bloody Judge and Jury should transport
The *Boy* to *Tyburn*.———Send him to the Court;
Where, in a Fortnight's Time he'll learn his Cue,
Under———
To pick the Pockets of a free-born Nation,
In furnishing two Dishes for Collation:
Like learned Cooks, as all Men grant they are,
To make the self-same Sawce to Peace and War.
What better are we for this boasted Quiet,
If we must pawn our Birth-right for our Diet?
But since it is by Providence decreed,
That liberty and Property must bleed;
This only Comfort will their Sufferings ease,
That, like good Christians, they depart in Peace.
You cannot, Sir, do better for your Lad,
Than bind him an Apprentice to this Trade:
The King's his Surety, and will not neglect him,
But with a Standing-Army still protect him.
Yet if *Bob*'s Talent lie not in his Brains,
Make him a Parson, Neighbour, by all Means.
His Road unto Preferment, Sir, is chalk'd,
In all my Life I ne'er knew Blockhead baulk'd.
As rankest Weeds in richest Soil are found,
So Spiritual Hemlock thrives in Holy Ground.
The Church and State, like Sharpers, cry out Halves,
One claims the Fools, the other all the Knaves.
Thus, Sir, I've shewn you how your Son may rise,
But do as seemeth good in your own Eyes:
For if your *English* Stomach can't digest
The ravening Courtier, or the Jackal Priest,
Teach him yourself, and let the Son inherit
His Father's Acres, and his Father's Merit:
E'er Sense, that, like *Aurora*, does make Way
For brighter Reason, the ensuing Day,
With *Noll*'s great Image fill his dawning Soul,
His fancy flatter, and his Judgment rule.
May's Action's suit unto his Country's Fame,
And keep the Rebel in the *English* Name.

Let

Let him, like me, all Monarchy oppose,
And pluck the Idol by his *Roman* Nose.

Your Servant,

Algernon Sidney.

P. S.

Your old Friend Mr. *Ludlow*'s in good Health,
And hopes to live to see a Common-wealth.

A CHARACTER OF A Low-Church Magistrate.

Have at last, with much Difficulty, procur'd you a Copy of the Character of a *Latitudinarian*, anatomiz'd, which you have so long, and with so much Importunity desired of me. All I can learn from the Paper is, that the Author calculated it for the *Meridian* of *York*, as I take it, (the Magistrate of which Place in the Year 44, was a famous *Ambidexter*) and that it will equally serve for any Corporation within his Majesty's Dominions; but I will not detain it from you any longer.

A *Latitudinarian* is a walking *Amsterdam* of Religions, out of whom all the *Ancient* and *Modern Heresies* might be easily retriev'd, though the Volumes of *Epiphanius* and *Ross* were lost. He thinks no part of the *Church* sacred but the *Weather-Cock*, and honours the Memory of him that invented a Windmill, because it can *grind* indifferently with *East*, *West*, *North*, and *South*. He talks much

much of *Moderation*, yet is as hot as one of his own Custards, and as *Cholerick* as a Hasty-pudding; he's as *Positive* in his own single Self, as an Assembly of splay-mouth'd Divines; *Geryon* and *Cerberus* were only *Types* of him, but though he has three Heads, *viz.* An *Independant*, a *Presbyterian*, and a *Church of England* Head, yet he has not *Brains* to furnish any one of them. By his *Wisdom* and *Gravity* one would think he had *Long Ears*; but 'tis certain he has none, for he is deaf to the *Cries* of the *Poor*, and though he devours Widows and Orphans at a Morsel, yet he has no Bowels. His *Conscience* is as unaccountable as a *Modern Hypothesis*, which spares Cockle-shels in *Noah*'s Flood, and dissolves the hardest Mettals; for it starts at an *innocent Ceremony*, when it makes nothing to digest *Perjury* and *Oppression*. 'Tis impossible to frame an *Oath*, but what he'll readily swallow to gratify his *Ambition*. He calls them *State Counters*, takes them for his Interest, and breaks them for his Convenience; he calls God to witness, and yet believes nothing of his Existence, like the Fellow in *Plautus's Amphitrio*, that swears by *Hercules* before he was born. *Trade*, with him, is the *Law* and the *Prophets*; and, in Opposition to the Text, he's resolv'd to serve *God* and *Mammon* together. Had he liv'd in the Time of *Constantine*, he'd have gone to the *Christian* Assemblies one Day to save his Bacon, and to the *Heathen* Temples the next, to secure a Stake against a *Pagan* Revolution. The Men of *Gotham* are registerd for a Pack of Fools, for endeavouring to hedge in a *Cuckoo*; is it not then a scurvy Reflection upon a certain wise City's Care for Religion, to pitch upon a Cameleon for its Head, who changes his Colour as often as he shifts his Place? 'Tis pity that our Laws, that order so honourable a Reward for Plurality of Wives, have not made the same wholesome Provision against Plurality of Religions. He rails at *Superstition*, and pretends to stand up for the *Primitive Church*; but though we read that the Apostles were Fishers, they were not Water-men, to look one Way and row another.

He is very severe against the Bakers, and punishes them upon every Occasion; not for Cheats, for as such he

he honours them, but only to shew his Skill in the History of the Bible, where he finds it was one of that Profession that first hansell'd the Gallows. He designs to adorn the Annals of his Government with something extraordinary, and to purchase a Name, as *Herostratus* did of old, by *Inflaming* the Church. *Stow* and *Hollinshead*, that took such Pains to describe Calves with six Legs, and all other unnatural Births, if they had liv'd in our Age, what a strange Account would they have given of this tripple-headed Beast, that exceeds all the Monsters that ever were known in *Bartholomew* Fair, that ever *Africk* or *Holland* produc'd?

When his Dulness is mounted on Horseback, he makes me think of some ancient Coats of Arms, where the Supporters are of the same Species with the Beasts in the Scutcheon. If the City, to give another Instance of their Discretion, should chuse *Ball* to succeed his Master, as we find *Caligula* once design'd his Horse for the Consulship, I dare engage for *Ball*, that he'll make the soberer Magistrate of the two; and after he has had his Belly full of Hay and Oats in the Morning, that he won't kick and winch, and keep a Pother to be carry'd to Brewers Grains and chopt Straw in the Afternoon.

Whatever he may be to the rest of his Servants, his Cook leads a veary easy Life with him, and has as little to do all the Year round as a Barber in *Moscovy*, a Lord Treasurer in *Scotland*, or a Taylor under the *Line* where they all go Naked. He preaches up Temperance at his own Table, but is an *Harpy* incarnate when he can devour on Free-cost, and hates no Sins but those that are expensive. He shews his Charity to the Poor, by providing Prison-room for them; and for fear they should die of Surfeits, takes care to let them Blood with a Dog-whip.

In his own single Self he out-does all the strange Changes in *Ovid*'s *Metamorphosis*. *OEdipus* himself, were he alive, could never unriddle him. The Satyr, that quarrel'd with the Fellow in the Fable for blowing Hot and Cold successively with the same Breath: What would he say to our Flea-bitten Magistrate, that can do both at the same Instant? If he vary'd his Body as often as his Soul

Soul tacks about, no Taylor could fit this *Posture Clark* in Religion, but he that made a Manteau for the Moon. In vain he promotes a Reformation, who ought to begin it at Home, and stands up for the *Sabbath*, which no one prophanes like himself; for he teaches more Atheism by his Example, than all the Parsons in the City can ever hope to preach down. He is of several Churches, but of no Religion, as we say of Hermaphrodites, that, by being of both Sexes, they are indeed of none, and can neither conveniently receive Love as Women, nor act it vigorously as Men. He pretends to hate Divisions, and yet encourages Schism which he foolishly judges to be expedient for the State; as the Women on the other side of the *Tweed* refuse to be cured of the Itch, because, forsooth it is wholesome.

Nebuchadnezzar's Image had a Head of Gold, and Feet of Clay. Our Idol has a Scull as soft as Pap, to a Face of Brass and Arms of Iron. Having mention'd Brass, commend me to that *Murus Aheneus*, his Conscience, which has long since learnt the Trick *Nullâ pallescere Culpâ*.

I wonder with what Pretence he can punish Beggars, who is himself the most inexcusable Vagrant in the three Kingdoms. If the *Pythagoran* System of Transmigration be true, the next Remove his Soul makes must be into an Otter, or some such amphibious Animal, for one single Element can never contain him. He alters his Shapes according to the Company he is in, like those experienced Sharpers, who when they are at Court would pass for good City Security, and when they are in the City, would be thought to have an Interest at Court. When he thinks his Authority will bear him out, *Lucifer* is less haughty and absolute; at other Times he's as submissive and humble as a *Temple-Bar* Vintner in the long Vacation. But who would not bestow a Cudgel upon this fawning Cur, that will leap over a Stick for the Pope's Nuncio, and next Minute do the same for a Crop-ear'd Tub-drubber?

He goes to a Sermon with the same Intent, as the Prisoners in Ludgate go to the Grate, only to shew his Chain; or, as the Beau goes to a Play, not to reform his Manners, but hear himself expos'd. But tho' he sees Hypo-

Hypocrisy lash'd every *Sunday*, he stands all the Fire the Parsons shall flash at him, like a managed Horse: He's convinc'd that 'tis a cowardly scoundrel Sin, yet he won't part with it, because it brings him in Gain: As I knew a fellow once that had Aches all over his Body, which punctually foretold all Changes in the Weather, yet could not be perswaded to be cur'd because he would not lose his *Almanac*, as he call'd it. Had this Linsey-Woolsey Brother liv'd under the *Mosaical* Dispensation, how finely had he been trounc'd, for plowing thus with an Ox and an Ass, and dividing himself so nice between a *Cassock* and a *Cloak:* He revives the Story of *Penelope*, still unravelling what he has done before, and unlearning under one Teacher what he learn'd under another.

The poor Cully in *Æsop*, with his two loving Wives, one of which clear'd his Head of the Black, and the other of his grey Hairs, 'till at last they left him none between them, is a true Emblem of him. The different Churches he goes to will so weed and purge him by Degrees, that they won't leave him a Rag of Religion to cover his Nakedness. With him, as in the Creation of the World, the Evening still goes before the Morning; for tho' he vouchsafes his Morning to the *Establish'd Church*, yet in his Heart he's at the *Meeting*, and his Thoughts still run upon his Afternoon's *Extempore* Repast. Thus he is guilty of *Schism*, even when he seems to assist at the publick Service; like the Man that committed *Adultery* with his own lawful Wife, by thinking on another. I never see him at the Cathedral, but he makes me think of an *Algerine* putting out *Christian* Colours. Indeed if the Churches were shut up, something might be said for his going to the *Barn*; for even *Horse-flesh* we know was laudable Diet at the Siege of *London-derry*. If he does it for Variety, 'tis a Sign he has a most wretched Palate. Who, but a Coxcomb would go to a *Farce* in *Smithfield*, when the Play-house is open? Who, that has din'd at *Locket*'s, wou'd afterwards sup among Porters in a Cellar in the *Strand?*

This last Place puts me in Mind of his extraordinary House-keeping, tho' so great a Gormondizer of Spiritual Food, which costs him nothing, yet very little will

will content him in his own Kitchin. By the Power of good Management he can extract three Meals for himself and Family out of one single Shoulder of Mutton, which Piece of Frugality he learn'd, I suppose, from the Story of the *Welsh* Sheriff, that converted an old Cloak first into a Coat, then a Wastcoat, and last of all into a Pair of Breeches. I have heard of a Gentleman, who, purely to save his Money, would take a Coach that cost him Twelve-pence, to be trimm'd by a Twopenny *French* Barber in *Soho*. The City, perhaps, with equal Discretion, chose him to husband their Stock; but by starving the Poor, he has put the Parishes to such Charges in Burials, that they are not like to save any Thing by him; unless, as old *Chiron* was both a Tutor and a Pad-nag upon Occasion to *Achilles*, so they make the Beast serve them in a double Capacity, that is to say, both as their Horse and their Magistrate.

I have been told of a Man that had a very bad Memory, so very treacherous and unfaithful, that if he had made an Assignation in the Morning, he was sure to forget it long before the Hour came. Well, says he, to prevent this for the future, I am resolv'd to buy a *Memorandum*-Book: But what was he the better for it? He soon after forgot that he had bought any such Director to relieve his Memory. This is the Case of our *Latitudinarian:* When those of his Party are under Hatches, then all the Discourse runs upon Christian Forbearance and Condescension, and never a Passage in the Old or new Testament escapes him that makes for that Purpose. But when they are mounted, and in the Saddle, the Tables are turn'd, and he lays about him like Thunder and Lightning, and forgets that Persecution is the Mark of *Antichrist*. 'Tis true, all the while he devours you he cants of Moderation, and pretends he does it unwillingly; but this is only a Copy of his Countenance. He first tears you asunder, as the *Jews* did *Isaiah* of old, with a wooden Saw of a dull heavy Speech: But who wou'd not rather chuse to make a Breakfast for a generous Lyon, than to be eaten by a weeping Crocodile?

For

For my Part, I wonder that the Priests of the different Churches he repairs to, don't execute a Piece of Military Discipline upon him, and truss him up for a *Spy*. But I suppose he keeps in with all, by telling them severally in a Corner, that each performs best; like the Harlot in the Play, that was kept by three Gallants, and told each of them in private, that he was the Person that gave her the most Satisfaction. 'Tis next to a Miracle to me that the Priesthood, who are so sharpsighted upon other Occasions, don't see thro' the thin Artifices of this bare-fac'd Impostor, and dart the Thunder of the Church upon a Wretch who pretends to be a Friend to all, and yet is an Enemy to the whole Tribe. I hope none of the Prophets have given it him under their Hands, that 'tis no Sin to go to the Temple of *Rimmon*. But this present contending between the several Perswasions to secure him to their Party, gives me a perfect Resemblance of an *Ant-hill*, where there is the same lugging, and tearing, and struggling about a dead Fly.

In short, our *Latitudinarian* is a Retainer to all Churches, but a Member of none; and will never have the Benefit of his Clergy, tho' he pretends to make his Court to all the various Sorts of them. 'Tis an unthinking Sot, that keeps the Streets cleaner than his own Conscience. At last, every Body finds out his Disguise and dispises him; and as several Cities formerly contended who gave Birth to *Homer*, so, in his Case, all *Churches* and *Congregations* strive who shall disclaim him first. Tho' he has a middle Station here, he must not expect one in another World. *Lucifer* only can pay him the Wages of his Hypocrisy, in whose Clutches we leave him.

Your most humble Servant,

T. B.

TO

TO

Dr. *SHERLOCK.*

ON

Occasion of his taking the Oaths, 1690.

AND have you now at length resolv'd to take
the Oath, so long refus'd for Conscience Sake?
So fam'd a Champion for the Loyal Church,
(So call'd) to leave her, and her Friends, i'th' Lurch!
Doctor, in short, you have amaz'd us all,
Making that nothing you Religion call.
Had you comply'd at first, 't had been a Jest,
And you no more to blame than were the rest;
But after such mature Deliberation,
(Preaching up Loyalty in Spite o'th' Nation)
At last, to turn Apostate on a sudden,
Shews, tho' a Church-man, that you are no good One.
The senseless Book y' have writ in your Defence,
Discovers more your Guilt than Innocence:
Each Argument therein does seem to say,
Your Reason, with Religion, 's fled away
Now some pretend you tempted were by Woman,
Nay, by a Wife, *which is a Thing not common,*
To sin against the Laws Divine and Human:

Her

Her Importunity was such, they say,
When you did Preach, she never ceas'd to Pray;
Until at length, by Force of much Perswasion,
She brought your Doctorship into the Fashion,
To take an Oath, to justify the Reign
Of William, *till King* James *return'd again.*
But, Doctor, most believe what she could say,
Had not prevail'd to make you go astray,
And with the present Government to join,
If little William *had not pass'd the* Boyn:
But now you from your Principles do swerve,
For fear that you and yours shou'd come to starve;
Trusting to Providence (it seems) your Soul,
But for your Body, you're not such a Fool.
Doctor, in fine, you'll live to curse your Fate,
And then repent, (alas!) when 'tis too late!
Reproachful Ruin still such Crimes attends;
Your Friends you've made your Foes, your Foes no Friends.

A N

AN EPITAPH ON Dr. *SHERLOCK*, 1707.

I

HERE lyes, within this Holy Place,
(The Lord have Mercy on him!)
The Weesel, *in a Wooden Case,*
Exempt from Human Plagues, unless
You lay his Wife upon him.

II.

Some People think, if this were done,
Tho' dead, he wou'd be ready
To rise before his Time, and run
The Lord knows where, to fairly shun
That Termagant, his Lady.

III.

Since he is gone, 'tis hard that she
Shou'd be so long deserted.
Why Death, should'st thou so partial be,
Since all good People do agree,
'Tis Pity they were parted?

IV.

Pray bid her, when she comes, not prate,
But hold her teazing Nonsense:
But if the Weesel *smell a* Rat,
He'll fly his Wife, I'll tell you that,
As he once did his Conscience.

A pro-

A PROPHECY *found under the Foundation of the Chapel of* Willingford *House, engraved on Lead, and discover'd on* Saturday *the* 2d *of* June, 1694, *and sent by* T. Povey, *Esq; to the Lord Mayor, who Proclaim'd a Fast thereon.*

WHEN *Tewkesbury* Mustard shall wander abroad,
And die in a *Land without Magpye or Toad,*
Then the *Sawce* of the *Veal, joining three to one Lyon,*
Shall devour a Fish, the Pad-nag of *Arion:*
The *Lillies* shall try to swim over the Ferry,
Where they shall be met with, and drowned by *Cherry.*
The Children of *France,* with Famine oppreſt,
Shall weep that their Mother has never a *Breast.*

A PROPHECY *found under the Trees and Bench in St.* James's *Park the* 12*th of* June, 1694, *engrav'd in Copper, and carry'd to my Lord Chamberlain, by Serjeant* Barecroft.

WHEN the last of all *Knights* is the first of all *Knaves,*
And the best of all *Pimps* is the worst of all *Braves;*
When a *Coward* is dubb'd for not Fighting, but Feeding,
And a *Lubberly Brute* preferr'd for his Breeding:
When a Medal and Chain is bestow'd on a *Hog,*
Who deserves more a *Rope* than ever did *Dog,*
When Prophecies are coin'd by a Drunken Buffoon,
Whose chief Talent lies in abusive Lampoon;
When the *Black-Rod* is given to a bold brazen Face,
What Beast may not hope at *Whitehall* for a Place?

A

E.Kirkall fe.

The Remains of Mr Tho. Brown
which Compleat his works.

A PROPHECY *found on* Friday *the 29th of* January, *1696. by some Workmen digging up the Ruins of the* Privy-Garden, *and by them carry'd to the Usher of the Black-Rod, as it was written in a Scroll of Parchment.*

WHEN a Knight of the *North* is lopp'd in *Ax-Yard*,
By a biting P-- 's Trick having plaid a false Card;
When at the *Green-Cloth* a Grey *Fox* do's preside,
And a *Wolf* in a Chain thro' the City does ride;
When Chalk pays for Cheese, and Go'd dwindles to Wood,
And Banks rather let in than keep out the Flood,
When *Grocers-Hall* fears to be sent to the *Compter*,
Publick Faith being so light that a Feather will mount her:
When the Coin scarcer grows, tho' the *Mints* do increase,
And we are maul'd with a War, without hopes of a Peace.
When the Ocean's so Frenchify'd, few Ships dare ride in't,
And is rul'd by a *Shovel* instead of a *Trident*;
When Justice is forc'd to abandon the Land,
Tho' most People are seen with her Scales in their Hand:
When a Pack of brib'd Knaves do a *Chapel* disgrace,
That deserve the same Fate with the Saints in the Place:
When *London*'s great Wisdom is seen in a *Cudden*,
And a Man with a Nose do's Things that he shoud'n:
Then *England*, I tell thee, thou'rt cursedly Shamm'd,
'Tis too late to repent, so sin on and be damn'd.

A PROPHECY *found in a Vault in* Lambeth *Chapel.*

WHEN the Number that stands next to that of the {*Muses*,
And, the Member to Man that of visible use is;
When the Thing that still wishes his Dad at *Old-Nick*,
But together aspires to an Arch-bishoprick:
When the *Panther*, so spotless, is plagu'd with a Head,
Whose Outside is Brass, and whose Inside is Lead:

When

When *Lambeth*, its Primitive Oracle loſt,
Inſtead of a Pillar, is propt with a Poſt:
And *Britain* beholds, in an eminent Station,
An immod'rate Dunce of great Moderation;
If ſuch a dull Guide to the Church proves a *Beniſon*,
You may ſwear Contradictions are true, and that *Ten-is-one*.

On a Silver PISS-POT, *Occaſion'd by a Bill to compel the bringing in of Plate to be Coined*, 1696-7.

MAids need no more their *Silver-Piſs-pots* ſcour,
For they muſt jog, like *Traytors*, to the *Tower*.
Preſumptuous *Piſſpot*, how durſt thou offend?
Compelling Females on their Knees to bend.
To *Kings* and *Queens* we humbly bow the Knee,
But *Queens* themſelves are forc'd to *ſtoop to Thee*.
To thee they cringe, and with a ſtraining Face
They ceaſe their Grief by *opening of their Caſe*;
In Times of need, thy Help they do implore,
And oft to eaſe their Ailments make thee *roar*;
What Woman, tho' of ſtricteſt Modeſty,
But her dear *Secret* wou'd impart to Thee?
Long haſt thou been a Priſ'ner and confin'd,
But Liberty is now for thee deſign'd:
Thee whom ſo many Beauties have enjoy'd,
Now in a better State ſhalt be imploy'd,
And with Delight be handled every Day,
And oft'ner occupy'd another way:
So ſhalt thou paſs as *Current* and as free,
As that which has ſo often into thee.

MELESINDA's *Misfortune on the Burning of her Smock*, 1690.

TIr'd with the Buſ'neſs of the Day,
Upon her Couch ſupinely lay
Fair *Meleſinda* void of Care,
No living Creature being near:

When

When ſtrait a calm and gentle Sleep
Did o'er her drowſy Eye-lids creep:
Her Senſes thus by Fetters ty'd,
By nimble Fancy were ſupply'd:
Her quick Imagination brought
Th' Ideas of her waking Thought;
She dreamt her ſelf a new-made Bride
In Bed, by young *Philander*'s Side:
The Poſſet's eat, the Stocking thrown,
And all the Company's withdrawn;
And now the bleſt *Eliſium*,
Of all her wiſht for Joys, is come.
Philander, all diſſolv'd in Charms,
Lyes raptur'd in her circling Arms,
With panting Breaſts, and ſwimming Eyes,
She meets the viſionary Joys;
In all the Amorous Poſtures Love,
Which th' Height of Extaſy cou'd move:
But as ſhe roving did advance
Her trembling Legs, O dire Miſchance!
The Couch being near the fire-ſide,
Sh' expanded them, alas! too wide:
Sh' expos'd her nethermoſt Attire
Unto th' Embraces of the Fire;
So the chaſt *Phœnix* of the *Eaſt*
With flutt'ring fires her ſpicy Neſt.
So *Semele*, embracing *Jove*,
Burnt with Fire and with Love.
The Flames at firſt did trembling ſeize
The dangling Hem of the loſt Prize;
But finding no Reſiſtance, higher
As 'tis their Nature to aſpire,
Approaching near the Seat of Bliſs,
The Center of earthly Happineſs,
Which vaſtly more of Pleaſure yields,
Than all the feign'd *Elyſian* Fields:
But Ignorance muſt now excuſe
The Silence of my baſhful *Muſe*:
Its Modeſty had ne'er the Face
T' aſcend above the Gartering Place;

But doubtleſs 'twas a lovely Sight
The Fire beheld by his own Light.
So *Ovid* wiſh'd himſelf a Flea,
That ſo transform'd he might ſurvey
His Love all o'er, and uncontroul'd
Her every Grace and Charm behold.
Had *Ovid*'s Flea been there to Night,
I fear 't had had but ſmall Delight,
His Rival Flames had ſpoil'd his Bliſs,
And made him Curſe his *Metamorphoſis.*
At laſt the Flames were grown ſo rude,
They boldly ev'ry where intrude;
They ſoon recall'd the Lady's Senſe,
And chac'd the pleaſing Viſion thence:
Soon as her Eyes recover'd Light,
She ſtrait beheld the diſmal Sight;
Beheld her ſelf, like Blazing-Star,
Or bright tail'd Glow-worm to appear:
She had no time to meditate
Upon the Strangeneſs of her Fate;
But was confin'd to lay about,
To beat the impious Fire out:
The am'rous Flames were loth to go,
They kiſs'd her Hand at ev'ry Glow;
And round her Ivory Fingers play,
And ſeem'd as if they begg'd to ſtay.
Vanquiſh'd at laſt they did retire,
And in a gloomy Smoak expire.
Then viewing of her half-burnt Smock,
Thus to her ſelf the ſad Nymph ſpoke:
Is this the Effect of Dreams? Is this
The Fruit of all my fancy'd Bliſs?
Misfortunes will, I ſee, betide,
When Maidens throw their Legs too wide:
Had I but kept my Legs a-croſs,
I and my Smock had had no Loſs:
I ought, I'm ſure, to have took more heed,
For ne'er had Virgin greater need;
My Kindneſs and my little Care
Has left me ſcarce a Smock to wear:

Some have been beg'd, some have been burn'd,
All are to Clouts, or Tinder, turn'd.
Two Smocks last Night the Flames surpriz'd,
And in the Flasket sacrific'd;
Others I did on Friends bestow,
Not dreaming I shou'd want 'em now;
But I cou'd bear the Loss of them,
Had not the Fire disturb'd my Dream.
There is a Saying frights me too,
But Heav'n forbid it shou'd be true;
That where a Virgin burns her Train,
So, all her Life-time, she'd remain.
I dare not be of this Belief,
For shou'd I, I should die with Grief,
Live always here a Nun-like Life
And never, never be a Wife;
Never enjoy a Marriage-Bed,
Nor lose a hated Maidenhead:
Ah! Cruel Flames, you're too unkind
To bring these Fancies to my Mind:
Down, down into your native Cell,
In your own Blazing Regions dwell:
Vex me no more, let me possess
My Linen, or my Dream in Peace.
Thus the poor Nymph, bewail'd her treach'rous Luck,
At once to lose so good a Dream and Smock.

The Claret Drinker's SONG; *Or, The Good* FELLOW's *Design*, 1684.

A Pox of this Fooling and Plotting of late,
What a Pother and Stir hath it kept in the State?
Let the *Rabble* run mad with Suspicions and Fears,
Let 'em scuffle and jar 'till they fall by the Ears:
Their Grievances never shall trouble my Pate,
So that I can enjoy my dear Bottle in Quiet.
What Coxcombs were those that wou'd farther their Ease,
And their Necks, for a Toy, a thin Wafer and Mass,
At old *Tyburn* they never had needed to swing,
Had they been true Subjects to *Drink*, and their KING.

A Friend and a Bottle is all my *Design*,
It has no Room for Treason that's top full of Wine.
I mind not the Members, nor Makers of Laws,
Let 'em sit and prorogue as his Majesty please:
Let 'em damn us to *Wollen* I'll never repine
At my Lodging when Dead, so alive I have Wine:
Yet, oft in my Drink, I can hardly forbear
To curse 'em for making my *Claret* so dear:
I mind not great Asses who idly debate
About *Right and Succession*, the Trifles of State;
We've a Good King already, and he deserves Laughter
That will trouble his Head with who shall come after.
Come, here is his Health, and I wish he may be
As free from all Cares and Troubles as we.
What care I how Leagues with *Hollanders* go,
On Intriegues between *Sydney* and Monsieur *D'avaux?*
What concerns it my Drink, if *Cazal* be sold,
If the Conqueror takes it by Storming, or Gold?
Good *Bourdeaux* alone is the Place that I mind,
And when the Fleet's coming, I pray for the Wind:
The Bully of *France*, that aspires to Renown,
By dull cutting of Throats, and vent'ring his own:
Let him fight and be damn'd, make Matches and Treat,
To afford News-mongers and Coffee-houses Chat.
He's but a brave Wretch, whilst I am more free,
More safe, and a thousand times happier than he:
Come he, or the *Pope*, or the *Devil* too boot,
Or come Faggot or Stake, I care not a Groat:
Never think that in *Smithfield* I Porters will heat,
No, I swear, good Mr *Fox*, excuse me for that:
I'll drink in defiance of Gibbet and Halter,
This is the Profession that never will alter.

Advice to Dr. OATES *not to be Melancholly in* 1685, *when a Prisoner in the* King's Bench.

AS I'm inform'd, on *Monday* last you sat
As dismal as a Melancholly Cat,
Folding your Arms, and pulling down your Hat

Over your Eyes, and groaning in a Chair,
As if you did for God knows what despair:
Fye, Doctor, Fye! you know it is a Folly,
Thus to submit and yield to Melancholly;
For 'twill mutabilate poor Nature's Light,
And turn it's Day into a gloomy Night:
Alas! what if you have been often stript,
And at a Cart's-Arse so severely whipt,
That Rivulets of Blood ran down your Back,
Through Slashes given you by Hangman *Jack?*
And further (which was Punishment enough,)
What tho you sometimes wore a Wooden Ruff?
And what if *Oates* be now laid in a Gaol,
('Stead of a Barn) and thresh'd with that same Flail
We call Contempt? Shit, let 'em kiss your Tail.
'Long as (through Providence) you are supported
By all the Holy Sisters, and are courted
Almost of all your *Presbyterian* Brothers;
Pish! never make such needless Pothers!
What need you care whose Dunghill, Sir, you shit on?
Those that take up the Sword for G—— must fight on.
But if your Sadness does proceed from Fear
Of being mounted on a *Three-legg'd-Mare,*
And (in a *Line*) to Preach a Sermon there;
Well may you Melancholly be, and vex,
Because the Jade does always break the Necks
Of those that ride upon her: Therefore sure
Nothing so great a Penance can endure.
Or Doctor, if you have an inward Sting,
For swearing falsly against *Pickering,*
And many more innocent poor Wretches,
Your Heart must needs be grip'd and full of Stitches,
And you may well through Fear beshit your Breeches.
If you are guilty of those horrid Crimes,
Defer not, Doctor, but repent betimes:
If your Heart be Flinty hard, and Stony
Doubtless you'll be damn'd, and go to *Tony:*
That was the subtle Fox that set you on;
He eat the Meat, and made you pick the Bone;
He ran away, and left the Goose alone.

But who can help it? 'Tis in vain to fret,
By vexing you may loſe, but nothing get;
Therefore be Merry, Sir, as you were wont;
Inſtead of fulſome, uſe a wholeſome———

To the Memory of Mr. JOHN OLDHAM.

FOR that is dangerous for a Man to be
Too buſy with immutable Decree,
I cou'd, dear Friend, e'en blame thy cruel Doom,
That lent ſo much, to be requir'd ſo ſoon:
The Flowers, in which the Meads are deck'd ſo gay,
Altho' they are ſhort-liv'd, they liv'd a Day;
Thou in the Noon of Life wer't ſnatch'd away.
Tho' not before thy Verſe had Wonders ſhown,
And bravely made the Age to come thy own.
The Company of Beauty, Wealth, and Wine,
Were not ſo charming, not ſo ſweet as thine.
They quickly periſh, yours was ſtill the ſame,
An everlaſting, but a lambent Flame,
Which ſomething ſo reſiſtleſs did impart
It ſtill through ev'ry Ear, won ev'ry Heart.
Unlike the Wretch, who ſtrives to get Eſteem,
Nay, thinks it fine, and jantee to blaſpheme,
And can be witty on no other Theme.
Ah! Fooliſh Man! (whom thou did'ſt ſtill deſpiſe)
That muſt be wicked to be counted wiſe:
But thy Converſe was from this Error free;
And yet 'twas every Thing true Wit cou'd be:
None had it, but ev'n with a Tear does own
The Soul of dear Society is gone.
But while we thus thy Native Sweetneſs ſing,
We ought not to forget thy Native Sting;
Thy Satyr ſpar'd no Follies, nor no Crimes,
Satyr the beſt Reformer of the Times!
While diff'rent Prieſts eternally conteſt,
And each will have his own Religion beſt,
And in a Holy Huff damns all the reſt.
Their Love to Gain, not Godlineſs, is ſhown:
Heav'ns Work thy leave undone, to do their own.
How wide ſhoot they that ſtrive to blaſt thy Fame,
By ſaying that thy Verſe was rough and lame?

They

They wou'd have Satyr their Compaſſion move,
And write ſo pliant nicely, and ſo ſmooth,
As if the Muſe were in a Flux of Love.
But who of Knaves, and Fops and Fools does ſing
Muſt Force, and Fire, and Indignation bring,
For 'tis no Satyr, if it has no Sting.
In ſhort, who in that Field wou'd famous be,
Muſt think, and write like *Juvenal* and thee:
Let others boaſt of all the mighty Nine,
To make their Labours with more Luſtre ſhine.
I never had no other *Muſe* but Thee:
Ev'n thou wert all the mighty *Nine* to Me;
Twas thy dear Friendſhip did my Breaſt inſpire,
And warm'd it firſt with a Poetick Fire:
But 'tis a warmth that does with thee expire.
For when the Sun is ſet, that guides the Day,
The Traveller muſt ſtop, or loſe his Way.

A SATIRE *on* MARRIAGE, *Supposed to be ſpoken by one who was threatn'd to be diſinherited, on condition he refus'd the Match that was offer'd him by his Friends.*

NO---let my Friends determine what they will,
I'm fixt, and keep my Reſolution ſtill
Againſt the Threaten'd Marriage Bonds, declare
With them and all the World eternal War:
My Freedom I at its juſt Value rate,
And love my Quiet, more than my Eſtate:
Marriage of each is the deſtructive Bane,
No ſooner match'd but we lament in vain
Their fatal Loſs, which we muſt e'er ſuſtain.
Of all its Days the firſt and laſt are beſt,
So vaſtly is it! ſo compleatly bleſs'd!
Oh! glorious State! repleniſh'd with De'ight!
A Hundred Ills each Day, for one good Night!
In Marriage ſure, if any Comfort be,
'Tis in the hope that we may once be free,
When kinder Death the Union has unty'd,
And taken to himſelf the gracious Bride.

Who ever cou'd the tireſome Load ſuſtain,
But for the Hope once to be freed again?
For why ſhou'd Man, of a free gen'rous Mind,
Be to one Object all his Days confin'd?
Still ty'd to what He cannot Love ſo faſt,
And find no reſt until he finds his laſt:
Ten thouſand Tortures in his Soul ariſe,
And while in Spight ſhe lives, each hour he dies.
For me I'm too much to my ſelf a Friend,
To chuſe thoſe Evils which this State attend.
I hate a Bargain, when we go to woo
Why can't we all things as compleatly do,
Without the Curate and the Lawyer too?
When once the dire ill-omen'd *yes* we ſay,
The Joys of Love ſoon vaniſh all away,
The thing's quite ſpoil'd, becauſe a Duty grown,
And pleaſes now no more becauſe our own;
But what's forbidden fiercely we purſue,
And wond'rous Charms are in the thing call'd New.
Wou'd you at height maintain the pleaſing Flame,
Then carefully preſerve a Lover's Name,
By Forms Love's brisk Affairs are ruin'd quite,
And the dull Name of Husband palls Delight:
Beſide, the tedious Yoak what need we bear,
When we may be as unconfin'd as Air?
Not forc'd to live in Diſcontent and Noiſe,
And all thoſe Griefs that wait neglected Joys;
But uncontroul'd at Liberty to range,
Or when o'er-labour'd find our Eaſe in Change.
Oh! with what Art th' induſtrious Lover tries
To hide his Failings from his *Celia*'s Eyes?
But when eſpous'd, tis then no longer ſo,
Each other then too ſoon, too well they know.
Then forth each hid Defect with Vigour ſprings,
All Cares to pleaſe accounted needleſs things,
Soon all the rare accompliſh'd Glories fade,
Like a fine Flower in its Bloom decay'd!
He that was once ſo neat! ſo trim! ſo gay!
Like the delightful Month of ſmiling *May*,
Wears a perpetual Cloud upon his Brow,
And looks as low'ring as *December* now:

You'd

You'd think he'd nought but Law-suits in his Head,
And all his Grace and all his Wit were fled,
By Wedlock made a perfect useless Fool,
A droning Idiot, and a dreaming Fool!
And whoso does an equal Hazard run,
Can he expect that very Fate to shun?
Or justly think he's just sufficient grown
To be her Master, who is not his own?
No! no! He'll find that all his Skill will fail,
(Altho' he is the Head) to rule her Tail.
Of this so serious Bus'ness, if you doubt,
Illustrious *Corydon* shall make it out:
We safely now may quote the glorious Peer,
And need no *Scandalum Magnatum* fear.
Cuckold of high Degree! ——and that he's so,
He's taken Pains that all the World shou'd know.
Davis's Fate's like his, and *Collin*'s too,
Whose Business, tho' more secret, is as true.
Shou'd I thro' all the Race of Cuckolds run,
To name them all, I never should have done;
Or tell since the first Planting of the Horn,
What vast Encrease each Age and Soil has born.
In *Paradice* the Serpent, some believe,
With something else than Apples tempted *Eve*;
The thing is well suppos'd, the Creature's wise,
And knows the Worth of Opportunities!
But say that this Suspicion is unjust,
Yet why shou'd Man to Woman's Frailty trust?
No! as a wise Man ought, I'll be secure,
And keep me from the Danger that I may be sure.

Oxford *Barber's* VERSES *on Queen* MARY's *Death, 1695.*

SOON as the dismal News came down,
And spread it self about the Town,
I in a trice, with heavy Soul,
As Snails their Horns, drew in my Pole,
Shut Shop, and in a Passion swore,
I'd never use my Scissars more:

Since *Lachesis* so rash had been,
To cut the Throat of gracious Queen;
But I designing more
Than ever Barber did before,
Resolv'd on the too sad Occasion
To exercise a strange Vocation,
Rhyme, the great Business of the Nation.
I thought it errant Shame to fetter
True *English* Sense in Foreign Metre:
For none do bury, I conjecture,
Folks in Outlandish Manufacture:
Not, but that I my Grief cou'd tell
In any other Tongue as well.
Whether in *Turkey* or *Arabick*,
In *Ethiopick*, or *Malabrick*,
In *Cambro-Britanick* or *Togray*,
Or Lingua *Balaam*'s Ass did bray;
But why should I my Readers vex
With these Barbarian Dialects.
In short already I have ended,
And done what I first intended,
'Tis uncorrected, unamended.
No Tutor did this Work puruse,
Nor Money hir'd a Hackney *Muse*,
Tho' that's the Fashion of the Town,
This I protest is all my own.

Upon LOVE, *in Imitation of* COWLEY.

WHether we Mortals love or no,
Tis the same Case whate'er we do.
For Love does killing Pleasure give,
And without Love 'tis Death to Live:
If then to love, so painful be,
And not to love be Misery,
What a sad Case must he be in,
Who has disgrac'd and jilted been?
Banish'd for ever from those Eyes,
Which conquer Fools, and fool the Wise,
And none but *Stoicks* can despise?
They conquer, but they will not yield,
Love knows no such unequal Field:

But

But in Love's gentle Fight
Both Conquer, when they both submit.
Sometimes the better to perswade,
I call in Heraldry to my Aid:
I speak my Sire's and Grandsire's Praise,
Tell her how Brave, how Good he was:
Then magnify my self, and say,
How Wise, how Witty, and how Gay
I am, and (as the times go now)
How constant, and how sober too:
But she, instead of this, demands
What Stock, what Money, Sir? what Lands?
Shepherds and Clowns inherit Life,
Do you e'er think to get a Wife?
Because your Dad was born before ye,
That, Sir, is but an idle Story.
Tho' Men be witty, wise or gay,
Fools may love as well as they:
Wit will not please at Night, nor profit in the Day.
Curse on the Money, wou'd he were
Sunk beyond Hell to languish there,
Condemn'd to everlasting Chains,
Where the rich Miser *Pluto* reigns.
Who first call'd Counters Happiness,
What an improper thing is this?
That Money is th' common Cause of Strife,
The Common Barrater of Life,
Sets Brethren into mortal Fray,
Makes Children Parents disobey,
Make Wars and Slaughters to abound,
Where Peace, and Joy, before were found;
And which is worst of all, it does
Loves gentle Votaries abuse,
It does to Love it's pow'rful Aids deny,
Whilst, for want of it, the Lovers dye.

JULII MAZARINI *Cardinalis Epitaphium.*

HIC *jacet Julius Mazarinus,*
Galliæ Rex Italicus,
Ecclesiæ Præsul Laicus,

Europæ

Europæ prædo purpuratus.
Fortunam omnem ambiit, omnem corrupit;
Ærarium administravit & exhausit,
Civile Bellum compressit, sed commovit;
Regni Jura tuitus est, & invasit;
Beneficia possedit, & vendidit.
Pacem dedit aliquando, diu distulit;
Hostes cladibus, Cives oneribus afflixit;
Arrisit paucis, irrisit plurimos,
Omnibus nocuit.
Negotiator in Templo, Tyrannus in Regno,
Prædo in Ministerio,
Vulpes in Concilio,
Grassator in Bello,
Solus nobis in Pace Hostis.
Fortunam olim adversam, aut elusit, aut vicit.
Et nostro sæculo vidimus.
Adorari Fugitivum,
Imperare Civibus exulem,
Regnare Proscriptum.
Quid deinde egerit? rogas? paucis accipe:
Lusit, fefellit, rapuit;
Ferreum nobis induxit sæculum, sibi ex Aureo nostro
Aurum fecit.
Quorundam Capiti nullius Fortunis pepercit
Homo crudeliter Clemens;
Pluribus tandem Morbis elanguit,
Plures in Cœlo mortes irrogante,
Cui Senatus olim unam tantum decreverat.
Vincemi *je arcibus incluſit moriturus*
Et quidem apte.
Quæsivit Carcerem.
Diu cedentem Animam retinuit, ægre reddidit.
Sic retinere omnia didicerat,
Nihil sua sponte reddere.
Constanter tamen visus est mori; quid mirum?
Ut vixit, sic obiit dissimulans.
Ne morbum quidem noverunt qui curabant,
Hac unâ fraude nobis profuit,
Fefellit Medicos.
Mortuus est tamen ni fallimur, & moriens

Regem

Regem Regno, Regnum Regi restituit.
Reliquit
Præsulibus pessima Exempla,
Aulicis infida Concilia,
Adoptivo amplissima Spolia,
Paupertatem Populis,
Successoribus suis omnes prædandi Artes,
Sed Prædam nullam;
Immensas tamen Opes licet profuderit,
Id unum habuit tantum, ex suo, quod daret,
Nomen suum:
Pectus ejus post Mortem apertum est;
Tum primum patuit vafrum Cor
Mazarini;
Quod nec Precibus, nec Lachrymis, nec Injuriis moveretur,
Diu quæsivimus, invenêre Medici
Cor Lapideum;
Quod mortuus adhuc omnia moveat & administret, ne mireris,
Stipendia in hunc Annum accepit;
Nec fraudat post mortem, vir bonæ Fidei.
Quo tandem evaserit tandem rogitas?
Cœlum si rapitur, tenet, sic datur meritis, longe abest.
Sed abi Viator, & cave,
Nam hic Tumulus,
Est Specus Latronis.

Epitaphium Domini Doctoris James, Custodis Coll. Om. Animal. Oxon.

HIC jacet, qui sub nullo lateret marmore,
Thomas James, *S.S. Theologiæ Doctor,*
Collegii hujus vere Custos,
Optimo dignus Monumento,
Nullius indigens,
Quem nec parcus Invidiæ Sermo,
Nec propria Modestia,
Nec Mortis Umbra possunt celare.
Cujus in Laudibus celebrandis,
Nec Fama loquax, nec ipsa mendax,
Poterit esse Epitaphium.

Sed

Sed plura vetat magnarum
Virtutum Comes verecundia.
Hoc igitur omina breve claudat Encomium;
Vivus Amicos habuit Homines,
Moriens Conscientiam,
Mortuus Deum.
Ætatis suæ LXVII.
Obiit 5° Jan. Anno Dom. CIↃIↃLXXXVI.

Monumentum sibi fieri vetuit, Beatissimus Pater, *Thomas Willis* & *Henricus Jones* Posure, e daubus Sororibus Nepotes.

Pietatis esse arbitrati,
Huic uni ejus mandato non obtemperare,
Prædicandum sibi,
Minime censuere hunc talem virum,
Meliorem quam ut vellet laudari,
Majorem quam ut posset.
Desideratissimi Patris Pietatem
Non hoc Saxum,
Sed hæc testentur Mœnia;
Munificentiam hujus Loci Ædificia;
Liberalitatem Alumni.
Quid in moribus informandis
Quid in publicis Curis sustentandis, Academia,
Quid in propaganda Religione, Ecclesia,
Quam feliciter Juventutem erudierit, Procerum Familia,
Quam præclare de Republica meruerit tota Anglia,
Quantum de bonis Literis, universus Orbis Literatus.

In Diadema Regium a Bloodio Furtim ablatum.

Buddius ut damnum ruris repararet Aviti,
Addicit fisco dum Diadema suo.
Egregium sacro facinus velavit amictu
(Larva magis Reges fallere nulla potest)

Exidit

Excidit aſt auſis tactus pietate profana,
Cuſtodem ut ſervet, maluit ipſe capi.
Si modo ſævitiam texiſſet Pontificalem
Veſte Sacerdotis, rapta Corona foret.

M. S. JOHANNIS FELL, S. T. P.

LOngworthiæ Bercherienſium natus,
In hanc Ædem,
A Patre Decano admiſſus
Alumnus Undecennis.
Magiſtralem Togam ante induit quam ſumeret Virilem.
Sacros Ordines
Diaconatus, vacillante Eccleſia,
Presbyteratus, penitus everſa,
Auſus eſt ſuſcipere,
Et Eccleſiæ reliquias ea fovit Cura
Quæ præluſiſſe videatur Epiſcopatui.
Spectata
In utrumque CAROLUM *fide,*
A Filio tandem reſtaurato
Tutelam hujus Eccleſiæ Decanus accepit,
Et huic tantæ plus quam par Provinciæ,
Epiſcopatum una Oxonienſem
Feliciter adminiſtravit.
Sed dum ſaluti publicæ intentus
Negligeret ſuam,
Ab Eccleſia iterum periclitante deſideratus eſt.
Diaconus, A. D. 1647. } { *Decanus, A. D.* 1660.
Presbyter, A. D. 1649. } { *Epiſcopus, A. D.* 1675.
Natus Jan. 23. *A. D.* 1625.
Mortuus Jul. 10. *A. D.* 1686.

The Practical Quaker; *or, the* New-Lights.

—Velut inter ignes
Luna minores. Hor.

IN Doggrel Rhymes we ſeldom uſe
To ſtay for any *Gods*, or *Muſe*;
But in ſo nice a Caſe is this,
I think it cannot do amiſs: For

For all the *Link-Boys* round the Town
Have ſworn (I hear) to run them down;
The Men of *Tallow*, *Wick*, and *Cotton*,
The *Tin-men* too the Cry have gotten;
Whom, let me ſee, ſhall we retain?
Phœbus for once ſhall be the Man.
Great God of Lights! we thee invoke,
If not on t'other Side beſpoke;
The Stars above, to us below,
Juſt like your Farthing-Candles ſhow;
Whilſt thou, with glorious Luſtre crown'd,
Doſt hang like one of Six in the Pound;
Thou, who'rt all Eye, caſt half an one
Down on this new Invention.
'Tis knew indeed to Men below,
But known in Heav'n long ago;
The Stars, in juſt ſuch Chryſtal Spheres,
Have burnt above five thouſand Years:
They fear no Storm by Day, or Night,
But thus hang Wind or Weather tight;
And ſo they'll hang till Day of Doom,
By that time they'll their Oil conſume;
And then their Glaſſes breaking round us,
In Flames they'll fall, and ſo confound us;
Nay, we can prove the *Milky-Way*,
(For all Sir *Sydrophel* can ſay)
Is but a Street of ſome ſuch Lights,
To guide the heavenly Folks arights;
The Council-Chamber, up above,
Is hung with ſuch and *Jove*'s Alcove;
Tin, Horn, and Greaſe they've none, and I dare ſwear,
There's ne'er a *Tallow-Chandler* there.
Prometheus once (that Son of Fame)
Upon a Viſit hither came;
And lik'd the Thing ſo wond'rous weil,
He ſtrait upon the Tryal fell:
But whether (as ſome Authors ſay)
The *Tallow-Chandlers* ſhew'd foul Play,
Or Link-Boys us'd to break his Glaſſes,
(For variouſly the Story paſſes;)

The

The Project fail'd, and he ran mad,
But Luck the *Virtuoso* had,
That's all, the Bird (the Poets say)
Lies gnawing of him Night and Day.
May more propitious Fates attend
Our present Art-improving Friend;
Were this Invention understood,
'Twou'd be of universal Good:
The *Stars* might go to sleep a-nights,
And leave their Work to these *new-Light*
The Midwife *Moon* might mind her Calling,
And noisy *Lightman* leave his Bawling:
Men might pull in their *Horns*, and be
From Officers and Summons free;
This these *Moon-Cursers* that maintain
The Cry, by Darkness still to gain;
Whose chief Employ, *Tom T---d-man* right,
In Winter Weather, lies by Night:
Nay, with such potent Influence,
Their streaming Rays they do dispense,
That if the Sun shou'd lie too long
Here, he might have his Business done:
He might indulge in *Thetis'* Lap,
And, while they burn, take t'other Nap.
Oh! had you been the other Night
In *Cheapside*, at th' amazing Light,
Where with their sawcer Eyes they hung,
And gather'd the admiring Throng;
The plying *Punks* crept into Holes,
Who walk'd the Streets before by Shoals;
The Night cou'd now no longer skreen
The Tavern-Sots from being seen;
The *Light-men* they began to rally,
Who blush'd, and turn'd down *Grocers-Alley*.
The *Tempest* you have seen, no doubt,
Just so the Candles all went out:
Those silly Tools no more cou'd burn
Than Kitchen-Grease before the Sun.
The *Quaker*, with up-lifted Hands,
By *Yea* and *Nay*, the Rogue commends:

Of all their boaſted Light, he ſaid,
Theſe never entered once our Head.
When we compare our Times with thoſe are paſt,
We cry, this Age of greater Light can boaſt;
I'll ſay ſo too, if this Device hit right,
Elſe ſwear our Age wants Wit as well as Light.

In Epiſcopum Sarisburienſem.

E Scotia *Presbyter Profugus,*
In Angliam *ad bene mentiendum,*
Reipublicæ Cauſa aliquando venit,
Ibi primum Dominum ſuum,
Deinde Regem,
Tandem Eccleſiam, Regnumque proſidit.
Egregius mehercule Simulator,
Omnium Horarum Homo.
Proteus *nullo* (*niſi quem metuit*)
Nodo tenendus.
Aliquando pro Regibus diſputavit,
Nunc contra Regem ſuum,
Criſtas ſuas erigit Epiſcopales:
Hinc Rebellionis Antiſtes,
Olim ad miſeriam damnavit
Et Gehennam *ſeditioſos,*
Nunc Cœlum & Terram,
Preſentia & futura.
Iiſdem promittit,
Homo eruditer miſericors.
Angliæ Exul ad Exteras ſe contulit regiones,
Ut malæ falleret tædium Conſcientiæ;
Sed fruſtra, hæret lateri lethalis arundo;
Cœlum non Animum (*male ſibi conſcium*
Aliiſque machinantem) *mutat*
Qui trans Mare currit.
Sed ubique (*ſi credere fas eſt*)
Religionem quæſivit,
Pariſiis, Romæ, Genevæ, Amſtelodami,
Sed nullibi invenit
Ne quidem in Anglia,

Niſi

Nisi in Ecclesiæ Sarisburiensis *Cathedra,*
Ubi nunc magnifice sedet
In sui Gloriam,
Ecclesiæ Regnique dedecus,
Et bonorum omnium Tristitiam.
De Moribus suis corrigendis parum sollicitus,
Precibus publicis in melius
(Si Diis placet) reformandis
Totus incumbit;
Orandus est, ut, inter alias novas,
Quas meditatur, formulas,
Hanc precatiunculam
Secundum Usum Sarum,
Interserere curaret:
Hic in Templo negotiatori
Da mihi fallere, da sanctum justumq; videri,
Noctem Peccatis & Fraudibus obice Nubem.
Vivit nobis, væ nobis bis in Anglia,
Mazarinus alter;
Vidimus triumphare fugitivum,
Et regnare Exulem.

A Description of a Country-Life.

In a Letter to Mr. P———*in* London, June 2. 1692.

IF I did not love you better than our Statesman do a new Plot, a Fop a new Fashion, and the Wou'd-be Wits at *Wills* do a new Criticism, I would never leave a Parcel of honest Fellows that are now dusting it about, to retire to a Corner by my self, and send you the Transactions of *Hartfordshire.*

So much by way of Preface, without which even a Letter to a Friend now-a-days, not to mention those unwieldy things call'd Epistles Dedicatory, is thought as naked, as an Archdeacon's Hat would be thought by the Country People, without a Rose in it.

I have now pass'd just two tedious Months in the Country and cannot forbear now and then to cry out, with a little Alteration from the words of our beloved *Horace:*

O Urbs, quando ego te aspiciam, quandoq; licebit
Phyllide nunc pulchra, nunc Bacchi divite succo
Ducere sollicitæ jucunda oblivia vitæ !

The Effects of this curſed War appear no where ſo lamentably as they do in theſe Parts of the World. In *London* you only find it in your *Gazettes* and News-Papers. You have the Play-houſe to divert you, and the Taverns are as much crouded as ever. Here we have Company indeed, and Drink; but when we conſider how much the latter is degenerated from what it was in the time of Peace, it palls our Mirth, and we are as heavy-hearted as the *Jews* of old were at the ſight of their ſecond Temple.

The Wine, in thoſe few Places where we find it, is ſo intolerably bad, that tho' 'tis good for nothing elſe, 'tis a better Argument for Sobriety, than what all the Volumes of Morality can afford. My Companion, *Jack Freeman*, who you know is a Libertine in his Nature, ſays, it ought to be imployed only in ſacred Uſes; for whatever Preparation it deſerves beforehand, it never fails of giving a Man a Week's Repentance afterwards. The Duce take me, if, in ſome of my ſullen Moments, I don't envy a *London* Fly, I don't mean an Inhabitant of *Smithfield* or *Wapping*, but one that tipples in a creditable Tavern, ſomewhere about the *Exchange* or *Temple-Bar*. Where this ſorry Stuff is not to be had, we are forc'd, in our own Defence, to take up with Punch; but the Ingredients are as long a ſummoning, as a Colonel would be recruiting his Regiment. In my Conſcience, the King might ſooner get a Convocation of honeſt diſintereſted Church-men together. We muſt ſend to a Market-Town five Miles off for Sugar and Nutmeg, and five Miles beyond that for rotten Lemons. Water it ſelf is not to be had without travelling a League for it, and an unſanctify'd Kettle ſupplies the Place of a Bowl. Then when we have mix'd all theſe noble Ingredients, which, generally ſpeaking, are as bad as thoſe the Witches in *Mackbeth* jumble together to make a Charm, we fall to contentedly, and ſport off an Afternoon. 'Tis

true,

true, our Heads suffer for it next Morning, but what is that to an old Soldier? We air our selves next Morning on the Common, and the Sin and the Pain are forgotten together.

At other times we do Penance in stale *March*-Beer, which fills and clogs, but never inspires. If it gives any Mirth, 'tis sickly and faint, like the Light one receives from burnt Brandy, and our Smiles, like those of the moody *Almanzor* in the Play, are hardly to be distinguish'd from a Frown. This Course of Life we led till our Stock was all exhausted at home, and then 'twas with us in the Case of Drink, what it was formerly between *Mahomet* and the Mountain upon another Occasion. If the Drink won't come to us, we must e'en go to the Drink, and that we do with a witness; for we make longer Pilgrimages to a Tub of Ale, than a Jesuit would undergo to make a Royal Convert. Our Director, in these matters, is an honest Parson of the Neighbourhood, one that has made a shift to get a red Nose and a double Chin in the Service of the Church, though he has but thirty Pound a Year; and to keep his Palate Orthodox, and still in Tune, he carries the Tip of a dry'd Neat's-Tongue always in his Pocket. He has some Acquaintance with Books and Critical Learning, and pretends to have discovered a false reading in *Minutius Felix*, which has hitherto escap'd all the *German* Commentators. 'Tis that famous Passage, *Non magna loquimur, sed vivimus.* He says, and proves it by the Context, that it ought to be *bibimus*, and has brought us all to be of his Opinion. In short, you may talk of your Secretaries of State, and Ministers as long as you please; but he's a Person of the most universal Intelligence I had ever the Honour to be acquainted with. No sooner does one Tub decline, but he has his Emissaries to tell him when another is fit to bleed; and thus ten miles round him. Then we saddle our Horses, and make as much haste to examine the Vessel, as a Messenger does to seize a Delinquent come from *France*.

Having thus tired you with our drinking, you expect, I suppose, to have an account of our Women. I was five days in this Family, before I saw a Female Face. Whatever the matter is, they are as shy of being seen by a

Lon-

Londoner, as a *Dutch* Trooper, or as the modestest Animal in the Universe, is of meeting a *French* Dragooner in *Flanders*. But t'other Morning, as I walk'd in the Garden, I heard a squeaking Treble murder a Play-house Tune, at least as old as herself: however it was new here, and presently after a thing in a Commode look'd out of the Window, but as merrily as King *Charles* II. peeps out of the Royal Oak in a Country Sign. The Governess of the Castle at last believed we were no Monsters, and resolved to give us the Honour of her Company. I never saw so diminitive a Creature in my days; when she came into the Dining-Room between her two strapping Daughters, that were at least six Foot high, she look'd, methinks, like a Pair of Snuffers between two Monument Candlesticks. After the first Salutation was over, she complain'd of the Taxes, and the Sins of the Age that occasion'd them; but for all her Sanctity, the old Gentlewoman thought it no Sin, it seems, to paint, which she had laid on as thick as an Author does Flattery in a Dedication. The *Fucus* had bestow'd some red upon her Cheeks, by the same Token it made them guilty of a piece of false Chronology. It made resemblance of Youth amongst Furrows and Wrinkles; so I could not help thinking upon some of *Varelst*'s Pieces, where you see Winter and Summer Flowers, that never grow together, join'd in one Picture. But for all that, 'twas a very godly discreet old Lady. She ask'd us a 1000 Questions about the Funds and the Lotteries, and whether she might dispose her Money safely to the Government? No doubt on't, Madam, the Confederates and we are an hundred thousand strong in *Flanders*; besides *Russel* has plaid the Devil with them at Sea. The Messieurs, one of these days, will come upon their Knees to supplicate for a Peace; and so we parted for that time.

A few days after, this old Lady desir'd *Jack Freeman* and me to bear her and her Daughters Company to a Wedding in the neighbouring Village. At the very mention of a Wedding we rejoic'd as much as the People in *Cornwall* do at the News of a Wreck. So down we went to the Farmer's House, whose Heir Apparent was to be matrimonially bound to his good Behaviour. The Bride was a fat fresh-colour'd Wench, well built and ruddy,

and

and a great Pains-taker (to use *Harry Higden*'s word) I dare warrant for her. The Husband Elect look'd somewhat grum upon the matter, as knowing how much Business he had upon his hands. To be short, we saw them conducted to the enchanted Castle, where the sacred Magician perform'd his Office. When he came to the terrible Words you wot of, the Bridegroom look'd as pale as a Parson that preaches a stollen Sermon at a Visitation; and the Bride, after the laudable Custom of her Sex, dropt a few precious Tears, and wip'd them off with her Handkerchief. From thence we came back to the old Place of Rendezvous, where one would have thought the whole Country was assembled to behold the Ceremony; but 'tis an old commendable Custom of your Mothers, all *England* over, to bring their Daughters to such a Sight, to prepare them for what they must undergo another day; as your Keepers call in their young Dogs at the plucking down of a Stag, to enter them. All Dinner-time the Bridegroom and Bride ogled one another like *Adam* and *Eve* in an old Bible-Cut. When that was over, we removed into the Yard, where we shaked our Heels in *Fresco*, and towards the close of the Afternoon were interrupted by a parcel of Country Fellows, with a Fiddle at the head of them, who gave us a spice of their Abilities under an Elm-tree. When I first saw them move, they gave me an Image of *Lucretius*'s Atoms, and how they jumbled and interfered in the *Vacuum*. I could not forbear to make another Reflexion upon it, which shows upon what Chimerical Grounds People build their Satisfaction. These Fellows, by the pure Instinct of Nature, did what Mr. *Dogget* has learnt to do with Pains and long Imitation; yet Mr. *Dogget* pleases, and we should hiss these off the Stage for Scoundrels and Blockheads.

A little before Supper we had a Cessation of Fiddles, and our old Lady, whose Piety and Pthysick make her equally troublesome to her self and all the World besides, began the Discourse with complaining of the strange Debaucheries of the Men; and to shew her wonderful Charity, was pleas'd to affirm, that not one Man in five-hundred that has been bred in *London*, but has pass'd the Chirurgeon's hands, two or three times before the Day

of

of Marriage. Well, the Lord be praised, says a Gentlewoman newly married, that sat next her, I have no reason to complain of my Husband, he is no Drunkard, make me thankful for't, nor given to lewd Company, and, what few of my Neighbours can say, I am so sure he never knew any Woman before my self. —— Sure on't! cries *Jack Freeman*, rising up and bowing to her. For Heaven's sake, Madam, how was it possible? For *Moses*, Madam---Pugh! says she, what do ye tell me of *Moses*?—With submission, Madam, *Moses* was an honest Gentleman, and tho' he sat down certain Marks by which a Man may know whether his Wife comes a Maid to him——Lord! what stuff is here——Yet he no where instructs the Women to know whether the Men have been trespassing before.—— No matter for that——Did you believe him then upon his own Word? ——I won't tell you whether I did or no? —— Or did you discover him to be a Virgin, as we do a raw undisciplin'd Soldier?---How is that—Why, Madam, by the awkard handling of his Arms, and making his Attacks irregularly.---With that all the Men fell a laughing, and the Women blush'd behind their Fans. But this was not enough for *Jack Freeman*, for with an Assurance equal to that of a thorough-pac'd Evidence, tho' he never saw this Woman's Husband in his Life before, yet as if he had been one of his old intimate Acquaintance, he thus went on——Indeed, Madam, I can't tell what Stories Mr. *N*---might tell you of his own Virtue, and all that, but I knew him perfectly at the University. He and I, Madam were of the same College, I believe we have drank this Room full of bottled Ale together, and we took him for no Saint there. There went a scurvy Report of him, but I won't justify it; because Fame's a common Harlot, and a Lyar *ab initio*. But the Report was, I remember, that he was very great with his Bedmaker; no tawdry young Creature, I must do him that Justice, but a grave, stay'd discreet Person, a venerable old Matron, upon my word, and fit to have made a Wife for *Burgersdicius*, if ever you heard of him. She wore about her Girdle some threescore and ten Keys, which, when she walked, made as delicious Musick as a Carrier's

Carrier's Bells. And, Madam, we had a Tradition amongſt us, that he ſeduc'd this ancient Perſon with Ninepence in hard Money, and a pair of blue Worſted Stockings, but God forbid that I ſhould affirm this; yet, for all I know, it may be true, for, Madam, all Fleſh is frail. Upon this the Company laughed as heartily as before; the poor Gentlewoman look'd blank in the Mouth, but Supper came very ſeaſonably to her Relief; ſo to eating we fell, then the Fiddlers ſtruck up, and we danc'd till ten. At which time the old People taking the Bride's Caſe into Conſideration, whoſe Concupiſcence had ſtood upon tip-toes ever ſince the Parſon had put her into the Church-pound, took her up Stairs, and, as Mr. *Otway* ſays, diſh'd her neatly in Bed. What happened afterwards you may eaſily gueſs.

'Tis a Sign you don't know when you are well, otherwiſe you would not long ſo furiouſly to be here, only upon the ſcore of the Country-Nymphs, as you call them; for I dare engage you'd ſoon wiſh yourſelf home again. A raw Wench here in the Country, not to recount to you a thouſand other Impertinences, before you can bring her to bear, will put you to the Devil and all of Expence in Perjury: All which is ſaved in *London*. The Women there, are better bred than to ask it of you, or elſe know the World too well to depend upon it. Produce but the half Piece, and they trouble their Heads no farther about you. But here you muſt run through as ſtrict a Scrutiny, as if you were to take a Poſt of the greateſt Truſt in the Government——And, my Dear, will you be everlaſtingly true to me---No doubt on't, Child——But when you have ſerved your Turn, you will leave me for ſomebody elſe---But indeed I won't---It would break my Heart if you ſhould---Never fear it---Swear then, my Dear,---Why there is no occaſion---But you ſhall ſwear, dear Rogue, now your Honey bids you, or,---So then you are obliged to part with as many Oaths in a Moment, as would handſomely maintain one of the King's Majeſty's Garriſons for a twelvemonth. Now this is very hard upon the Subject, eſpecially the tender-conſcienc'd: Nay, to give you the laſt Proof of their ill-breeding, in the critical Minute of Joy, when they ought to

be all Rapture and Contemplation, then, even then, when they ſhould be wrapt up in holy Silence, they'll ask you a thouſand fooliſh Queſtions, as *mal a propos*, as if one ſhould interrupt a Popiſt Prieſt at the Elevation, and ask him what a clock it is. You complain that the Damſels with you dreſs too fine, and that a pretty Woman, ſet out in all the Advantages of Art, is too luſcious a Diſh to feed upon, and as bad as Sack and Sugar. I can anſwer for no body's Palate but my own; and cannot help ſaying with the fat Knight in *Harry* the Fourth: If Sack and Sugar is a Sin, the Lord have Mercy on the wicked.

During my Stay in theſe Parts, I have reconciled my ſelf to all the Sports of the Country, but Fox-hunting. They have got me out twice upon that account, but if ever they get me again, I'll give them leave to hang me. For my part, I believe ſome Prieſt firſt invented it, becauſe it requires ſo much implicit Faith, and the Drudgery is ſo ſtupid. A Man muſt venture his Neck for a thing he never ſees, and when he has got it, 'tis not worth his while. And this Doctrine I daily Preach to the Gentlemen, but they mind me no more than the Bankers in *Lombard-ſtreet* did the zealous *David Jone*'s declaiming againſt Uſury.

Thus I have plagu'd you with a tedious long Letter, which I have not Patience enough to look over again, and going to make Excuſes for it, I am interrupted by the following Compliments ..... What a Plague are you doing all this while by your ſelf ..... Here you have ſcor'd you ten Glaſſes ..... Come, or we ſhall lay a heavier Fine upon you .... Thus I am forced to conclude with ſubſcribing my ſelf,

Your moſt humble Servant.

T. Brown.

A Bantering Letter to a Vintner *living near the* Royal-Exchange, *under the borrow'd Name of a Juſtice of Peace's Clerk, about a Baſtard-Child.*

SIR, *Grays-Inn*, Aug. 23. 1703.

ALTHO' I am wholly a Stranger to you, yet as all of us ought to do mutual good Offices to one another, I was eaſily inclin'd to do you the following Kindneſs, if you pleaſe to make it one, for I can aſſure you I intended it as ſuch, and that without the leaſt mercenary Proſpect of being rewarded for my Pains. Know then that Mr. *Daniel Arrowſmith* the Hoſier, one of the Churchwardens belonging to St. *Andrew*'s *Holborn*, brought to my Maſter, the Worſhipful Mr. Juſtice *Ireton*, at his Chambers in *Grays-Inn*, about the Hours of eight and nine this Morning, a young Woman, whoſe Name is *Judith Merryweather*, living in *Leather-lane*, at the Sign of the *Hat* and *Feather*. The Beadles of the Pariſh had ſome time ago obſerved her to look as if ſhe was big-bellied, and knowing her to have no Husband, acquainted the two Churchwardens below the Bars, (for you muſt know, Sir, we have four in all belonging to our Pariſh) with the matter, who repair'd very early to her Lodgings this Morning, and upon the Pariſh Midwife's atteſting her to be with Child, they very ſeverely examin'd who was the true Father of the Child, otherwiſe threatning to ſend her to *New-Priſon*, near *Iſlington*. At the firſt ſhe would make no Confeſſion, pretending ſhe had a Husband at Sea in the *Britannia*; but being required by my Worſhipful Maſter, Juſtice *Ireton*, to produce the Certificate of her Marriage, ſhe frankly own'd at laſt, that it was her Misfortune, ſome ſix Months ago, to be pick'd up by you in *High-Holborn*, and that you carried her to the *Rummer*-Tavern in *Grays-Inn* Paſſage, where, in the Green Room up two Pair of Stairs, you debauched her twice upon a Chair, by the ſame Token you gave her half a Crown in hand, and pro-

mis'd her a Pair of Blue Silk Stockings; concluding, that she was never concerned with any Man in the World but you, and that she was ready to confirm this upon Oath. My Master hearing that you were a young Man, newly set up for your self, and being loth to expose your Reputation, the Soul and Life of a Tradesman, to the malicious Censure of the World; he refused to admit the young Wench to swear against You, and particularly spoke to the two Churchwardens, Mr. *Daniel Arrowsmith* Hosier, and Mr. *Jacob Thimblesworth* Cheesemonger, to endeavour to make up this Matter amicably with you, to conceal your Name, and give you the meeting this Afternoon at Six of the Clock, at the *Three-Tun* Tavern near *Holborn-Bars*, and make as easy a Bargain for you as he can possible, in case they conjectur'd you to be the right Father; which will soon appear when the young Wench and you are confronted together. Then, Sir, he ordered me to write this Letter to you, to acquaint you with the Time and Place of Meeting; as also to be there my self, and give him an Account at Night of all Particulars. So, Sir, if you please to enquire for Number Six, at the aforesaid Tavern, you will certainly find us there attending your coming, in hopes thereof you'll make a short end of this scurvy Business. I remain, tho' unknown,

Yours to Command,
PETER AYLOFF.

P. S. The young Woman is about Sixteen, fresh-colour'd, but a little frickled, and redhair'd. Her Mother keeps an Apple-stall.

A Letter to a young LADY.

I Have languished a whole tedious Week, which, in the computation of us Lovers, is an Age at least, under the severest Pains that can be imagined; and yet, Madam, you have not vouchsafed to express the least compassion for my Sufferings, tho' you are the cruel Occasion of them. Why should Beauty affect arbitrary Sway, and take Delight in the Ruin of its most faith-

faithful Adorers? Or why should so passionate a Heart as mine is, that would gladly sacrifice the whole Universe to purchase yours, be rewarded only with Scorn and Contempt? Oh let me conjure you by those dear killing Eyes, that have robbed me of my Repose, to let me know my Crime, and wherein I have offended you, that the whole Services of my Life may atone for my Transgression: If you are resolved to make me your Victim, do but let me know so much, and I'll die with the Eagerness and Resignation of a Martyr: For, alas! my Despair at present has so effectually mortify'd me, that should you continue to be severe, Death will be a welcome Deliverer to the most unfortunate,

T. Brown.

HENRICUS HAMMONDUS

A D cujus nomen assurgit
Quicquid est gentis literatæ,
(Dignum Nomen,
Quod Auro, non Atramento,
Nec in Marmore perituro, sed Adamante potius
Exaretur)
Masageres celeberimus, vir plane summus,
Theologus omnium consummatissimus,
Eruditæ Pietatis decus simul & exemplar;
Sacri Codicis interpres
Facile omnium oculatissimus,
Errorum Malleus,
Post homines natos felicissimus,
Veritatis Hyperaspistei
Supra quam dici potest Nervosus;
In cujus scriptis
Eluceſcunt
Ingenii Gravitas & acumen,
Judicii Sublimitas & Ἀκρίβεια,
Sententiarum Ὄγκος & Δεινότης,
Docendi Methodus utilissima,
Nusquam dormitans Diligentia.
Hammondus (*inquam*) ὁ πάνυ,

In ipſa mortis Vicinia poſitus,
Immortalitati quaſi contiguus,
Exuvias Mortis venerandas
(*Præter quas nihil mortale habuit*)
Sub obſcuro hoc Marmore
Latere voluit,
VII. *Cal. Maias,*
Ann. Ætat. LV.
MDCLX.

An Epitaph on Algernon Sidney, 1683.

Algernon Sidney fills this Tomb,
An *Atheiſt*, by diſclaiming *Rome*;
A Rebel bold, for ſtriving ſtill
To keep the Laws above the Will,
And hind'ring thoſe wou'd tread 'em down,
To leave no Limits to a Crown:
Crimes, damn'd by Church and Government,
But, Oh! where muſt his Soul be ſent?
Of Heav'n it ever muſt deſpair,
If that the *Pope* be *Turn-Key* there:
And Hell it ne'er can entertain,
For there is all tyrannick Reign;
And Purgatory's ſuch Pretence,
It ne'er receiv'd a Man of Senſe:
Where goes it then? Why, where it ought to go,
Where neither *Pope*, nor *Devil* have to do.

An Epitaph on TRUE, *Queen* MARY's DOG.

IF Wit, or Honeſty, could ſave
Our mould'ring Aſhes from the Grave,
This Stone had yet remain'd unmark'd,
I ſtill writ Proſe, and *True* ſtill bark'd:
But envious Fate has claim'd its Due,
Here lies the mortal part of *True*:

His

His deathleſs Virtues muſt ſurvive,
To better us that are alive.
His Prudence, and his Wit, were ſeen
In that, from *Mary*'s Grace and Mien,
He own'd the Pow'r, and lov'd the Queen:
By long Obedience he confeſs'd,
That ſerving her was to be bleſs'd:
Ye Murmurers, let *True* evince
That Men are Beaſts, and Dogs have Senſe.
His faith and Truth all *Whitehall* knows,
He ne'er could fawn, or flatter thoſe
Whom he believ'd were *Mary*'s Foes:
Ne'er ſculk'd from whence his Sovereign led him,
Nor ſnarl'd againſt the Hand that fed him:
Read this, you Stateſmen now in Favour,
And mend your own, by *True*'s Behaviour.

An Epitaph on a Stumbling-Horſe.

HERE lies the Horſe beneath this Stone,
Who living, oft has lain on one:
A noble Steed, who, as he went,
Proclaim'd ſtill his high Deſcent:
A proudly headed Nag he was,
And hence it often came to paſs;
Tho' he his Feet nought valued,
He ſtill ſtood much upon his Head.
He was no War-Horſe, yet he knew
The Art to ſquat and lie *perdu*;
Yea, many a Horſe, long train'd in Wars,
Had never half ſo many Scars:
There's only this ſmall Diff'rence in't,
Theirs were Steel Wounds, but his of Flint.
He was no Hunter, nor did care
To follow Chace of Fox or Hare;
Yet had this Property of Hound,
He ſtill was ſmelling on the Ground.
And tho' Dame Nature did not frame
Him for a Finder of the Game;

Yet were it loſt, none certainly
Wou'd ſooner ſtumble on't than he.
He was no Racer, as ſome ſay,
Tho' ſome conclude the other way;
And ſay, for Swiftneſs, he might run
Againſt the Horſes of the Sun:
For tho' full ſwift Don *Phœbus* be,
This wou'd be ſooner down than he:
For his Opinion, Critick-Wit
Does vary much in gueſſing it:
Some ſay he was Conformiſt bred,
He bow'd ſo low; but ſome this Steed
Think may for Nonconformiſt go,
At every thing he ſtumbles ſo.
Some think him Presbyter, 'cauſe he
Brings Rider down to Purity.
But ſome ſay no, for, by this knack,
He ſtill throws Jocky from his Back.
Some for Rebaptiſt him beſpatter,
For dipping Rider oft in Water;
But all no Quaker him conclude,
Becauſe with Knee Reſpect he ſhew'd:
Some think him Papiſt, 'cauſe ſo prone
He was to worſhipping of Stone:
Some think again, that Tripping he
Confutes Infallibility.
But moſt allow him (which is worſe)
No more Religion than a Horſe:
Well, now he's dead, nor Wonder is't,
For Mother-Earth long ſince he kiſt;
And what it was, full well did know,
To turn his Heels up long ago.
If any to enquire ſhall pleaſe
What caus'd his Death, 'twas a Diſeaſe,
Call'd *Epilepſe* by learned *Leech*,
But falling-Sickneſs in plain Speech.
And to confirm it for a Truth,
He often foamed at the Mouth.
And our good Coroner finds he hath,
By his own ſtumbling, caus'd his Death.

In King's Highway, pray let him reſt,
With this Inſcription on his Breaſt:
Here lies the Horſe, that fell and roſe before,
But now (the Learned ſay) muſt riſe no more.

ORACULUM.

EXulta, Germania!
Venit enim Tempus,
Quo
Nomen Leopoldus *tranſit in omen,*
Pello duos
Capitales ſcilicet Germaniæ *Hoſtes;*
Pulſum jam alterum vidimus,
Alterum brevi pellendum ſperamus,
Sultanum & Ludovicum,
Utrumque magnum;
Alterum quondam Orbis Terrorem, nunc Ludibrium:
Turcia *ſub illo, a tot ſæculis,*
Gallia *ſub hoc, a paucis luſtris,*
Invictum ſe jactitavit:
Alterum vinci poſſe, alter docuit.
Uterque cum Germanis *ferit*
Inducias viginti Annorum,
Sed & fregit;
Alter ſub Finem, ſub Initium alter:
Pari uterque Uſus prætextu,
Ille, ut Comitem de Tekely,
Hic, ut Principem de Furſtemberg,
Firmaret.
Tekley *Chriſtianus contra Chriſtianos,*
Furſtemberg Germanus *contra* Germanos:
Uterque duxit Hoſtes,
Sed pari ut ſperamus ſucceſſu.
Nec omine caret
Ludovicus *nomine* Decimus quartus:
Interroganti eum,
Quid es? Sum Turca:
Nomen & Omen refert.
Quis diffitebitur ergo,
Quid Ludovicus Turca.

Parem cum Turca *experturus sit fortunam ?*
Transit eam Nox,
Qua
Nocturnum Sidus, & Animal,
Luna, & Gallus, regnant :
Exortus est dies ;
Nam Luna per solem cœpit obscurari :
Et cum Aquila inter Solis versetur radios,
Desit Gallicinium,
Nec Gallus *amplius cantabit.*
Venit enim Tempus
Quo
LVDoVICVs MagnVs breVI fIet parVVs,
Nam Literæ numerales dant numerum
MDCLXXXVIII.

The Epsom *Duel*, 1689.

I Sing of a Duel in *Epsom* befel,
'Twixt sa-so-la *Durfey*, and so-la-mi *Bell:*
But why do I mention the scribbling Brother ?
For naming the one, you may guess at the other.
Betwixt them there happen'd a horrible Clutter,
Bell set up the loud Pipes, and *Durfey* did splutter.
Draw, *Bell*, wer't thou Dragon, I'll spoil thy soft Note,
Thy squeaking, said t'other; for I'll cut thy Throat.
With a Scratch on the Finger the Duel's dispatch'd,
Thy *Clineas* (O *Sidney !*) was never so match'd.

Prophecies out of Merlin's Carmen, 1690.

ARthurus veniet Clypeo ceu nomen ab Aureo
Sive a Divitiis ne quærit nominis umbram.
Sed verice certe : Majoribus integer ausis.
Æolios certo sibi junget fœdere fratres,
Non unda, non saxa illum, non impius Ensis,
Impediunt currentem, & mollia jussa ferentem.
Diis Charum, sacrumq; caput nec fulmina tangent,
Axem humeris torquet, fugit inde volubile Ferrum,
Absolvitque Deos tantum peccare timentes.

Alias

Alias ver juncosque dabit; sed proxima Messis
Lilia, sic Domitas lati latabitur Orbis.
Interea Diros fremitus Terraque Mariquc,
Delphinogeum tunc circumludete Monstrum,
Per Regis Cameras, cæli laquearibus aptas
Multaque tunc infanda videbitis. His dare finem
Ferridus Iliacis curret Neptunus ab Undis,
Nec feret hoc Dux Penigerum.

Sure as ye live, who *Arthur*'s Fate deplore,
Heav'n for you has an *Arthur* yet in store;
Behold his Deeds, and thence the Man proclaim,
Tho' a gilt Helm on Riches stamp his Name.
From *Æolus* he calls a ready Wind,
And carries every Element his Friend,
Heav'ns Darling! Him no Instrument of War
May touch, nor boldest Thunder singe his Hair.
O *Æolus!* O ye Gods! The Ball is hurl'd,
That Shoulder hurt, where will you fix the World.
He, *Britain*'s Angel, in one Moon shall mow
The Flags and Rushes which in *Bogland* grow,
The Lillies, a white Harvest, next shall crown
His sacred Head, and all the World's his own.
Ag. inst God's Wind, tho' Hell may drive the Tide
In the King's Chambers, tho' a Dolphin ride;
Yet sure that Rout shall the proud Dragon rue,
St. *Michael* comes with all his winged Crew;
And *Neptune* will the Brutes no longer bear,
Thunder begins, and Wonder ends the War.

The Cavalcade, and disbanding the Royal Regiment; a Ballard for Jo. Haynes, 1690.

I.

ALL you that have *Protestant* Ears to hear,
Each of you prepare to shed a salt Tear;
For know that our Monarch intends to disband
The only brave Heroes could conquer *Ireland*.

II.

The fierce Royal Regiment, as brave Men and willing,
As *Dutchmen*, or *Danes*, or those *Inneskilling*,

Must

Muſt now be caſhier'd without any Rewards,
Who once did pretend to precede the King's Guards.

III.

O had you but ſeen them march with that Decorum,
That no *Roman* Triumph cou'd e'er go before them;
Some ſmoaking, ſome whiſtling, all thinking no harm,
Like *Yorkſhire* Attornies coming up to a Term.

IV.

On Long-Tails, on Bob-Tails, on Trotters, on Pacers,
On Pads, Hawkers, Hunters, on Higlers, or Racers;
You'd have ſworn Knights, Squires, Prigs, Cuckolds and Panders,
Appear'd all like ſo many Great *Alexanders*.

V.

Theſe *Heroes*, who thorow all Dangers durſt go,
Moſt bravely deſpiſing Blood, Battel, and Foe,
Were mounted on Steeds the laſt Lord Mayor's Day,
From *Turkey*, *Spain*, *Barbary*, Coach, Cart, and Dray.

VI.

'Twas on that very day their Proweſs was ſhown,
For guarding the King thro' the Fire-works o'th' Town;
The Sparks were unhorſt, and their lac'd Coats were ſpoil'd,
Yet theſe fear'd no Squibs of Man, Woman, or Child.

VII.

The *Cornet*, whoſe Noſe tho' it ſpoke him no *Roman*,
Was mounted that Day on a Horſe feared no Man;
Believe me, for all o'er his Trappings ſo ſumptuous,
He ty'd Squibs and Crackers, 'twas mighty preſumptuous.

VIII.

But note his Deſign, 'twas worth your admiring,
'Twas to let the Queen ſee how his Horſe would ſtand firing;
Not wiſely conſidering what 'twas to be married,
For at firing the Squibs his own Miſtreſs miſcarried.

IX.

Th' *Anabaptiſt*, who ſquirts his Zeal into his Maid,
In his Jackboots, both Night and Day, preach'd, ſlept, and pray'd;
For jingling his Spurs chim'd them all in as well
To Sermon, or Prayers, as any Sans-Bell.

X.

The *Lieutenant-Colonel* being thrown by his Jennet,
His Son-in-law thinking some Treachery in it,
Did tender him the Oaths, which the Horse took they say,
But swore by the Lord they went down like chopp'd Hay.

XI.

He the Beast of an *Irish* Papist did buy,
So doubting his Courage and his Loyalty,
Taught him to eat with his *Oates* Gunpowdero,
And prance to the Tune of old Lilly-Burlero.

XII.

A noble stout Scrivener, who now shall be nameless,
That in time of Action he might be found blameless,
A War-horse of Timber from a *Dutch* Carver Buys,
To learn with more Safety the Horse-exercise.

XIII.

With one Eye on's Honour, the other on's Gain,
He fixes a Desk on *Bucephalus'* Main;
That so by that means he his Palfry bestriding,
Might practice at once both his writing and riding.

XIV.

But o' the sad News that our Heroes confounds,
To *Ireland* their own like the last Trumpet sounds;
The King has invited Lord Mayor and Shreive *Hublin*,
To dine upon *Midsummer*-Day with him in *Dublin*.

XV.

Good Lord! how this News sets the Champions a trembling,
And now quite forgetting their wonted dissembling,
Can think them of nothing but Suits and Petitions,
Of humble Addresses, of Terms and Conditions.

XVI.

O who'll march for me? now speak any that dare,
A Horse and a hundred Pounds for him that's fair;
Dear Courtier excuse me from *Teagueland* and Slaughter,
And take, which you please, my Wife or my Daughter.

XVII.

Some feign'd to be lame, some feign'd to be clapt,
At last finding they themselves had thus trapt,
Unanimously they to the King all addrest,
And told the bare Truth, 'twas all but a Jest.

XVIII.

XVIII.

A Jeſt! quoth the King, and with that the King ſmil'd,
It ne'er ſhall be ſaid ſuch a Jeſt ſhall be ſpoil'd;
Therefore, now I break you, in Peace all depart,
For 'twas more your Goodneſs than my Defert.

XIX.

Thus happily freed from the dreadful Vexation,
Of being Defenders of this or that Nation,
They kiſs'd Royal Fiſt, were drunk all for Joy,
Then broke all their Swords, and cry'd, *Vive le Roy*.

A BALLAD *on the Times*, 1696.

I.

GOod People, what will you of all be bereft?
Will you never learn Wit while a Penny is left?
We are all, like the Dog in the Fable, betray'd,
To let go the Subſtance, and ſnap at the Shade:
Our ſpecious Pretences,
And foreign Expences,
To war for Religion, will waſt all our Chink;
It's clipt, and it's ſnipt,
It's lent, and it's ſpent,
Till 'tis gone, till 'tis gone, to the Devil, I think.

II.

We pay for our New-born, and we pay for our Dead;
We pay if w'are Single, we pay if we Wed:
Which ſhews, that our merciful Senate don't fail
To begin at the Head, and tax down to the Tail.
We pay through the Noſe,
For ſubjecting of Foes;
But, for all our Expences, get nothing but Blows:
Abroad w'are defeated,
At Home we are cheated;
And the end on't, the end on't, the Lord above knows.

III.

We have parted with all our old Money, to ſhew
How we fooliſhly hope for a Plenty of New;
But might have remember'd, when't came to the Puſh,
That a Bird in the Hand, is worth two in the Buſh:

We

We now, like poor Wretches,
Are kept under Hatches,
At Rack and at Manger, like Beasts in the Ark;
Since our Burgesses and Knights
Make us pay for new Lights,
Why shou'd we, why shou'd we be kept in the Dark?

LOVE-LETTERS *Written to Madam* MAINTENON, *Stollen out of her Closet by one of her Servants.*

The Marquiss de Chevereuse's *Love-Letter.*

Madam,

AFTER having oftentimes assured you in Conversation, that I love you more than my self, I take the Liberty to write to you, that I may give you fuller Evidences of my Sincerity, and at the same time to make this Protestation before you, that notwithstanding all your Indifference, I shall ever persevere to adore you. I am sensibly afflicted that I had not the Honour to take my leave of you before my Departure: I have sought every occasion with the utmost Diligence; but you, my cruel Fair one, think that I am not sufficiently punish'd for my Transgressions, either by your Rigor, or my own Despair. You have hitherto industriously avoided my Company, because you very well foresaw, that one Moment of your charming Conversation would sweeten and lenify all that *Chagrin* which your Absence had created. Let me persuade you, Madam, to quit all those Cruelties that are so disagreeable, and contrary to the fairest Sex; consider the Violence of my Passion, and by an act of Generosity, which is so peculiar to your Nature, return one Heart for another; mine is altogether yours, it will suffer no other Image to be impress upon it, but that of your charming Person, nor will it be ever separated from you. Give me therefore some small room in yours, 'tis the only thing in the World which I beg of you, and for the attaining of it, I would willingly abandon my Fortune

and

and my Dignity. Let me then conjure you, Madam, to comply with my Paſſion, and make your ſelf abſolute Miſtreſs, not only of my Heart, but alſo of every thing that I poſſeſs. The Bearer hereof will bring me your Anſwer; I beſeech you that you'll no more deny me this Favour, than any thing elſe that I have requeſted of you; without which you'll reduce, to the Extremity of Deſpair, the Perſon, that preſerves his Life upon no other ſcore than to love, nor his Fortunes, than to ſerve you.

De Cheveruſe.

The Marquiſs of Cheveruſe *to Madam* Maintenon.

'TIS I find decreed, Madam, and you have reſolved my Death; if that is your Deſign, you'll have your ſatisfaction upon me in a few Days; for ſince I have been abſent from you, I have not been able to procure one moment's releaſe from my Torments. However, if you'll be pleaſed to alleviate my pains with one word from your adorable Hand, I ſhall have the Conſolation to be remembered by you. Do it then, I beſeech you, and if you diſdain to anſwer my Proſe, at leaſt anſwer the Verſes, which are ſent you by the moſt Paſſionate and Sincere of Lovers,

De Cheveruſe.

Do my Adorable GUILLEMETTE.

I.

FAIR Goddeſs! whoſe victorious Charms
Have made a Conqueſt o'er my Heart;
When will you fill my long expecting Arms,
And bid my cruel Fears depart.

II.

Since envious Fate your abſence has procur'd,
No peaceful reſt has crown'd the Night.
The Day has ſeen no kind delight,
Ten thouſand Martyrdoms I have endur'd.

III.

III.

Come, make a Victim of your Pride,
Cure my Despair, and ease my Pain,
Lay unbecoming Cruelty aside,
And to mild Pity sacrifice Disdain.

IV.

Or if my Fate you have decreed,
And poor unhappy I must bleed,
In a pathetick Tone pronounce my Death:
And I with freedom will resign my Breath.

Love-Verses, *spoken to Adorable* Guillemette: *By the* Marquis *of* Cheverus, *after his Recovery from a Fainting Fit.*

I.

WELL now, imperious Fair, I find
You have your Lover's Death design'd:
Since you that could have eas'd my wretched State,
Have added to my Cares, and urg'd my coming Fate.

II.

Go take a Kiss, Love whispers in my Ear,
But Love, alas! gives place to Fear;
Aweful Respect disarms my Hands,
And to my growing Passion gives Commands.

III.

Ah! must your wounded Lover die?
And see his Balm, and see his Cure so nigh:
Or shall he boldly seize a Kiss?
A Prelude to a greater Bliss.

IV.

No, he'll a thousand Deaths endure,
And all Reverses of his Fate attend,
E'er he'll by Sacrilege attempt his Cure,
And his dear *Guillemette* offend.

To the same; delivered by a Peasant.

Madam,

I am perswaded, that if I did not live entirely for you, I had not been able, by this time, so much as to lift up my Eyes to see you without dying. If I could have had the honour to take my leave of you, and know your Sentiments, I had received sufficient Consolation. Do me then the Favour, that I may enjoy one minute's Conversation with you, in some Place or other: Alas! who could have believed that we should be so cruelly separated, when we were just upon the point of meeting? However, it does not signify much, and I have that favourable Opinion of your Charity, that it will repair the Loss we have mutually sustained. Adieu, my Dear, let me know how matters go with you. You may confide entirely in the Bearer, for he's trusty and faithful.

Her Answer to the Marquis, *slipt into the* Peasant's *Pocket.*

S I R,

ALTHO' I have not seen you since my Departure from———yet I have not suffer'd that Passion to be extinguished, which you have kindled in my Heart; for a Proof of this let me find you to-morrow about four a Clock disguised in a Female-Habit, on the side of the Wood that joins the High-way, there I shall have the Honour to see you.

Ten Years after she was the Marquis's Mistress, he propos'd her in Marriage to a Judge *of the* Finances. *The young* Judge's *Letter to the* Marquis, *against entering upon a second Marriage.*

S I R,

AFter having made abundance of Reflections upon the Inconvenience and Misfortunes that Marriage generally

nerally carries along with it, I have taken up a Resolution not to venture my self the second time on that outrageous Sea, but to pass the remainder of my Life in Security in the Harbour: The most convincing Arguments that served to determine my Opinion in this Case, were sent me in a Letter by a Poet, a Friend of mine: I have transcribed a Copy of them for you, that you may see the Advice which he gives me, and with what an invincible Aversion he declaims against Matrimony In the mean time I shall never cease to make you all the Acknowledgments in the World for your infinite Favours, and I am heartily displeas'd with my self, that I cannot force my Inclination so far, as to offer my Vows to that charming Person you designed for me. You may reasonably believe, that Providence never designed me for so great a Blessing; however, I shall always reserve that Honour of writing my self,

Yours.

POSTSCRIPT.

The Verses sent in the same Letter.

THE Husband's the Pilot, the Wife is the Ocean,
He always in Danger, she always in Motion:
And he that in Wedlock twice hazards his Carcase,
Twice ventures a drowning: and, faith, that's an hard Case:
Even at our Weapons the Female defeats us,
And Death, only Death, can sign our *Quietus*.
Not to tell you sad Stories of Liberty lost,
How our Joys are all pall'd, and our Pleasures all crost,
This Pagan Confinement, this damnable Station,
Suits no Order, nor Age, nor Degree in the Nation.
The *Levite* it keeps from Parochial Duty,
For who can at once mind Religion and Beauty?
The rich it alarms with Expences and Trouble,
And a poor Beast, you know, will scarce carry double.
'Twas invented, they say, to keep us from falling,
Oh the Virtue and Grace of a shrill Caterwauling!
But it pales in your Game. Ay, but how do you know, Sir,
How often your Neighbour breaks up the Enclosure.

For

For this is the principal Comfort of Marriage,
You muſt eat, tho' a hundred has ſpit in your Porridge.
True * *Woman ne'er minds a Sermon, or Lecture,*
Her Glaſs is her Guide, and her Ghoſtly Director;
Then ſhe primes her gay Looks with an early Devotion,
There ſhe paints, and ſhe patches, and ſtudies each Motion;
Not to pleaſe the dull Sight of her Conjugal Satyr,
But charm and confound every gaping Spectator.
If at Night you're unactive, and fail of performing,
Enter Thunder, and Lightning, and Bloodſhed next Morning.
Cries the Bone of your Side, Thanks dear Mr. *Horner*,
This comes of your ſinning with Crape in a Corner.
Then to make up the Breach, all your Might you muſt rally,
And labour, and ſweat, like a Slave at the Gally.
But ſtill you muſt charge, Oh bleſſed Condition!
Tho' you know to your Coſt, you've no more Ammunition.
'Till at laſt, my dear mortified Tool of a Man,
You are not able to make a poor Flaſh in the Pan.
Fire, Female, and Flood begin with a Letter,
And the World for them all ſcarce a Farthing's the better:
The Flood ſoon is gone, and the Fire you may humble,
If into the Flames ſtore of Water you tumble.
But the Fire of a Female, on the word of a Friend,
Is ne'er to be quenched, but burns World without end.
You may call all the Engines and Pumps in the Nation
To extinguiſh the Flame, and allay Titulation,
But may piſs out as well the laſt Conflagration.
Thus, Sir, I have ſent you my Thoughts of the Matter,
Judge you as you pleaſe, but I ſcorn to flatter.

On Enjoyment.

But as Reſiſtance feeds the Flame,
And fans the dying Fire;

* *Theſe Lines never printed before.*

So

So dull Enjoyment ſpoils the Game,
By palling the Deſire.

Monſieur Scarron*'s Siſter's Verſes on her Brother being bilk'd of his* Spouſe's Maidenhead *on the Marriage-Night. That Secret being reveal'd, broke the* Poet*'s Heart.*

THERE's no body knows this Secret but I,
Which I've heartily ſworn to conceal, *par ma foy:*
And I've promis'd without any damn'd Reſervation,
Not to utter one word to a Soul in the Nation.
Then muſt I conceal it? alas and alack!
I may promiſe as well to bear *Pauls* on my Back.
But then if I tell it, I ruin my Brother,
Why i'faith I can't help it, as well he as another.
This telling of *Secrets* is part of our Charter,
And for my part, I ſwear, I'll die no body's Martyr.
Well, let me conſider once more of the matter,
Either burn, or diſcloſe it; why, troth chuſe the latter.
But then if I ſpeak it, farewel Reputation,
And beſides I may raiſe his ſevere indignation,
But what Woman alive can conceal Fornication?
Not a Female on Earth can Cuckoldom ſmother,
Then don't take it ill from your Siſter, good Brother:
You know what the Matron ſaid unto her Daughter,
Ne'er long keep a Secret, nor long hold your Water.

The French King's *Letter to Madam* Scarron, *who was after Madam* Maintenon.

I Am to tell you, Madam, that your Reſiſtance has extreamly aſtoniſh'd me; me, I ſay, that have been hitherto accuſtom'd to Victory, and was never before refus'd. I always believed, that being a King, it was ſufficient to give any ſign of my Deſire, in order to accompliſh it; but I perceive the contrary by your Rigours, and therefore to oblige you to ſoften them, was the

the occaſion of this Letter. Let me conjure you, my Deareſt, to love me, or at leaſt make as if you loved me. Towards Evening I ſhall come to ſee you, and if then I find you no more favourable to me than at your other Viſits, you will reduce to Extremity of Deſpair the moſt paſſionate of Lovers,

LOUIS.

To Mr. Synh----m *at* Cambridge.

SIR,

THE Lines hereunto ſubjoin'd, were occaſion'd by the Death of a Lady really beautiful and ſtrictly virtuous, an Ornament to her Sex, and the Delight of her Parents, and this lovely Flower, even in blooming, dy'd, what a Loſs the World ſuſtain'd? and what Grief was bury'd in Obedience to Almighty Providence? The Reſignation of her Parents equal'd the Silence of her Departure, and ſurviving Friends preſerve her Memory for Imitation: Thoſe who knew her were tranſported with her Converſe, thoſe who have truly heard of her were aſtoniſh'd at her Vertues, and her Death ſeem'd a calm Tranſlation from uncertain Comforts to the Throne of endleſs Happineſs; her patient Behaviour diſpell'd the puſillanimous Clouds of her Relations, dying an Example worthy of their Obſervation, and now preſuming the Guard of Chriſtianity a ſufficient Barrier againſt natural Force, I beg leave to offer the following Copy of Verſes.

On the Death of Mrs. *Bilton.*

WHAT could'ſt not thou a blooming Beauty ſpare?
And muſt your Dart deſcend on ſuch a Fair?
Lucinda*'s dead, and has reſigned the Prize*
To fainter Charms, and leſs inviting Eyes.
But 'tis a Sign thour't blind, regardleſs Death,
A Vandal wou'd have ſpar'd that valid Breath:
But thou'rt all Ice, unalterably cold,
Uncharm'd by Beauty, and unbrib'd by Gold:

Whilſt

Whilſt zealous Vows did in the Church aſcend
Beyond the Stars, I could not but offend;
I fix'd my Eyes, and Thoughts, and Heart on you,
As a juſt Debt, and abſolutely Due.
Nor ſhall that Day eſcape my Calendar,
When you aſcended, and became a Star.
No, I will conſecrate your final Hour,
No Time ſhall e'er your Memory devour;
Laſting, as Virtue ſhall thy darling Name
Survive the Tomb, and aged Honour claim,
And ſhine for ever in the Rolls of Fame.

Your humble Servant, *T. R.*

The Fable of the Wolf *and* Porcupine: *In Anſwer to* The Argument againſt a Standing Army.

I.

I *Sgrim*, with Hunger preſs'd, one Day
As thro' a Wood he poſted,
A *Porcupine* found on the way,
And in theſe Terms accoſted.

II.

Our wars are ended, Heav'n be prais'd!
Then let's ſit down and prattle
Of Towns inveſted, Sieges rais'd,
And what we did in Battle.

III.

The Plains a pleaſing Proſpect yield,
No Fire, nor Deſolation;
While Plenty reigns in every Field,
And Trade reſtores the Nation.

IV.

Yet you your Quills erected wear,
And tho' none ſeeks to harm ye;
In time of Peace about you bear,
Methinks, a Standing Army.

V.

Friend, quoth the Porcupine, 'tis true,
The War's at length decided;

But

But 'gainſt ſuch tricking Blades as you
'Tis good to be provided.

VI.

Cenſorious Fame ſhall never ſay,
That too much Faith betray'd me;
Who thinks of me to make a Prey;
Muſt at his Coſt invade me.

VII.

Let him, that thinks it worth the while,
Tempt Knaves to make a Matryr;
The Sharpers that would me beguile,
Shall find they've caught a Tartar.

An EPITAPH *upon* SARAH *a* Taylor's Wife.

FROM *Abraham*'s Boſom, full of Lice,
To *Abraham*'s Boſom in Paradice;
Poor *Sarah*'s Ghoſt has took its Flight,
And bid the louſy Rogue Good-Night.

T. Brown.

An EPITAPH *upon* Barren Peg.

HERE lies the Body of *Barren Peg*,
Who had no Iſſue, but her Leg:
But, to her Praiſe, for ſhe had that Cunning,
Whilſt one ſtood ſtill, the other was running.

T. Brown.

An EPITAPH *upon charming* PEGGY.

UNder this Marble *Peggy* lies,
Who did ſo often ſpread her Thighs,
And made *Philander*'s Courage riſe.
This Morſel of delicious Luſt,
That kiſs'd with ſo ſincere a Guſt,
Is now reſolv'd to common Duſt.
Her Hands (forgive me if I am blunt)
Will now no more, as they were wont
Pilot Loves Sailors to her——

Her

Her Limbs that us'd to move so nice,
And taste Love's Pleasures in a trice,
Are now, alas! as cold as Ice.
To tell the Truth, as short as can be,
She kill'd her self with drinking Brandy,
And all for her dear Jack-a-Dandy.
Thus did our charming Nymph expire,
According to her Heart's Desire,
And as she liv'd, she dy'd by Fire.
* *Hector*, my Boy, of thee I beg
Not to forget the illustrious *Peg*,
But o'er her Tomb lift up thy Leg.
Then pis's such Deluges of Rain,
In so exuberant a Strain,
As shall o'erflow the World again.
This Tribute's to her Ashes due,
Whose Loss ten thousand Youths will rue;
And so, immortal *Peg*, adieu.

* *The Name of his* Danish *Dog.*

On the Death of the Duke of GLOCESTER.

FOR *Gloceſter*'s Death, which sadly we deplore,
Though Fate's accus'd, we shou'd commend it more;
Lest he with *Burnet*'s Faith should be imbru'd,
Or learn of *C*—— Truth or Gratitude:
Lest two such Masters should their Rules instil,
And his young Soul with poisonous Precepts fill.
Untimely Fate Heav'n timely did employ,
And to preserve the Man, destroy'd the Boy.

A Legacy for the Ladies: Or, CHARACTERS *of the Women of the Age.*

The Character of a Wanton Woman.

THAT which we call *Gallantry*, is a fond Relish of the World, and of its Pleasures in general; and this Spirit is born with the *Female Sex*. Their natural Temper contributes much to Foppery; but their Education

confirms it, and so renders the Folly entire. *Civility* indeed polishes it, and this is the best *Mistress* bestow'd upon it. By I know not what unhappy Fate, the very Care that Art takes of that *Sex*'s Perfections destroys it: So soon as a *Girl* learns to speak, she is taught *pretty Things*, but few that are *useful:* Her first Steps are directed for Dancing, and to avoid the Trouble and Labour of making her a *Vertuous Person*, her Friends are contented to make her a *Fine Woman*; she is only taught the Art of *Pleasing*, but not of *Living* well.

People wonder now-a-Days at the *loose* Behaviour and *Wantonness* of Women; for my part, I wonder as much at them; for what can they expect of Persons thus educated? Their natural Dispositions incline them to a soft and easy Life, and to agreeable Things: Their Beauty creates Self-Love; and instead of destroying this effeminate *Tendency*, they are supply'd with divers modish Vices, that strengthen the ill Habit, and make 'em only take the more Delight in it.

A young Woman knows her *Religion* only by her *Catechism*, the *Sciences* only by Name, and *Vertue* only in *Idea*. She understands *Musick* to a Nicety, but knows nothing of the real and good Intentions of it. She plays at all sorts of *Games*, and reads no other Books but what are fitter to corrupt than instruct her. And what will be the Consequence of this first Mismanagement? An Aversion to all that is *Good*, for want of knowing what it is; a dislike of *commendable* Things, for want of understanding them, and a Spirit of *Contempt* and Envy, produced by Ignorance, which makes those Women, who know nothing, but what she her self is, and is possessed but with what she knows her self, gives up her whole Time to the Care of Pleasing, and bestows all her Praises on her own *Maxims*. These are the Consequences of misemploy'd *Youth*, which has receiv'd no other Instructions but such as make it still the more in Love with it self, and less acquainted with it self. It frames a Scheme of *Perfections* suitable to its own proper Palate, and the Custom of the Ages: It is from such Models that Women take a *Draught* of their Conduct and Actions; and the Result of all this is an unhappy though general Confusion in their Understanding and Deportment. *Vanity*

Vanity is so imprinted in the Minds of Women, that nothing less than a supernatural Hand can totally efface it. It is a prudent *Intention* to deprive them of the Sense of true *Knowledge*, but an ill Effect is all the Fruit of that good *Design*; to prevent their falling into the Pride of the *Half-learned*, they are led into the Paths of *Ignorance*, *Pride*, and *Affectation*; and firmly believe, that to understand the *World*, is in them as great a Talent, as the profoundest Learning in Men; and that their *Perfections* consist in nothing more, than in being skill'd in the Ways of *pleasing* Men; and therefore they make it their whole Application. A Woman reads with no other Design, than to inform her self of others *Intriegues*, and from thence to know better how to manage her own: She dresses her self, not with an Intention to be more charming, but to charm more Men; and think it a Diminution to their Beauty, to make but one Conquest, tho' it be never so considerable; and design not to fix themselves inviolably on *One*, but to gain *Many*, being much better pleas'd in the Croud of their *Lovers*, than with the Reality of *Love*.

They study their Looks, (many of their *Charms* being but the *Convulsions* of their Eyes) and which agrees best with them they prefer; and all this is manag'd with a wonderful *Art*: They frequently add with Design to their *Charms* that which *Nature* had refus'd them with Justice. Finally, they consult all the pre-external Advantages, in order to attract Love; and these Designs are of so large an Extent, that they no sooner find they please one *Subject*, but they are ready to please others also; and every new *Conquest* inflames 'em still with a Desire of extending their Victories yet farther; and the Vanity of their Desires continues, tho' the Power to please has been long since extinguish'd.

The *Employment* of a vain Woman is very singular; she is idle, tho' perpetually in Action: From Morning till Night their Thoughts are on what they love; they speak to all they meet, though they have nothing to say to them: The Exterior of Acquaintance is all they aim at; and affect Familiarity, to be thought worthy of *Friendship*. As they *Chatter* only to prevent the Cen-

ſure of Stupidity, ſo the *Lapdog*, *Monkey*, and *Squirril*, are as copious Subjects of their *Wit* and *Railery*, as any of the Neighbours, as frequent Objects of their tendereſt Caraſſes, their moſt endearing Languages, and their moſt ſolid Satisfaction. Their *Ignorance* neceſſitates 'em to this ridiculous Diverſion; for as they admire nothing but themſelves, ſo virtuous Converſation would put 'em out of Countenance, and a ſerious Reflection make 'em *Diſtracted*.

But, alas! their Conduct reſts not here, in Time that continual Idleneſs grows tedious; yet being unwilling to ſhake it quite off, and in the room of it take ſome *profitable* Employment unknown to them, they indulge themſelves in irregular Deſires, and this leads them to baſe and dangerous Attempts. The *Affections* of their Hearts being the Rule they go by, they employ their whole Minds in the Satisfaction they procure to themſelves; and ſhutting their Ears to the Voice of Duty and Reaſon, they ſtudy but to pleaſe their predominant *Paſſions*, and to render their Minds the Inſtruments of the Diſorders of their Hearts: For as they have an equal Share of natural Parts with the Men, (only with this Difference, that they are not ſo rightly applied) the *witty Wanton* pleaſes more, deceives much better, and is not one Grain the more improv'd by it; for *Wit* is the moſt dangerous Weapon when ill applied, and taken off of good and worthy Subjects, to exerciſe ſuch vicious Uſes as perverts it.

Yet this is what moſt *Women* do; a quick Apprehenſion ſerves but to render them more inconſtant: Solidity makes them more Crafty; Penetration makes them more Satyrical, and all thoſe *Defects* make them more Proud, and fitter Objects of our Scorn and Contempt, which is the only juſt Reward of their imaginary Merits. They are commonly valued proportionable to the Duration of their Affections, that is, for a Moment. Their Beauties ſurprize us, their Wit engages us, and their Defects drive us away again. A thouſand pleaſing *Toys* draw Men to them, and as many Reaſons make them to be avoided by them; Voluptuouſneſs intices Men on again, and Wiſdom perſwades him to make no Stay with them, and to make Men to entertain them more through *Flattery* than real *Application*. A *wan-*

A *wanton* or *loose* Woman runs her self into all sorts of Extreams; *Prodigality* accompanies all her Expences, and *Covetousness* attends all her Frugality; for Virtue having no Share in her Conduct, she can never entertain a just *Medium* in any Thing. If she Loves, though but for a Minute, it borders upon Fury. If she Hates, it will last longer, I confess, but, sooner or later, always terminates in Revenge. If she Wishes, it is with insatiable Desires. If she Fears, her Apprehensions are without Bounds. Yet, notwithstanding this prodigious Heap of dreadful Qualities, she is pleasing; and her Air, her Ways, her Beauty, *&c.* seduce Men, and enslave them to their false Merits. But in Requital, a Woman frequently pays severely for those Impositions, and the Love she inspires; for it being wholly grounded on Interest, as its Cause, commonly it happens, that the Fruit of such Commerce is the Mine of the Man's Fortune sometimes, but always of the Woman's Reputation; and as she has not render'd the Man really happy, neither has he increas'd much her Riches, and being both disgusted of their Familiarity, they share betwixt them Sorrow and Regret, which are the usual Results of a wild illegitimate Passion. Seriously, if those light Women did but once examine their Conduct with some Grains of Reason, they would not complain of any Misfortune that happen'd to them, but employ themselves to correct those Defects; and though their natural Tendency, their ill Education, and their bad Habits, must render the Change of their Manners very difficult; yet by Degrees however they would attain to a true Relish of good Things. Religion and Honour would no longer prove defective; the Satisfaction of being esteem'd and rightly valued wou'd succeed in the place of Pleasing; for Virtue is honour'd wherever it is found, whether preserved by Wisdom, or restor'd by Reason, and with Justice they would obtain that Respect, Value, and Esteem, which is refus'd them on any other Terms, while they are thus advis'd. Let Modesty instruct them also, if they are willing to embrace her Dictates.

——*The Modeſt Woman.*

THERE are Duties of Honour, as well as Religion, and it is in thoſe that *Modeſty* gives us the beſt Leſſons; it requires all the Actions of Women be accompany'd with Decency; that they be born baſhful, live with Circumſpection, and die with wiſdom: that their youthful Days be adorned with Innocence, their riper Years be endowed with Purity, and that their whole Conduct conclude with an happy and laudable Simplicity.

Modeſty is not moroſe; that which it preſcribes is juſt and natural; it requires but Regularity and Perfection, and whoever rejects her, abandons Honour and Virtue. When a Woman, whoſe Heart is affected with worldly Pleaſures, abandons the Rules that Modeſty preſcribes, wherein Honour reſts ſecure, ſhe is ſoon made ſenſible of the Dangers wherein her Negligence has led her; and her beſt Courſe is, to haſten her Return into the forſaken Path that her natural Conſtitution inclin'd her to leave.

There are ſome Inclinations ſo excellent, as to put us on our Duties without Reluctancy; but ſuch a natural Propenſity is very rare, and there are but very few Minds endow'd with ſo happy a Temper, without Information, and that walk in the Paths of Virtue, without any other Guide than their own Reaſon.

It is only to thoſe Women, to whom natural Weakneſs, Tendency, and Opportunity, appear invincible Obſtacles, that Modeſty gives Rules. It requires, that an habitual and modeſt external Behaviour ſuppreſs thoſe unruly Motions of the Mind, that are bred by *Self-love*, that an evil Example may touch, but not move. That Beauty adorn without Flattery; that Joy never appear without a Reſtraint, and that it may be more eaſy to be inſtructed than pleas'd. For a Woman, that makes her Duty her Study, has leſs Regard to her own Worth, than to the Means of becoming worthier; and as ſhe is poſſeſs'd with a Deſire to Learning, ſhe is not contented with the bare *Idea* of Knowing; ſhe is more apt to judge

judge herſelf guilty of an Error, than Praiſe-worthy for any good Action. This is that happy Application, that is produc'd by Fear and Deſire, unto which a Woman ſhould give her ſelf entirely up; then would that Tendency ſhe ſtill retains for vainer *Things*, ſoon vaniſh, when ſhe begins to taſte the Sweets of *Good*; for the chief Difficulty of Perfection, proceeds from a certain Tireſomneſs we find in perſevering in good Manners. To cure the Diſorders of the Mind, there is requir'd a regular, wiſe, and modeſt Conduct, that never varies: It is very difficult for a vicious Mind to juſtify its Character againſt a virtuous Regularity, and a ſpontaneous Reſervedneſs. 'Tis Perſeverance in good Actions, that Modeſty impoſes Laws. As the Firmneſs of a good Reſolution makes a Man's Merit, the Continuance of a diſcreet Conduct makes the Praiſe of a Woman's; for it is as difficult for a Woman never to ſtep out of the Way of her Duty, either through her own Temper, or through ſome tempting Occaſion, as it is difficult for a Man never to alter his Opinion, either through Paſſion or Neceſſity; but the Way to attain to that noble Conſtancy is by Modeſty, which renders it profitable, when it reſtrains the too great Freedom that Youth uſurps, the great Familiarity of pleaſant Illecebrations, the great continual Frequentations of Balls and Feaſts; and for a more particular Difference of her Will, when ſhe denies herſelf all that does oppoſe a noble Regularity, ſuch a one as requires a Woman not to lend an Ear to doubtful Expreſſions, to ambiguous Ways of ſpeaking on certain Matters of Gallantry, nor to diſcourſe with certain ſorts of Perſons. No Looks beyond their Limits; Regard muſt be had to Time and Place, to give a Looſe to ones Eyes; no loud or ſudden Laughter muſt break forth, and the Subject that tempts it muſt be common in its Effects; no looſe and eaſy Poſture, tho' Conveniency may invite them to it; no new Ways of Dreſſes; no Matches of Diverſion in Maſquerade; no Friends, but ſuch as are wiſe; no Enemies but the Wicked. Finally, no Eyes for her own Virtues, nor Ears, nor Tongue for her own Praiſes. This is the right Way to begin a glorious Life, and to continue it

without Cenſure, and I may ſay too without Envy, but not without Satisfaction and Pleaſure.

But the greateſt Part of Women want theſe Means; and the Courſes they commonly take, are neither ſuch as Honour dictates, or Modeſty requires. Theſe being oppoſite to Vanity and Voluptuouſneſs, a Woman rather chuſes to abate of her Modeſty, than to retrench any Thing of her Self-love: That is the Cauſe ſhe lays not aſide ſo many Circumſtances of Ceremonies, ſo many Niceties, which are not condemned by Modeſty; as Conferences with ſingle Men, a nice Examination of Mens external Parts, the Preheminence in Aſſemblies, the Accounts given of her own Inclinations, her diligent Examination of others Humours, her Facility in blaming, her Difficulty to approve, and the Liberty ſhe takes to impoſe, order, and command People in Places, and on ſuch Things which have not been committed to her Care. If a Woman was but an exact Performer of her incumbent Duties, ſhe would not be ſo apt to ſet herſelf forth in publick, nor be ſo peeviſh at Home: Modeſty would incline her to embrace Retiredneſs: ſhe would be ſenſible of the Contentments that Solitude and Privacy affords, and would dread the Troubles and Inconveniencies that Tumults and Confuſions bring along with them. It is in ſuch Hurry, that we are apt to ſlip into Irregularities; great Companies diſtract us even to Forgetfulneſs, and the ſevereſt Reſtraint deſtroys itſelf by frequent Meetings, and when a Woman is accuſtom'd to the Sight of new Faces: For Women love to be flatter'd, which is moſt uſed by thoſe that have the leaſt Acquaintance with them. The Want of knowing their Imperfections is the Reaſon that they are more readily prais'd; but this Incenſe, ſo pleaſing to their Self-love, cauſes them to be ſlighted in divers Reſpects, and there commonly are to the flattering Approbation of one ſingle Perſon, an hundred Defects that are obvious to all the World beſides.

When once a Woman is ſo far infatuated with Self-love, as to ſhake Hands with her Modeſty, ſhe becomes the moſt dangerous ungovernable Monſter that is; her Pride puts every Action, every Word, nay, every Inci-

dent

dent and Circumstance, how minute so ever, into false Lights: Every uncommon Civility she looks upon as Adoration, and the most notorious Flattery for Truth. She is violent in all she says or does; her Esteem is but short, her Hatred implacable: A dubious Answer she thinks Contumely; a cold Salute, an unpardonable Affront: Nothing can be right, but what bears the Stamp of her Approbation; no Persons well bred, but what pay their Homage to her. To offer to take the Upper-hand of her, is a mortal Sin; her arrogant Looks Brow-beat her Equals, and her haughty Carriage spruns her Inferiours. Those whom a distinguished Rank place above her, she shuns more than the Plague; and even her Pride makes her glorious Amends, for she believes her Accomplishments merit that Grandeur which the others possess; nor will she allow it them, but as conferr'd upon 'em, not only unreasonably, but even by a meer Mistake too. Whatever Obligation she receives, she takes it as a Debt paid, not a Favour conferr'd, because her Pride will not let her own she stood in Need of any Body. She forgets her Duties towards her Neighbours, and her Pride conceals from her those Obligations she has to others; so that attributing to herself, through an ill grounded Opinion of her own Worth, those Honours and Respects that she deserves not, she has no Regard for any Thing but herself, and neglects all those Duties which Modesty directs her to perform towards others. You'll frequently see her fail in the common Civilities used at Meetings, in the conversing Part, and at the taking Leave; not regarding that the Infractions of the Laws of Civility frequently turn to the Destruction of Charity, and that there is but very little Distance betwixt Dissatisfaction and Hatred. Therefore a rational Woman is of an accomplish'd Exactness in the meanest Duties that Modesty and Civility requires in Relation to others; and bidding Adieu to Foppery, she wholly applies her self so to order her Conduct, as that it may be blameless as well in the meanest as in the greatest Things.

A pretended Godly Woman.

A False Devotion is the most dangerous of all Crimes, and the most common of all Defects; sometimes Men use it for Reasons of State and Interest, but Women commonly on the Account of Pride and Self-love. A false Piety has divers Motives that engage Women on its Part; it is easy, fortunate, and very successful. There is frequently no Occasion to change Maxims, to step from a most licentious Life, to that which may appear the most retir'd; it is but shifting our Habits, and then all those Things that were deny'd to our Pleasures before, become suitable to our Desires. Experience sets this so frequently before our Eyes, that we cannot wonder at the fortune of a great Number of Bigots of this Age. A Woman born with good Inclinations, educated in good Principles, that would live in the Freedom of agreeable Societies, and yet retain the Character of Wife, needs but one Thing to compare both at once. Hypocrisy will soon find her out a Way to reconcile God and the World together, and to gratify her Self-love, without scandal to her Devotion. The World is in a strange Mistake on the Account of Religion: the Learned consider it in its most sacred Mysteries: The Vulgar in those outward Shews that it imposes on them; and *Women*, in certain Practices, which they propose to themselves as *Laws*, by which they regulate the *Perfection* of their State. The Learned understand *Religion*, the Vulgar believe it, and *Women* spoil it: For the first seek it, the second follow it, and the last counterfeit it.

These *Women* busy themselves to pick out a parcel of *Maxims* suitable to their own Inclinations, on which *Choice* they frame a Scheme of their own; and the great *Love* they bear to those selected *Virtues*, causes them to neglect all the others. It is no matter amongst them, whether such or such a Lady is really *Charitable*, so she but appears to be a Lady of *Charity*. The bare Outside of *Religion* is sufficient for them; no matter tho' the Inside be quite opposite to their *Practices*.

They

They value not much to omit Duties of *Obligations*, provided the other Duties they prefer to these, be not very guilty in themselves, and that there be but as much Room left as will contain their *Excuses*, or others *Praises* of them. For it is the *Property* of *false Devotion*, to imbrue the Mind with Pride, and make it pretend to *Humility*, while it is drown'd in *Ostentation*; to undervalue and despise such Things as are considerable in themselves, and prize inconsiderable Things, as if they were of great *Moment*. This is the Secret the Devil makes Use of with *Women*; he makes them behold with Indifferency the Precepts of *Religion*, while they are wholly taken up with bare Scriptural Advices, and that they employ all their Care Night and Day to practise them. They will be very diligent to correct themselves of some small Defects, and negligent in Matters highly criminal: They need not fear to feel the Pressure of Sin, while they are ignorant of the Light of Grace; nor be concerned that they apply themselves to such trivial Things as suit best their *Characters*, while they neglect those great *Mysteries* so necessary to their Salvation.

Mean time, under the useful Veil of an *Holy Appearance*, they remain safe, and repair in the Minds of People the ill Impressions that any Disorder may have made, only by changing the Exterior, and adding *Hypocrisy* to the rest of their *Errors*. By the last *Evil* all the former are blotted out, and by a regular Outside they endeavour to perswade that the Inward is pure and innocent. What a strange *Error* it is, to judge of a Person's Conduct by a seeming Devotion! Those that justify a Bigot, are more apt to be deceiv'd, than those that condemn a *Libertine*.

A meer *Profession* is no good Caution of *Honour* and *Virtue*. Those that are most inlightned, are the less deceiv'd by those outward *Grimaces*, because they most distrust them; and all *Hypocrites* are suspected amongst rational Men. The *Simple* are deceiv'd by the *Hypocrites*, but the *Hypocrites* are detected by the *Wise*, who do not easily pass by those three *Characters* which *Hypocrisy* imposes on them, so directly opposite to the

Love

Love we owe to God, and to our Neighbour, namely, *Pride*, *Cruelty*, and *Diſſimulation*.

Through the Inſtigations of *Pride*, they aſſume an Authority over all others that are not of their Kidney, and ſome of them too are not exempt from their Inſults; eſpecially, if they are not equal at leaſt to 'em in the reſpect of the *Congregations* and the *Glories* of an *Exterior Sanctity*. They uſurp a *Right* of *Cenſuring* all the World, and make 'em fall ſhort of their own *Devotion*, only to have a larger Scope of *Backbiting*. She robs her Family to fatten the *Sanctifyed Station*, and Cuckolds her Husband in the Fear of the Lord: Five a Clock *Prayers* are her Delight, and an *Evening Lecture* the happy *Conſummation* of a Day well ſpent. She is conſtant at *Church*, but 'tis to be ſeen there; and bitterly inveighs againſt the impious *Lazineſs* of the *Ungodly* Wretches that don't come thither.

Tho' the Outſide appears ſo *demure*, yet were the Soul to be ſeen, *Hell* was mine *A*———to it: However, God be praiſed, their Actions give us to underſtand, that it is a Mercy not to ſee a Thing ſo frightful. Speak againſt her *Teachers*, and ſhe foams at the Mouth; pious Furies dance in her Eyes, and two and twenty Legions at leaſt ſwell her Breaſt: *Damnation* is your Lot, to be ſure; and if it were not for the *Law*, ſhe would have the Lechery of *Murdering* you herſelf: For nothing is more cruel than an irritated *Bigot*.

As for *Diſſimulation*, 'tis the Baſis of their *Religion*; the formal *Cant* and *Turning up* of the *Eyes*, the frequent *Sighs* and *Sobbs*, the artificial *Hum's* and *Ha's*, the exegetical Motions of the *Handkerchief* and *Mouth*, are but the Superſtructure and Decorations of the *Hypocritical Temple*: By all theſe ſtudy'd Arts they impoſe upon the unthinking Mob, and exact, nay, ſometimes too, obtain freely a *Reputation* and *Character* that is by no means in the World their due.

As one of the Charms of *Greatneſs* and of *Riches*, is that Reſpect and Deference which they impoſe; ſo one of the Afflictions of *Miſery*, is the *Contempt* it draws upon itſelf. *Indigency* and *Poverty* blot out of weak Minds the Advantage of a good *Birth*, the Splendor

of

of *Merit*, and the Beauty of *Virtue*. But if *Injustice* raises *Fortune* to so high a Pitch, more equitable *Truth* always leaves it in the lowest Rank; and that *Truth* which seems to enlighten the *Bigots*, is trod under Foot by their own *Cruelty*. There is no barbarous *Usage* which they do not inflict on those whom God has visited with *Poverty*; *Hunger*, *Thirst*, and *Nakedness*, are the meanest Afflictions that proceed from their *Cares*: *Backbiting*, *Slander*, *Contempt* and *Abuse*, are the Consequences of the *Zeal* they pretend to have for their *Neighbour*.

When they are employ'd in the *Relief* of Families, and that a *Pastor*'s Goodness, who would not have any of his *Flock* to suffer, employs them in the Exercise of the Duties of *Charity*, they act very barbarously and basely: He relies on those pretended *Zealous* Souls, whose exterior Practices are exemplary, and who shew in *Publick* the Duties which they owe God, but that little trouble themselves in private about those due to their Neighbour. It is according to the *Tendency* of their Hearts that those *Miserables* live or dye that are committed to their *Care*. When they have some good *Inclination* towards any Body, and that the humble submissions of a *Sufferer* has done Homage to their *Pride*, then they will bestow on him all that is necessary to allay his *Sufferings*, but not to end them: They are willing to mollify his Sorrow, to set forth their own *Goodness*, and to take off only the Excess of the *Grief*, to gain Praises, and to preserve their *Tyrannical Power*.

As their present Exercise of *Charity* makes divers miserable Wretches great *Sufferers*, it may also make them suffer in their Turn at the *Great Day*. And if *Pride* is the greatest *Crime* before God, where will not that *Hypocrisy* bring them, since it contains that *Pride* which offends neighbourly *Love*, and renders it guilty of the Breach of the *Law* in both its Precepts? I must confess, that a *Bigot Woman* is so guilty, and has so many Defects, that I must not pretend to give a just Account of them all: I treat but of those annex'd to the *Professed*. The *Hatred* they have for all *Women* that are not dress'd after the *Hypocritical Mode*, is so great,

great, that they cannot indure them, altho' they lead a Life exempted from all *Blame*. They fancy it is an horrid *Crime* to be adorned with such Ornaments as *Birth* and *Estate* allows of, as if it was necessary that those who are devoted to God, should begin this *Reformation* by putting on of *Sackloth*, which frequently serves but to cover a greater Number of *Sins*, without the Discovery of one *Virtue*. Let the *Deceit* of a *Linsy-Woolsy Modesty* multiply in the World, it will still be certain that the large *Sleeves* conceal more the *Hands* than the *Covetousness* of the Wearers; and that it is not the *Bigots* Dress that makes *Virtuous Women*. Mean time under that Habit they are apt to condemn others confidently, while they sin unpunish'd; they then raise themselves above all *Censure*, and whoever speaks Truth on this *Subject*, runs the Hazard of having *Lies* raised on himself; for a false *Piety* cannot suffer to be blam'd, tho' never so justly, without returning a *Slander* for it; and the ordinary Consequences of a *Bigot*'s Anger, is, to ruin those that have blam'd her, tho' rightly. The most excellent *Wisdom*, even *Truth* itself, *Christ*, did condemn the Affectation or Singularity of Apparel, when he blam'd the *Pharisees* in long Robes and peculiar Fringes. He regarded not their *Accusation* of the *Adultress Woman*; he condemn'd them when they offer'd to condemn others. This was a *Lesson* of *Providence*, to inform such as have Authority to protect those that are forsaken, and to correct those who accuse others, while they themselves are guilty.

There are such nice and dangerous *Circumstances* of Sin in *Hypocrisy*, that the *Guilty* frequently remain ignorant of the Misery of their own *Condition*. A *Woman* of the *Character* I am now setting forth, owns no other *Neighbour* but those of her own *Profession*: Whatever they say or do, is *positive* in all Respects; and a *Bigot* would make it a *Scruple of Conscience*, to doubt of a *Slander* that is hatch'd by one of her own *Tribe*. By the Means of this *Error*, she despises all those that have been accused, and under the *Pretence* of reproving their *Errors*, she publishes them every where: For *Slander* is no Crime amongst the *Bigots*; if they but fancy they say

ſay the *Truth*, they think they don't offend God; but *Piety* ſpeaks a *Language* very different from thoſe *Maxims*; and the true Way to be a ſincere and real *Devout Woman*, is by conſulting of it.

In ſhort, to ſum up the *Character* of a *Female Bigot*, ſhe is a *Curſed Compoſition of Evil Qualities:* Her *Hypocriſy* juſtifies her *Pride*, and her *Pride* ſupports her *Hypocriſy*: The formal *Zeal* of her *Lips* countenances the *Scandal* of 'em; and ſhe thinks that if ſhe goes duly to *Church*, ſhe may raiſe Lies upon all *Mankind*. To turn up her *Tail* to the *Godly*, is *Charity* and *Brotherly Love:* To ſpeak well of another *Sect*, is *Profane:* To have civil *Commerce* with 'em, is *Abomination*, unleſs there appear ſome Hopes of bringing 'em over to the *Lord*. *Hypocriſy* has nothing good in it, but that peradventure the zealous, exterior, and the feign'd *Devotion*, gives ſome of the weaker People a real Inclination to *Piety* and *Goodneſs:* In every other Particular it is worſe than *Atheiſm*; for *one* only affronts God by denying him, whereas the *other* confeſſes him, and *impiouſly* laughs at him to his very Face in every *Act of Devotion*.

The Religious Woman.

FAITH is the *Mother of Piety*; whoever gives himſelf to *God*, and makes *Profeſſion* thereof, ought to underſtand well his *Religion*, to delight in the *Duties* thereof, and perfectly perform them. His firſt *Care* is to inform himſelf, and to guide the *Courſe* of his Life by the *Faith* of his *Knowledge*, that he may not know the *Law* as *Libertines* do, nor practice his *Obedience* to it as *Bigots*.

But when *Faith* has once ſucceeded the *Care* of his *Inſtruction*; that he is ſure of having found out the *Way*, the *Truth*, and the *Life*; that he feels that admirable *Peace* which *Truth* ſpreads in his Soul; that his Heart, filled with *Charity*, entertains no more *Thoughts*, but ſuch as lead to the *Joys of Eternity*; his Underſtanding is convinc'd, his Soul is fill'd with *Holineſs*, and the Practice of *Vertue* becomes eaſy, when the Mind is certain of what

what it ought to know, and the Fruit of that *Knowledge* becomes the *Zeal* of the *Will*. Then is seen that *Mary*-like preſſing *Deſire* to find out *Chriſt*, that *Love* of the *Magdalen*'s to follow him, and that *Care* of the *Martha*'s to ſerve him. Neither the *Word* of the *Angel*, nor the *Oppoſition* of the *Phariſees*, nor the *Preference* of *Magdalen*, can ſtop them. *Deſire*, *Courage*, and *Power* to perform, follow *Faith* cloſe at the Heels; *Hope* and *Charity* animates them; they run tranſported by their earneſt *Deſires*, but all this in the Way of *Truth*, following *Chriſt* without Ceaſing and Reſt; continually buſying themſelves in the *Lord's Vineyard*, and never draining the *Power* of their *Will*, tho' they weaken the Strength of their Bodies. This is the *Rule* of a Soul that truly ſeeks after *God*, a burning *Deſire* of performing all things for the *Love* of him, ſuch an *Impreſſion* of his *Divinity* that continually humbles us, and that ſhelters us from the *Pride* of the *Devil*, which is ſo dangerous to *innocent* Souls. An inexpreſſible *Reſolution*, which makes us to overcome all *Obſtacles* which we meet in the Way, trac'd out by *Jeſus Chriſt*, in which we muſt go without Intermiſſion or Looking back, if we would be *perfect*. None can follow *Chriſt* by Intervals; it is a Courſe without *Interruption*, which the *Will* muſt perform; the leaſt Reſt diſtances us from it, and frequently Neglect makes us to loſe the *Sight* of it, and ſo ſtraggle out the *Day* as never to retrieve it again: It is our *faithful* and *diligent* following of him, which is the moſt eſſential Article of true *Piety*.

How many Souls ſeek after *Chriſt*, that find him, and afterwards leave, and fly from him? The *Fervency* of *Devotion* gives them impetuous Motions, which natural *Weakneſs*, *Occaſion*, and *Tendency*, ſtops in the midſt of their *Courſe*; and frequently that great *Zeal* which our *Conſtitution* animates, yields to the meaneſt Trifle which offends the *predominant Paſſion*.

We ought not to give the *Conduct* of the other *Vertues* to that which we value moſt, but to that *Vertue*, that is moſt neceſſary, which is that curbs moſt our *Will*, and which makes us the cloſer to follow *Chriſt*. *Love* cannot move with heavy Feet; when the

the *Heart* freely gives it self up, we fly; when *Love* calls upon us, the Spirit of *Charity* pushes us on, and the *Holy Transport* of a Soul that *loves* God, causes it to follow the Precepts and the Counsels of *Christ* so exactly, that its *Conduct* appears as a *Gospel*, wherein one sees writ down the *Lessons* of a *Crucified God*. I confess, that the Scarcity of those *Apostolical Persons* which filled the first *Ages*, would give Cause to doubt whether there have been any such in *ours!* If the Perfection of those that give us *Examples*, did not attone for the small *Number*, and did not perswade us, by the *Excellency* of so wonderful a *State*, of the *Comforts* which *Grace* communicates in this laborious Way of *Penitence*, to serve and follow *Christ:* For the same *Will* which makes us to follow him every where, makes us to serve him in all things: It suffices not to love him in *Contemplation*; we must worship him in *Submission*. We must serve him with a *Faithfulness* proportionable to our *Condition*, for the *Law* is not kept by meer *Speculation*; that *Charity* which God requires of us, must be active; and *Faith*, that *Divine Vertue*, which makes us to adore him, is not contented with the bare *Submission* of our *Knowledge*, but requires also the *Works* of an active *Charity*, and that the *Heart* be assisted by the *Hands*. Wherefore there is no Rest to a *Christian* Soul; its Work is to begin with its *Reason*, and end but with its *Life*; and all its *Perfection* consists, to begin it with *Chearfulness*, to continue it with *Courage*, and to end it with *Love*. When that *Love*, which is the *Foundation* of the *Law*, has once penetrated the *Heart* of *Man*, all the Severities of *Penance*, all Rigours appear pleasing to his *Desires*, all his Obligations towards *God* are filled with an unlimited *Fervency:* His *Zeal* omits nothing that might contribute to the *Glory* of God; and his *Neighbour*, through an Effusion of the same *Charity*, is sought after with *Care* wherever he suffers, is assisted with *Diligence* in any thing that he wants, and is comforted with *Mildness*, according to his *Condition*. The same *Zeal* which raises him towards *God* through *Love*, that unites him to his Neighbour by *Charity*, humbles him also, and shews him that *Nothing* and that *Sin* which

which are truly his *own*, and proper to him. In reflecting on his own *Miseries*, he conceives the vast Distance he is at from the Excellencies of the *Divinity*, and strengthens his *Faith*, which causes him to adore that *Immensity* which he admires: He examines what is that *Nonentity* whereof he consists, and that *Reflection* leads him to a *Contempt* of himself, and to the *Love* he owes to his *God*. This is the true Situation of a *Christian Soul* that professes *Piety*; there is no Thoughts left of outward *Appearances*, when one publickly declares to be a Child of the *Eternal Joys*: For this there is required a *Circumcision* of the *Will*, and that *Interest* and *Self-Love* being for ever destroyed by the *Power* of our *Love* towards God, they may no longer be capable to stay us in the Way of *Vertue*: We must be, as St. *Paul* says, *Stronger than the Gates of Hell, through the Power of Charity*.

Let every one examine himself on this *Model* of *Piety*, and judging himself with *Severity*, confess his Sins towards *God*, and Faults towards *Men*; and let this sincere *Acknowledgment* create in him the strongest Sense of *Abnegation* that we are capable of feeling; without which we can never *seek after*, *follow*, nor *serve Christ*, as he requires, and as we ought to do.

The WITTY WOMAN.

WIT in *Woman* is like *Metal* in a Blind *Horse*; it serves only to hazard their Shins. The *Vanity* of shewing it, exposes them to all *Company*; and it often happens, that in a numerous *Acquaintance*, where they strive to establish an *Empire*, and make *Shipwreck* of their *Reputation*, and sometimes of their *Vertue*. The violentest *Passion* imaginable has not so much Effect upon a *Lovely Woman*, as a little well-managed *Flattery* and *Incense* has upon one that values her self upon a *pert Humour* and a Volubility of *Language*. But, in a Word, a *Woman* that pretends to *Wit*, is insufferable in *Society*; because it is very rare to meet with any of that *Character*, but such as

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are insupportably *Vain* and *Arrogant*; of which I am going to give you an Account.

The greatest *Wanton* is less charm'd with her own *Beauty*, than the least *Witty* is conceited with her own *Genius*: She has an universal *Contempt* for all *Creatures*; she in a manner confounds *Man* with *Beasts*, if she finds his *Reason* not accompanied with *Wit*; and she lives at a great Distance from *common Sense*, through that *Pride* into which she is puffed up by her pretended fine *Wit*, which makes her to become as insufferable to others, as others appear to her. A *Woman* that is thus blinded, is so far from *Truth*, that it is no wonder the most *Prudent* avoid her, and the less *Fearful* dread her; for she is capable of nothing but to give false Colours to *Lies*, and to commit *Evil* with the more *Cunning*: Of which this is the *Reason*; a *Woman* runs superficially over the *Sciences*, but never dives into them: She naturally receives *Eloquence*, and puts it in Use without the *Rules* requisite for it; she cleaves to those *Authors* that speak most her own Sense, without giving her self the Trouble to pick out those that are most useful for her. She studies Words only, for she believes that it is the *Term* that does all. No *Condition* can please her without *Politeness*, because *Wisdom* and *Truth* are banish'd from her *Study*, which she wholly applies to the most receiv'd and nice *Expressions*: And if she does but observe such an *Exactness* in Speech, as exempts her from trespassing against the *Rules* of a correct *Discourse*, she troubles her self no farther, and cares not whether she thinks as others do, provided another speaks not so finely as she. The *Desire* she has to appear *Learned*, is the chiefest *Obstacle* to hinder her from being so; for there is required a great Proportion of concealed *Time* and *Labour* to attain to an approv'd *Merit*: And *Women* are more inclin'd to lose their *Time* at Ease, than to employ either *Time* or *Labour* to acquire *Vertue*. That is the *Reason* their best and chiefest *Talent* consists in *Conversation*; it is at such a time that their earnest *Desire* to appear something more than ordinary breaks forth, and that they spread in others *Minds* some Defect of their own; for in one *Afternoon*'s Space they make a whole Course of *Wit*; they pass from *Doctrine* to *Manners*, from *Use* to

Opinion,

Opinion, from *Seriousness* to *Airiness*; and in two Hours time they treat of all the Interests of *Europe*, tho' they know not the least of them; they drain *Matters* dry, without so much as touching them; they offend *Reason*, in but attempting to *reason*; they have such a *Series* of *Thoughts* as furnishes them with *Sufficiency* of Words to fill up the Chasms of *Time*, and are very well pleased to spend a World of *Expressions* on Things that they are utter Strangers to.

They use *Causes*, that a *Politeness* of *Language* conceals part of their *Ignorance*; and that an *Adulator* pleases and prepossesses them with his *Dawbing*, which with them passes for a just Homage. The *Flatterer* is not distinguished from the *Sincere* amongst them; they rely on a dangerous *Approbation*, not consulting *Science* which might enlighten them; those false Glimmerings that dazzle them, give so fair a Light, that *Self-love* takes care to preserve it, to set forth it self by it. And thus they fancy themselves raised up to a Pitch of *Knowledge*, of which they scarce preserve the bare *Name* in their *Memory*.

This is the Custom of your *Witty-Women*; they have a vast *Idea* of *Wit* in their *Imagination*, but no *Knowledge*, no *Rule*, nor *Understanding*; a bare *Idea* only, that is, a vast *Extent*, which comprehends all great Things; a great Space within themselves, where they fancy to behold an Assembly of all the various *Accomplishments* of the *Mind*.

When a *prudent Man* consults *Truth*, and believes he has found it, he *fixes* and *terminates* there: He no longer strays from that *Point*; he is doubtful of all Things else, and is not certain of any Thing, but in relation to that which has *fix'd* him, and unto which he believes *Truth* to be annex'd; and that is what renders him just in the *Consequences*, provided he has not been deceiv'd in his first *Choice*; for he deviates not from his first *Principle*; he is still the same; an uniform *Sense* guides him in all respects. He is presently sensible that the *Fruits* of his Labour is a *Light* without *Shadow*, which exempts him from all the *Spots* and *Blemishes* of *Error*. But the same *Reason* that strengthens so good a *Genius*, does also fortify a bad one.

Stability

Stability is the *Consequence* of an acceptable Opinion; and *Women*, who determinate their Thoughts with much more Ease than *Men*, are also apt to pervaricate from *Truth*; they espouse a Party without consulting their *Reason*, and they have no sooner follow'd their own *Byass*, but it becomes their whole *Light*, and perpetuates them in that *Error* of *Choice*; they err through Quickness of *Apprehension*, which makes them to *resolve* before they have *thought*. And this first *Error*, into which *Ignorance* has led them, is the first Cause of all those Sayings of *Reason* and *Common Sense*, which they have on all Things, which renders them insufferable; for they have not the Power to correct themselves; their *Knowledge* being seduc'd through *Opinion*, will not yield to friendly *Cares*, to the *Advices* of good Authors, nor even to the first *Tinctures* they have to change. The *Habit* of *Opinion* is more powerful than all the *Passions* together; there is requir'd a supernatural *Power* to reduce to *Truth* a Mind that is spoil'd by false *Principles* that please it. And *Woman* whose Mind is not right, changes the Objects of *Nature* and of *Place*; *Truth* must stand awry, that she may see her aright; for she perceives nothing but through such *Shadows* as deceive her, and that causes her to deceive others, because she insinuates these false *Lights*, and makes use of the most lively *Colours*, to make them appear to others as *right* as she her self fancies them.

Men are exempted from that dangerous *Sand*; but *Women*, whose Blindness causes them to seek after *Light*, grow the more blind the more they go about to enlighten themselves, and fall into the Inconveniency of the *Witty*, which is to admire while they deceive themselves. Their confused *Knowledge*, the *Aptness* they have to aspire to elevated Things, and the *Desire* to appear capable, are the Causes of their *Ignorance*; and it produces such *Obstacles* as render *Science* much more necessary and convenient to them.

The prudent Woman.

WIT is of both Sexes. The *Soul* is a Spiritual Being, capable to perform its Operations in *Women* as well as *Men*; and though *Men* are design'd for laborious *Employs*, and such as require *Knowledge* and *Application*; *Women*, whom Custom has justly excluded from those *Employs*, (their tender and soft *Tempers* not inabling them to bear the Burden thereof) are not to be excluded from the Labouring after *Knowledge*, because it is very necessary to all; and if it prejudices any, it is such as would be much more injur'd by *Ignorance*, than by the *Lights* of *Knowledge*. As one that is *half Wise*, values himself upon that little he knows, so an *ignorant Coxcomb* is puffed up with nothing at all, and would think himself an *Angel*, should he know never so little. All that he learns, contributes much more to his *Pride* than to his *Perfection*. Wherefore the first Step of an *ingenious* Person, is to be sensible he knows nothing, and to have a *Desire* to know much, before he knows any Thing at all.

As there is nothing more desirous than *Knowledge*, so the *Difficulties* of attaining to any Degree of *Perfection* in it, require a great deal of *Time*, and an assiduous *Application*. This disgusts the *Lazy*, and makes them content themselves with being not quite *Fools*; and since a superficial *Acquaintance* may be had with the *Sciences* at a much easier Rate, they beg your Pardon for long *Watchings*, and tedious *Turning over* of voluminous *Authors*: And if they attain to some small *Smattering* in Letters, they are vainer by half than a considerable *Proficient* in *Learning* and *Knowledge*. This pitiful Sample of *Understanding* having had no solid *Basis*, never proceeds very far; and if *Pride* and *Self-Love* did not cherish and nourish it, we could not blush at our pretended *Scholarship*, which in Effect is nothing more than a well varnish'd *Ignorance*. Many *Men*, through want of a just Relish of *Learning*, are mighty inquisitive after *Curiosities*: And these feeble fantastical Genius's never arrive

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to any *Perfection*; they are pleased with the good *Phantom* of *Knowledge*, and think every little *Out-of-the-way* Thing that they stumble upon, is an *Arcanum* of *Nature*; for it is rare if ever these sorts of *Capacities* have their Eyes opened; and so their vain *Error* roots it self into them, and attends them to their *Grave*. The great Advantage of *Knowledge*, is, to correct all the Abuses of our misguided *Education*, and if possible, to establish the Soul and Reason in their proper *Empires*. He that has pry'd the most narrowly into himself, has only the *Consolation* of discovering how ignorant he was even when he thought he knew considerably. *Real Knowledge* makes us humble, but a Smattering of *Learing* only feeds our *Pride*, *Vanity*, and *Self-Conceit*.

Certainly he who neglects *Knowledge*, is very near quitting his *Reason*; and from a Disgust of the just *Rules* of *Philosophy*, it is not far to the Loss of *Common Sense*: For how can a Person be counted Judicious that possesses nothing but those Vapours of a quick *Apprehension*, which a boiling hot Blood produces on certain Occasions, where the *Disposition* of the Organs, join'd to the *Passion* which then animates him, makes him accidentally light on some good Notions, and express them rightly; whoever should judge of any Person on so bare a Tryal, would think him *Learned*, while he only possessed the *Means* of being so! No; though we have never so good natural Parts, they require the Master-strokes of *Sciences*, to render them accomplish'd; and with what fine *Wit* soever *Nature* has endow'd a *Man*, it is never naturally what it would be when assisted with the Advantages of *Learning*. It happens also sometimes, that an *Understanding Person*, that has but an indifferent *Genius*, is capable of destroying it without *Redemption*, for want of certain *Rules*: For the natural *Actions* of the *Mind* may as soon slip by a *Truth*, as find it; it is meer *Chance*: That is the *Reason* that *Women*, who are most capable through their *Acuteness* to raise themselves unto the most sublime Things, and more liable through *Change* to abandon *Truth* after they have attained to it, have more Need of a regular *Knowledge* than all others, to frame their *Minds* into *Order*: And to fix them firm with *Assurance*, we

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ought to seek after the most approv'd *Method* of *Study*, and stick to its *Rules* to guide our *Knowledge*; and when by such Matters as are generally approv'd, we have informed our selves of all Things, we must not yet fancy we know enough. It is for want of a perfect *Understanding* that we make Halts in the Way of *Truth*. Scarce does a *Man's Life* suffice to know that which a Child should not be ignorant of; we grow weary instead of taking Courage; *Vanity* fixes us, and frequently an *Approbation* makes us so *Proud*, as to neglect to take those Pains which would tend to our *Accomplishments*. We make a Stop at the first Tinctures of *Learning*, and instead of animating our selves with those *Desires* that an enlightned *Mind* would inspire, we remain in the *Condition* of the half *Learned*, which is only to appear something. However, there are but few of those elevated *Minds* that are above the *Common Level*, that fall into such *Carelessness*; they are raised by a more noble *Impulse* above all *Vain-Glory*; and that which they already know, serves as a *Spur* to make them learn more. You shall find them (though fix'd to the *Sentiments* of the most eminent Authors) instructing themselves with all the others of less Esteem, and without being puzzled with the *Vanity* of *Opinions*, confirm themselves in the most just of those which they have made *Choice*, and cause all *Oppositions* to contribute to the *Glory* of *Truth*. To know much, we ought not to value nor consult our selves; *Self-Love* is an Enemy to *Labour* and *Pain*, and *Opinion* to *Truth*: We ought to suspect all Things which we either advance of our selves, or that we are *Judges* of. Not that we should submit our selves to all sorts of *Judgments* more readily than to our own, but our own ought always to make us tremble when it is not directly conformable to the *Antients*, and to those *Moderns* that are indued with strong and powerful *Reasons*. Wherefore it is observ'd, that your great *Wits*, that aspire to the *Knowledge* of the most abstruse Things, consult all Things, continually informing themselves, and approve not much their own *Conceptions*. To what Degree and Pitch soever we have by our *Industry* advanc'd our *Learning*, either as to Generals or Particulars, or through

Vol V. *Ioe Haines Epilogue,* *p. 233.*

through the Sublimity of our *Genius*'s, we ſhould ſeem to have out-ſtript *Common Knowledge*; yet, after all, this would but aſſure us how vaſt and immeaſurable a Quantity of *Knowledge* lay out of Sight, as well as out of our Reach. A real *Humility* is the moſt infallible *Argument* of a *Man*'s being a *Knowing Man*.

We ought to know all Things, the better to know, and leſs to value our ſelves, and with a continual *Application* inſtruct our ſelves in the *Knowledge of God*, in whom alone is the true *Knowledge* of all Things, and the *Fulneſs of Eternal Wiſdom*.

The EPILOGUE *written by Mr.* Brown, *and ſpoke by* Jo. Haines, *in the Habit of an Horſe-Officer, mounted on an Aſs.*

YOU have ſeen (before now) ſince this *Shape-ſhewing* Age,
More Aſſes than *mine*, on a *Beau-crowded* Stage,
Wherefore by *th' Example* of fam'd *Dogget*, my *Brother*,
To ſhew *our* Stage has *Aſſes*, as well as the *other*;
Thus mounted *I'm* come, to invite *ye oft* hither,
To *Beaumont* and *Fletcher*, thus *coupled* together;
My Fancy, *his* Judgment, *my* Perſon, *his* Face,
With the *mighty good* Intereſt *he* has in *this* Place;
For *indeed*, as *I'm told*, pray let me not *wrong ye*,
My Aſs has *Relations*, and *Great* ones *among ye*;
In the *Galleries*, *Side-boxes*, on the *Stage*, in the *Pit*,
What's your *Critick*, your *Beau*, your *Keeper*, your *Wit?*
Your fighting *Aſs* is a *Bully*,
Your ſneaking *Aſs* is a *Cit*;
Your keeping *Aſs* is a *Cully*,
But your *Top*, prime *Aſs*, is your *Wit*.
They all fool *Cit* of his *Wife*,
He fools 'em all of their Pelf;
But your *Wit*'s ſo damn'd an *Aſs*,
He only fools himſelf.
Writing one Play a Year, for a Wit he'd paſs,
His *lean* third Day *makes out* to him *he's* an *Aſs*.

Ben't I an *Ass* now, thus to mount my *Brother*,
But *he* that's *pleas'd with it* too, is not he *another?*
Are *we* not *Asses all* ('twixt *me* and *you*)
To part with our *old Money* 'till we were sure of new?
[*Fine old Money.*
Since then so many *Asses here* abound,
Where an *eternal Link* of *Wit* goes round;
No *Poet* sure will *think* it a *Disgrace*,
To be *ally'd* to this *accomplish'd Ass*,
But he's a *Critick*, you may *read* it in his *Face.*
As for *his Courage*, truly I can't say *much*,
Yet, he might serve for a *Trooper* among the *Dutch.*
Tho' of *their Side* I'm sure he'd *never Fight*,
His *Passive Obedience* shews I'm *in the Right.*
Whips the Ass *often, who, by reason of his innate Dulness, never flinches for it.*]
He's a *Courtier*, fit to appear before a *Queen.*
Advance, *Bucephalus!* View but his *Mien:*
Ladies, I'm sure *you* like his *spruce Behaviour*;
I ne'er knew ought but *Asses* in *your Favour.*
Fair *Ones*, at what I say, take no Offence,
For———
When his *Degree* a *Lover* does commence,
You coin an *Ass* out of a *Man of Sense.*
Your *Beaux*, that *soften* so your *flinty Hearts*,
They are *Asses*———*Taylors* make them *Men of Parts.*
Now, some have told me, this might give Offence,
That *riding* my *Ass* thus, is *riding* the *Audience*:
But what of that? The *Brother* rides the *Brother*;
The *Son* the *Father*; we *all* ride *one another.*
Then for a *Jest*, for this Time, let it pass;
For he that takes it ill, I'm sure's *an Ass.*

The Ladies Lamentation for their Adonis: *Or, an* ELEGY *on the Death of* Mr. Mountford *the Player.*

POor *Mountford* is gone, and the Ladies do all
Break their Hearts for this *Beau*, as they did for *D'Val.*

And

And they the two Brats for this Tragedy damn,
At *Kenſington*-Court, and the Court of *Bantam*.
They all vow and ſwear,
That if any Peer
Shou'd acquaint the young Lord, he ſhou'd pay very dear;
Nor will they be pleas'd with him, who on Throne is,
If he do's not his Part, to revenge their *Adonis*.

II.

With the Widow, their amorous Bowels do yearn;
There are divers pretend to an equal Concern;
And, by her Perſwaſion, their Hearts they reveal,
In caſe of *not guilty* to bring an Appeal.
They all will unite,
The young Blades to indite,
And in Proſecution will joyn Day and Night;
In the mean while, full many a Tear and Groan is,
Where'er they meet, for their departed *Adonis*.

III.

With the Ladies foul Murder's a horrible Sin,
Of one handſome without, tho' a Coxcomb within;
For not being a *Beau*, the ſad Fate of poor *Crab*,
Tho' himſelf hang'd for Love, was a Jeſt to each Drab:
Then may *Jer'my* live long,
And may *Risby* among
The Fair, with *Jack Barkley*, and *Culpeper* throng;
May no Ruffian, whoſe Heart as hard as a Stone is,
Kill any of theſe for a Brother *Adonis*.

IV.

No Lady henceforth can be ſafe with her *Beau*,
They think, if this Slaughter unpuniſh'd ſhou'd go;
Their Gallants, for whoſe Perſons they moſt are in Pain,
Muſt no ſooner be envy'd, but ſtrait muſt be ſlain.
For all *Bracegirdle*'s Shape,
None car'd for the Rape,
Nor whether the Virtuous their Luſt did eſcape,
Their Trouble of Mind, and their Anguiſh alone, is
For the too ſudden Fate of departed *Adonis*.

V.

Let not ev'ry vain Spark think that he can engage
The Heart of a Female, like one on the Stage;

His Face, and his Voice, and his Dancing, are rare,
And wherever they meet they prevail with the Fair:
But no Quality Top,
Charms like Mr. *Hop,*
Adorn'd on the Stage, and in *Eaſt-India* Shop;
So that each from Miſs *Felton,* to ancient *Drake Jone* is
Bemoaning the Death of the Player *Adonis.*

VI.

Yet *Adonis* in ſpight of this new Abjuration,
Did banter the lawful King of this great Nation;
Who call'd *God*'s *Anointed* a fooliſh old Prig,
Was both a baſe and unmannerly *Whig*;
But ſince he is dead,
No more ſhall be ſaid,
For he in Reputation has laid down his Head:
So I wiſh each Lady, who in mournful Tone is,
In Charity grieve for the Death of *Adonis.*

On the Death of the Duke of Glouceſter, *being a Satire on Dr.* Ratcliffe, *for his Neglect.*

IN vain we grieve, in vain we waſte our Eyes,
And with Expoſtulations rend the Skies;
All our Complaints we muſt on *Ratcliffe* ſpend,
Who, for his Pleaſure, can neglect his Friend:
By whoſe Delays more Patients ſure have dy'd,
Than by the Drugs of others, miſapply'd.
Three Bottles keep him, and for their dear Sake,
Three Kingdoms unregarded lie at Stake.
A ſaucy Humour, thus to over-rate
His Pleaſure and his Eaſe, to come too late
To ſuch a *Prince,* the Hopes of ſuch a State.
Alas!
To throw away ſome common Life's a Crime,
That one can ne'er atone for all his Time;
But to neglect a Life of ſuch a Price,
Swells the Offence to a much larger Size;
The Guilt muſt, as our Loſs, in Meaſure riſe.

In

In him we all had liv'd; his single Fate
Therefore must needs affect the publick State.
So choice a Member from the Body torn,
Leaves the rest bleeding; for, to say we mourn,
Do's not enough express our solemn Grief,
Such as can scarce admit, or find Relief.
Who can forgive? And yet forgive we must,
For he's the only Man that we can trust:
Bewitch'd with Apprehensions of his Skill,
We thereby give him Power and Leave to kill.
If by his future Care he wou'd retrieve
His Fame, and thereby Satisfaction give,
Let him, (and 'tis the least that he can do)
His boasted Immortalities bestow.

On the Duke of Marleborough's *Victory at* Hochstet, *in* 1704.

THE conqu'ring Genius of our Isle returns;
Inspir'd by *Anne*, the Godlike Hero burns;
Retrieves the Fame our ill-led Troops had lost,
And spreads reviving Valour through the Host.
In distant Climes the wond'ring Foe alarms,
And with new Thunder *Austria*'s Eagle arms.
The *Danube*'s Banks, forgetting *Cæsar*'s Name,
Shall echo to the Sound of *Marlborough*'s Fame.
The Shepherds Pipes rejoyce o'er *Gallick* Blood,
And with eternal Purple stain the Flood.

Upon the Paper Project, *for raising of Money.*

PRay, Sir, did you hear of a late Proclamation,
Of sending Paper for Payment quite thro' the Nation?
Yes, Sir, I have, They're your *Mountague*'s Notes,
Tinctur'd and colour'd by your Parliament Votes:
But 'tis Plain on the People to be but a Toast;
For they go by the Carrier, and come by the Post.

EPIGRAMMA.

IMpubis nupsi validо, nunc firmior annis
Exsucco & tremulo sum sociata viro.
Ille fatigavit teneram, hic ætate valentem
Intactam tota nocte jacere sinet.
Dum nollem licuit, nunc dum volo non licet uti,
O Hymen aut annos, aut mihi redde virum.

Translated thus, by Mr. Tho. Brown.

COming a tender Girl from School,
Marrying, I met a thund'ring Tool:
But fit for Love's Embraces grown,
I've got a Man that's next to none.
The first with Youth's too vig'rous Warmth inspir'd,
With Love's untasted Joys my Weakness tir'd.
My second grunting Spark, cold to Love's Charms,
He fills my Bed, 'tis true, but not my Arms.
When I'd no Appetite, Love cloy'd me;
Now I've a Mind to't, 'tis deny'd me.
Oh! Hymen, Hymen, for my Quiet,
Contract my Stomach, or enlarge my Diet.

An Epigram of Flaminius *to his drinking Mistress.*

CHloe, you write to me for Coin,
And in Return I send you Wine;
Like Wealth, its Pow'r is equally divine.
E'en stick to that, 'twill make you merry,
For mine or other's Absence chear ye;
That softens ev'ry Nymph that's cruel,
For mellow *Venus* is a Jewel,
So *Ariadne*, when her Wanderer,
False *Theseus*, left her, wash'd off Grief and Care,
Enjoy'd God *Bacchus*, and became a Star.

On

On the Earl of Torrington.

STain of thy Country, and thy ancient Name,
Traytor to Honour, and old *England*'s Shame;
Great *Effingham*'s Reverſe, and *Grenvill*'s Foil,
Thou doſt, vile Daſtard, all their Triumphs ſpoil.
Thy Cowardice diſturbs their very Urn,
And is enough to make their Aſhes mourn.
Ariſe, ye noble Ghoſts of valiant *Drake*,
Frobiſher, *Cav'ndiſh*, *Mountague*, and *Blake*;
You, who our Neighbour-Navies did confound,
And made our Fame from Sea to Sea reſound,
Grieve now to ſee your Trophies from us torn,
The Sea, your Miſtreſs, helpleſs and forlorn;
Mourn to behold a luſtful proud Poltroon,
Eclipſe thoſe Glories you for us have won.

The Poet's Will.

YOnder your *Author* ſtands extreamly Ill,
And, yet of *perfect Mind*, thus makes his *Will*.
Firſt, I bequeath my *Soul*, when I forſake it;
To him that has the trueſt *Right* to take it;
My *Body* next, let me conſider well,
To thoſe that will convey it out of Smell:
My *worldly Goods*, altho' they are but few,
My *Brother Poets*, thoſe I leave to you;
And were I ſure that they'd accept of it,
The *Rhyming Quality* ſhou'd ſhare my *Wit*:
To *Daniel*, and his *Friend* the *Obſervator*,
I leave my *Manuſcripts*, and *Scottiſh Pſalter*,
With all my *Volumes* that have ſcap'd my *Bum*,
From the *Wiſe Maſters* to the fam'd *Tom Thumb*.
Next I *bequeath*, (but let me recollect,
I fain wou'd ſomething leave to ev'ry *Sect*)
To all our grave *Divines*, where'er they be,
I leave them, what they want, my *Charity*;
And to thoſe *Prelates* that oppoſe the *Bill*,
Were I ſecure, they wou'd not take it Ill,

To them and their Heirs I'd give and grant
My *Model* of the *Godly Covenant*.
The *Presbyterians* too I'd ſomething give,
Tho' they're ſo rich I know not what to leave,
Beſides, they're grown ſo very proud withal,
They won't accept of any Thing that's ſmall;
And yet, methinks, 'tis fit that they ſhou'd have
Some Marks of my *Remembrance* in my Grave;
Among my *Lumber* they will Papers find,
Writ to inform the *Realm* what they deſign'd;
That they have them, it is my ſole *Intention*,
They'll be of Uſe againſt a *Comprehenſion*.
The *Quakers* too expect their *Legacy*,
To thoſe *good Men* I leave my *Modeſty*;
And let the other *Sects*, that I mayn't wrong 'em,
Take my *Religion* and divide among 'em.
And to *conclude*, it is my *Will* and *Mind*,
Some honeſt wealthy *Cit* would be ſo kind,
To ſee all this perform'd, and for his Pains,
To take for him, and for his *Heirs*, my Brains.

The Fable of the Lion *and the* Beaſts.

ONE Time a mighty *Plague* did peſter
All Beaſts *Domeſtick* and *Silveſter*.
The *Doctors* all in *Conſult* joined,
To ſee if they the *Cauſe* could find,
And try'd a world of *Remedies*,
But none could conquer the *Diſeaſe*.
The *Lyon*, in this *Conſternation*,
Sends out his *Royal Proclamation*,
To all his loving Subjects *Greeting*,
Appointing them a ſolemn *Meeting*.
And when they're gather'd round his *Den*,
He ſpoke, *My Lords and Gentlemen*,
I hope you're met full of the Senſe
Of this devouring Peſtilence:
For ſure ſuch heavy *Puniſhment*
On common Crimes is rarely ſent.
It muſt be ſome important *Cauſe*,
Some great *Infraction* of the *Laws*.

Then

Then let us search our *Consciences*,
And ev'ry one his *Faults* confess;
Let's *judge* from biggest to the least,
That he that is the foulest Beast,
May for *Sacrifice* be given,
To stop the *Wrath* of angry *Heaven*.
And since no one is free from Sin,
I with my self will first begin.
I have done many a Thing that's ill,
From a *Propensity* to kill;
Slain many an Ox, and what is worse,
Hive murder'd many a gallant *Horse*;
Robb'd *Woods* and *Fens*, and like a *Glutton*,
Devour'd whole *Flocks* of *Lamb* and *Mutton*.
Nay, sometimes, for I dare not *Lye*,
The *Shepherd* went for *Company*.
He had went on, but Chancellor *Fox*
Stands up, What signifies an *Ox*?
What signifies a *Horse*, such Things
Are honour'd when made Sport for *Kings*?
Then for the *Sheep*, those fooliſh Cattle,
Not fit for Carriage, or for Battle,
And being tolerable Meat,
They're good for nothing but to eat.
The *Shepherd* too, your Enemy,
Deserves no better Destiny.
Sir, Sir, your Conscience is too nice,
Hunting's a *Princely Exercise*;
And these being all your Vassals born,
Just when you please are to be torn.
And, Sir, if this will not content you,
We'll vote it *Nemine contradicente*.
Thus, after him, they all confess
They had been *Rogues*, some more, some less;
And yet, by little slight Excuses,
They all got clear of great *Abuses*.
The *Bear*, the *Tyger*, Beasts of Fight,
And all that could but scratch and bite;
Nay, e'en the *Cat*, of wicked Nature,
That kills in Sport her Fellow-Creature,

Went scot-free: but his *Gravity*,
An *Ass*, of stupid Memory,
Confess'd i'th' Road to *Tunbridge-Fair*,
His Back half broke with *wooden Ware*,
Chancing unluckily to pass
By a Church-yard full of good Grass,
Finding they'd open left the Gate,
He ventur'd in, stoop'd down, and eat.
Hold, says Judge *Wolf*, these are the *Crimes*
Have brought upon us these sad Times;
By several *Acts of Parliament*
'Tis *Sacrilege*, and this vile *Ass*
Deserves to dye for eating *holy Grass*.
The Fable shews us poor Mens Fate,
Whilst Laws can never reach the Great.

An Elegy on the Death of Mr. Edward Millington, *the famous Auctioneer.*

MOurn, mourn, you Booksellers, for cruel Death
Has robb'd the famous *Auctioneer* of Breath:
He's gone, he's gone! ah! the great Loss deplore,
Great *Millington*, alas! he is no more:
No more will he now at your Service stand
Behind the Desk, with Mallet in his Hand.
No more the Value of your Books set forth,
And sell 'em by his Art for twice their Worth.
Methinks I see him still with smiling Look
Amidst the Crowd, and in his Hand a Book,
Then in a fine facetious pleasing Way,
The Author's Genius and his Wit display.
O all ye scribbling Tribe, come mourn his Death,
Whose Wit hath giv'n your dying Fame new Birth:
When your neglected Works did mouldring lie
Upon the Shelves, and none your Books would buy,
How oft has he, with strained Eloquence,
Affirm'd the Leaves contain'd a world of Sense,
When all's insipid dull Impertinence.
Come, Gentlemen, come, bid me what you please;
Upon my Word, it is a curious Piece,

Done by a learned Hand, and neatly bound:
What ſay you, come, I'll put it up one Pound:
One Pound, once, twice? Fifteen: Who bids a Crown;
Then ſhakes his Head with an affected Frown;
Good-lack-a day, 'tis ſtrange; then ſtrikes a Blow,
And in a feigned Paſſion bids it go:
Then in his Hand another Piece he takes,
And in its Praiſe a long Harangue he makes;
And tells 'em that 'tis writ in lofty Verſe,
One that is out of Print, and very ſcarce;
Then with high Language, and a ſtately Look,
He ſets a lofty Price upon the Book:
Five Pound, four Pound, three Pound, he cries aloud,
And holds it up, and ſhews it to the Crowd,
With Arm erect, the Bidders to provoke,
To raiſe the Price before th' impending Stroke:
This in the Throng does Emulation breed,
And makes 'em ſtrive each other to out-bid,
While he deſcants upon their learned Heats,
And his facetious Dialect repeats:
For none like him for certain knew ſo well,
By way of *Auction* any Goods to ſell.
'Tis endleſs to expreſs the Ways he had
To ſell the Good, and to put off the Bad.
But, ah! in vain I ſtrive his Fame to ſpread;
The great, the wiſe, the knowing Man is dead.
And you in Painting skill'd, his Loſs bewail,
He's dead that did expoſe your Works to Sale,
See how he lies, all diſmal, wan, and pale:
No more by him your Praiſe will be expreſs'd,
For, ah! he's gone to his eternal Reſt:
Can you forget how he for you did bawl,
Come, put it in, a fine Original,
Done by a curious Hand: what *Strokes* are here
Drawn to the Life, how fine it does appear!
O lovely Piece, Ten Pound, Five Pound, for Shame;
You do not bid the Value of the Frame!
How many pretty Stories would he tell,
T' inhaunce the Price, and make the Picture ſell.
But now he's gone, ah! the ſad Loſs deplore!
Great *Millington*, alas! he is no more.

And

And you, the Muſes Darling, to rehearſe
Your ſorrow for the Loſs of him in Verſe,
Mourn, mourn together; for that Tyrant, Death,
Has robb'd the famous *Auctioneer* of Breath.

His EPITAPH.

Underneath this Marble Stone
Lies the famous Millington:
A Man who through the World did ſteer,
I'th' ſtation of an Auctioneer;
A Man with wona'rous Senſe and Wijdom bleſt
Whoſe Qualities are not to be expreſt.

An Eſſay upon Women. A Fragment.

YOU ask me to give you the true Picture of a Woman: I muſt tell you, according to my Opinion, it is a true *Compendium* of Pride, Vanity, Luxury, Idleneſs, Spleen, Folly, Malice, and Envy; a Bait made on Purpoſe to put us Men, (who glory in our Knowledge of the moſt abſtruſe Myſteries, in our great military Atchievements, and our governing the World) in mind of our Frailty, in ſuffering our ſelves to be enſnar'd in that Net, which being baited with that Bait, is the Bane of all our Bliſs, and renders our Lives miſerable for ever. If this Compoſition happen to have ſome ſmall Ingredient of Simplicity, or (as ſome will call it) of *good Nature*; that is to ſay, if out of Fear, ſhe is either over-rul'd by a Husband to keep in a tolerable *Decorum*, ſo as not to tire the poor Infant out of his Life, by her Obſtreperouſneſs and continual Clamours; though, at the ſame Time, her Weakneſs, or *Good-nature*, (if you pleaſe) will not permit her to reject the kind Offers and Arts of an inſinuating Gallant, or a cunning old Lady, who bubbles her at the Expence of her Husband; ſhe thinks ſhe may juſtly challenge the Title of a *good*, or at leaſt, of a *good-natur'd Woman*; and Woe be to the poor Wretch that is yoak'd to her, if he dares ſay a Word againſt it; and though he be not ſo com-

complaiſant to his Wife's *Good-nature*, to think her a *good Woman*, yet Woe, I ſay, to him, if he dares to ſay ſo, he is ſure to have the general Vote, with a *nemine contradicente*, of all the *good Women* againſt him; and of theſe, you know, there are not a ſmall Number. If theſe be the *good Women*, what do you think of the *bad Ones?* I will not, at this Time, enlarge my ſelf upon the whole Body of the Sex. I am very willing to paſs by in Silence thoſe of the meaneſt Rank; as their Behaviour, for the moſt part, is inſupportable, and often more like Brutes than rational Creatures, ſo they have that to ſay in their Behalf, that they tread the Steps of their Parents meerly by Inſtinct, and without Diſguiſe. It being my Intention to confine the Compaſs of this Eſſay to ſome of thoſe chiefly of a ſuperior Rank, who by their Extraction, Affluence of *Fortune*, a liberal, generous, and apparent Education, (for ſuch too often it is) and genteel Converſation, may ſeem to challenge much greater Prerogatives than thoſe of the common People. And now, I would ask any young Country 'Squire of them all, lately brought to live by my Lady his Mother, or his Aunt; or any young Scholar of the Univerſities, come up to *London* along with his Couſin, to view the Curioſities of that City; I ſay, I would ask either of them, when they came firſt into the Playhouſe, (perhaps to ſee ſome new Play, or magnificent Opera) and found the Boxes lin'd with ſo great Numbers of fair, magnificently attir'd, and ſumptuouſly attended Ladies, whether they did not loſe their Senſes at the firſt Sight of them, and during this Rapture, they were themſelves tranſported into terreſtrial Paradiſe; where, inſtead of Women, find they were to enjoy the ſecret Converſations of Angels. Truly, young Gentlemen, I can't much blame you; good Men of many Years and Inheritance have been as much miſtaken as your ſelf, nay, rather more, when, inſtead of Paradiſe, they have got into *Lob*'s Pound, the only Purgatory to purge off in this World, which purifies them ſo nicely, that there are many of them have nothing but Skin and Bones left them. Pray look a little about you, for here you will find them of all Sorts and Sizes, from the

Lord

Lord to the Country-fellow, from the long Robe to the Cassock, from the Sword to the Pen-man, all inveigled into the Sin; and you are likely to fall into it without Shame, in bringing the Words of *Æsop*'s Fox, *Omnia me vestigia terrent.* I see you are big to tell me that I only banter, and 'tis impossible Ladies with such Angel-like Graces and Shapes, with so engaging a Deportment, and so admirable an Air, should be nothing but Darkness within. Have you forgot how *Lucian* compares them to the *Egyptian* Temples, which are most magnificent Structures without, but their Deities within, nothing but an Ape, a Dog, or some other ugly deform'd Creature? Had *Lucian* liv'd since the Discovery of the *Chinese* Temples to the *Europeans*, he would have had Recourse, in his Comparison, to them, instead of those of the *Egyptians:* For, as the *Chinese* Temples far exceed the others, as well in the Preciousness of the Materials, as in the Beauty of Workmanship; so the most monstrous Shapes of their Gods, contain'd within, seem to have nearer Relation to the modern Extravagancies of the Sex. Some have compar'd them to the transparent Glasses in the *Apothecaries* or *Chymists* Shops, which seem gilt without, but contain bitter Draughts and deadly Remedies, unless us'd with the utmost Precaution. Should I but rehearse here half the Titles and Epithets *Solomon* bestows upon Women, what do you think would become of our *Essay!* It would certainly swell into a good large Piece; and who can deny, but that he was the best Judge that ever was of the Sex? His Judgment being founded not only upon his Wisdom, but also upon his own experimental Philosophy and Practice. But that it may not be objected, as if Things, were much alter'd since *Solomon*'s Time, in respect as well of the female Sex, as in many other Matters, let us cast an Eye upon the Education, Practices, and Deportment of those that set up for the Female Beaux of this Age. To trace their Education from its head Spring, you too often see a young Miss in her very tender Years, put to the Management of some old Lady or other, who having formerly been my Lady's Woman, (and perhaps my Lord's too) is annex'd, like an

Appen-

Appennage to a Benefice; ſo that having liv'd in holy Converſation with the Curate, ſhe is, after her Husband's Death, now thought fully qualify'd for the Education of Miſs. This cunning Hag, knowing it is the ſafeſt Way to riſe now, inſtead of giving to her young Pupil ſuch Leſſons as may lead her to Humility, Modeſty, and an eaſy and complaiſant Temper, is ſure, in order to flatter her young Miſtreſs's Fancy, and engage her entirely into her Intereſt, to infuſe into her quite contrary Principles. She will not fail to tell her, twenty times a Day, of the Charms of her Eyes, the Delicacy of her Complexion, the Nicety of her Shape, *&c.* and, in Concluſion, ſhe never fails to put her in Mind that all theſe were Gifts of Nature, intended to allure Men, and to keep them in Slavery; with many more ſuch like edifying Inſtructions, ſhe is beſt able to give, becauſe ſhe has practis'd them before her ſelf. If her young Miſtreſs be of Quality, ſhe tells her, 'tis Haughtineſs muſt be the chief Aim of her Deportment; if ſhe's Rich, ſhe makes her Belly her God; ſhe tells her, ſhe ought to eat nothing the Seaſon affords, be it never ſo dearly bought; and the better to gratify both her own and her young Miſtreſs's Appetite, (for ſhe will certainly come in for her full Share) ſhe will take a great deal of Pains to perſwade her, that fine Meats and delicious Sauces ſerve to invigorate her Spirits, render her more plump and comely, and conſequently encreaſe her Charms to the undoing of Mankind. Miſs, thus initiated in the Principles of Vanity, Pride, and Luxury, ſtands now in want of one who may, like a true Aſſiſtant to her Tutoreſs, teach her how to put in Practice ſome Part at leaſt of her Inſtructions. And who do you think ſhould this good Man be? I'll warrant you, you will ſay, it muſt be ſome Man of Wiſdom and Experience in the fine Art of accompliſhing Ladies, as may ſeem to appear to you? But, alas! how far do you ſhoot from the Mark? Be not ſurpriz'd if I tell you, 'tis a certain *Whipper-Snapper* call'd a *Dancing-maſter*, with a blue Coat, ſcarlet Stockings, and a lac'd Hat; he being of Mrs. Tutoreſs's Acquaintance, in having purchas'd her Favours by the Help of ſome Pieces of Gold, or perhaps

haps by doing her another good Turn, is, by her Commendation, constituted chief Manager of Miss's good Carriages and Manners. This Fellow, when he is introduc'd to the Parents, will tell them Wonders in Praise of Dancing; how *Socrates* learn'd to dance in his Old-age, how the grave *Lacedemonians* us'd it in their publick Feasts, and how even the *Salian* Priests at *Rome* danc'd in Honour of *Mars*; but he is sure not to mention one Word, how *Salust* upbraided *Sempronia* with dancing too nicely, and how *Cato* objected the same to *Hudrenas*. He takes Care not to put them in Mind of *Petrarch*'s saying, "That at Balls many a grave Ma-"tron has lost her Honour, many a Virgin has learn'd "what she never knew; but never any one return'd "more virtuous than she went. This Lesson, tho' verify'd by daily Experience, being not for his Purpose, he is careful to avoid; but instead thereof, extols his Art, as capable of charming the Mind, and making a young handsome Lady so accomplish'd, as to render her Power irresistible to those that behold her. Miss is sure to be told, as often as he teaches her, of her fine Legs and Feet, her round and well-turn'd Body, graceful Mein and Carriage; which, if well improv'd, will by degrees make her the Admiration of all the World. To tickle Miss's Fancy, and the Beholders, he will, under Pretence that good Company is a great Addition towards the Improvement of an Art, in which in a great Measure she must fix the Hopes of her greatest Preferments, introduce some lewd and debauch'd Disciples of his to dance with Miss; who, upon this Occasion, are not sparing to let loose their Tongues, and to infuse into the young Scholar, by their Discourse, such Motions as perhaps she never thought of before. Not to mention the Enormities and Extravagancies committed at the Balls, in the most publick Dancing-Schools; where, by the antick Gestures, antick Tunes, and obscene Airs, shameless Hands, and sometimes also by immodest Kisses, Youth is initiated to the very Practice of Wantonness. But to return to our Domestick Education; whilst the Dancing-Master labours hard to make his young Female Scholar a perfect Pattern and Master-piece of his Art,

Art, and she, poor willing Tit, very diligent in following his Steps, and practising sometimes all Night long: To second her Master's Endeavours, her Tutoress, in order to improve the natural Faculties of her Mind, as well as the Dancing-Master does the Activity of her Body, takes care to furnish her young Mistress (who now begins to come to Years of Maturity) with rare histories of Lust, of Fornications, and Adulteries; with Surprizing Romances, engaging Novels, enticing Comedies, and wanton Songs; nay, sometimes, with *Ovid*'s *Art of Love*, and perhaps with some of a worse Stamp. But for fear the young Lady should not be so apt a Scholar as to apprehend so soon the Mysteries of all these voluminous Pieces, Madam Tutoress, not to be deficient in her Duty, and at the same Time to shew her Experience in amorous Affairs, will not be wanting to illustrate the difficult Passages with her own Annotations and Observations, and render every Thing so obvious to her, that she must be one of a very dull Apprehension, if she is not fully convinc'd of the Thing. Rather than fail, the old Gentlewoman will bring in some Love Intrigues of her own; she will tell her how many Lovers, or Sweet-hearts (the better to palliate the Matter) she had, what Presents they made her; nay, how they courted and lov'd her; that unless the young Lady be naturally of a very insipid and phlegmatick Disposition, she sets her a longing for the same Thing, and wishes she might have been in her Stead at that Time. Judge now what sort of Improvements such fine Proceedings can produce, since they serve only to season the most Innocent with Pride, Vanity, Luxury, Voluptuousness, a light Carriage, Insolence, Craft, Impudence, and Arrogance; not to say worse. I see by your very Countenance, you are impatient to object against me, That these modest Looks, smiling Faces, and sweet Deportments, are in themselves sufficient to contradict those Slanders and Characters I impose upon 'em, perhaps, to divert, or revenge my self, at the Expence of the Fair Sex: But have a little Patience, you will perhaps be in a better Mood, young Man, when I shall make it out to you, as I intend to do, That they bestow

at length as much Time and Pains in the Art of Diſſimulation, as they do in ſetting out their Faces.

The Charms of the BOTTLE, *a Friend to* LOVE; *in Anſwer to a Female Friend's Letter.*

IT is no ſmall Charm to me, my dear *Melaniſſa*, to find by Yours, that I have ſtill ſo great a Share in your Heart. The Concern you expreſs needs no excuſe, ſince it is an Argument of your Fondneſs; which muſt make a Heart, ſenſible as mine, eaſily forgive a Warmth that is only the Effect of a Love, of which *Alexis* muſt ever be proud. But give me Leave, my dear *Melaniſſa*, while I pay all the Deference in the World to your Beauty, to diſſent from your Opinion.

You ſeem jealous of my Inclinations to the *Bottle*; in which you proceed upon a great Miſtake, quarrelling with your Friend as an Enemy.

For Wine to Love, and a Friend confeſs'd.

And Love, without the Vintner *Bacchus*, and the Cook *Ceres*, would frieze up and die. They furniſh freſh Spirits and new Deſires, and make every Night like the firſt. The Nymph gathers freſh Charms from our Cups; which, like Teleſcopes, diſcover ſecret Beauties one cannot ſee without them. You erroneouſly therefore confine the Bottle to Old Age, and by preſcribing a perpetual, a continued Courſe of Beauty without Interruption, promote an Inconſtancy you would not approve. Enjoyment is a luſcious Food, which ſoon clogs the Appetite, if we feed too groſly upon it; whilſt Intervals, and their Pleaſures, keep it up, and give an Edge to Deſire.

Your

Your Letter, indeed, is a Proof of what you ſay, That you knew little of the World, when you ſet up a Paradox that can never be made out; nay, I am afraid, *Melaniſſa*, that you knew as little of Nature, when you imagine, that a Man can always be impriſon'd in white Arms. To retire to my Study now and then, is no Confinement but Pleaſure; but to be always lock'd up with a Book, will make the moſt ſtudious Man dull and empty. The Liberty we take Abroad, and the noiſy Delights of Converſation, make a Retirement the more agreeable. If you would have us vigorous and fond when we are with you, you ſhould indulge our Abſcence ſometimes to vary the Scene. He that is always at Table, makes but a ſcurvy Meal; where we never ought to come, but with a good keen Appetite, then fall to with a Stomach, and our Victuals does us good.

Your Draught of the Tavern, is partial and imperfect; you draw a Likeneſs, indeed, but 'tis a ſcurvy one; nay, ſuch a one, that you would never forgive in *Delial* and Sir *Godfrey*. But this comes from a Mis-information; you have it by *Hearſay*; and becauſe *Scoundrels* and *Rakes* abuſe the Creature, you allow no good Uſe of it.

From the Play, indeed, we paſs to the *Roſe*; and having glutted our Eyes with the Ladies, and our Ears with the Poet, we unbend over a Bottle, and prepare for the Embraces of *Melaniſſa*. Each Glaſs we drink we crown with her Health, and every Glaſs is indeed a freſh Miſtreſs; it ſparkles like her Eyes, and is ruddy like her Lips; ſmells like her Breath, and gives Joys like her Arms; whilſt Wit and Good-humour make the Night rival the Day, and *Bacchus* gives more chearful Warmth than the Sun. Formality and Diſguiſe is laid aſide, and the ſecond Bottle leaves no cautious Reſerve, reſtoring the Golden Age; whilſt Deſign and mean Cunning are left to the grave Conſults of the Aged. Here the ſprightly Repartees fly about with the Glaſs, and *Horace* and *Anacreon* ariſe from their Graves, to exalt the Converſation. Soft *Ovid* and *Tibullus*, and learn'd *Catullus*, by Turns make their Entry to heighten our Pleaſure; *Co-*

rinna

rinna and *Lesbia* are compar'd to *Melaniſſa*, and we judge of the Joys of theſe Poets by thoſe that we now find in your Arms. Thus Wit and Wine aſpire and bleſs our Hours, 'till we part with full Satisfaction in the innocent and manly Diverſion.

But now let us view the Biggot of *Venus*; I ſee how ſhort are his Joys to ours. The ſober Sot flies from the Play, *Celia*'s his Apartment for Kiſſes and Raptures, which are always the ſame. He ſteals in-a-Doors, gets into her Chamber; the Viſit's betray'd, and in the midſt of his Tranſports, is fain to leap from the Balcony in his Shirt; happy if he eſcape both the Keeper and the Watch at Expence of his Purſe and Reputation.

But ſuppoſe him more fortunate, and no ill Adventure interrupt his Amour, the Parents ſleep ſoundly, the Confident is faithful, the Keeper or Husband from Home; yet *Celia* is falſe, claps her favour'd Gallant into her Cloſet on your Approach, and ſuffers your Embrace, while the other has all her Careſſes. In a Morning or two, the Bubble finds himſelf warmer than he deſir'd, and Pills and Bolus's muſt repair the Breaches of his Tabernacle: Doctors, Surgeons, and Apothecaries-Bills, come inſtead of *Billet-doux*, and Aches, and pains for Raptures and Tranſports; and ſo for one Night's Enjoyment, does Penance a Month; Whereas the Debauch of the Bottle, is heal'd the next Morning; and the Liquor that gave the ſlight Wound, gives an agreeable Cure.

But ſuppoſe him more happy and free from this Puniſhment, Jealouſies and Fears, Quarrels and Tears, ſoon enter the Liſts of Amours. *Celia* is cold, he ſwears ſhe's inconſtant; ſhe's impatient of the Accuſation; he is more confirm'd; ſhe ſcolds, he rants; ſhe cries, he ſubmits, or perhaps flies away in Indignation, purſues a new Game, has the ſame Fate, and ſo ſpends his Life in a fooliſh Round of ſhort Pleaſures and long Pains: While the Bottle renews its Enchantments every Night, and never ſours, but ſweetens your Humour; is obedient to your Will, enjoy'd when you pleaſe, and thrown aſide when your Appetite's ſatisfy'd. If one

don't

don't pleaſe you, the Drawer obediently pimps for your Pleaſure with another.

Thus you ſee, *Melaniſſa*, that the Bottle is on as good a Foot as the Joy you perſwade, and merits not the Contempt you wou'd have us beſtow on its Charms. But I'll join ſo far with you, I'll allow you your Pleaſure, provided you allow me mine; let me Drink, and you ſhall Love; Claret prepares me for your Arms, and when I find my ſelf rul'd by its Energy divine, inſpir'd with the God, I'll come to your Arms, and convince you, by my Zeal, that you have rail'd at your Friend; and if Intereſt was the Source of your Advice, you'll find it was a miſtaken Intereſt, as this Night you ſhall experience from him that loves as dearly and tenderly as *Melaniſſa*, that is, your

Alexis.

The Wonder of Wonders; or, a rich Vintner, and no Cuckold.

O H! Happy *F—ck*, thou alone art he,
From jealous Stings and forked Antlers free;
No am'rous Coxcombs clutter round thy Bar,
To breathe their Paſſions in thy Help-mate's Ear,
Or at thy Bride their ſquinting Glances throw;
Whilſt thou art mixing fatal Wines below,
Such that with ſcorching Fevers fill our Veins,
And with inebrious Fumes diſtract our Brains.
The bouncing Partner of thy nuptial Joys,
Who crowd thy Nurs'ry with ſuch thumping Boys,
Graces the Confines of her chaulky Throne,
At leaſt with two Cart-loads of Fleſh and Bone;
And ſeems, by her huge Sarazanick Face,
To be deriv'd of old *Tagenna*'s Race;
Who was, if ancient Writers do not lye,
Twelve Fathom thick, and ſeventy Cubits high.
But thine's a *Fairy* to ſo tall a Dame,
And cannot tow'r to ſuch a lofty Fame;
Yet none that ever view'd her, makes a Doubt,
But that ſhe's ſix Foot high, and twelve about;
Yet ſh'as ſuch Charms in her gigantick Face,
And moves with ſuch an Elephant-like Grace,

That

That were *Antæus* living thou might'ſt dread
A Rival then, that might adorn thy Head.
But ſince Mankind to Pigmies are declin'd,
And no ſuch monſtrous Men we now can find,
Thou'rt ſafe from all the horned Plagues that wait
On Love, and need not fear *Actæon*'s Fate;
For tho' thy Bride appears ſo fat and fine,
She's far too big for any Arms but thine.

What, tho' no Moon at full, with all her Light,
Can ſhew a Countenance more large and bright;
And that her ſnowy Breaſts look big, and ſpread,
Like two Peck Loaves of whiteſt Flour made;
Yet who can tell but that which hidden lies,
May prove by chance of a delightful Size,
Since *Greenland* Sea-men from Experience note,
That the huge Whale has but a narrow Throat:
The mighty Monſter, arm'd with Iv'ry Tooth,
Tho' large his Limbs, has but a little Mouth.

What, tho' her Belly looks as if ſhe bore,
Beneath her Clouts, a Sack of Malt before,
To keep the ſpacious Centre of her Charms
Beyond the luſtful Reach of common Arms;
For her Temptation, as ſhe upright ſtands,
Lies too remote by much, for human Hands;
And from Aſſaults and Bobs is ſafe and free,
'Till Love's huge Pillars are diſclos'd for thee.

What, tho' her ſwelling Buttocks chafe behind,
And like too Mill-ſtones, as ſhe waddles, grind,
It is a pleaſing Sign ſhe has no need
Of artful Pillows in her Nuptial Bed;
But that ſh'as Fleſh enough, when hugg'd at Night,
To raiſe her Charms to a convenient Height.

Therefore make much of thy gigantick Bride,
For all the World believes ſhe never try'd
Love's tickling Joys with any Man beſide.

England's *Triumph for their Conquest in* Flanders, *in the Year* 1694, *when the* French *took* Namur, *worsted us at* Steenkirk, *and General* Talmash *was kill'd at the Descent upon* Brest. *A Burlesque Poem. By Mr.* Tho. Brown.

WHen People find their Money spent,
They recollect which Way it went,
The like in order to prevent
for future.

That Money's spent, I need not tell,
The *French* King's Tyranny to quell;
I'm sure we must remember well,
'tis true, Sir.

But least that we shou'd think it vain,
Our *English* Feats I will proclaim,
And what we did the last Compaign
in *Flanders.*

With Money flush'd, and Arms good store,
We'd touch the *French* to 'th quick we swore,
With that in Haste we hurry'd o'er
Commanders.

But scarce they'd set their Foot on Shore,
But News was brought that *Luxemburg*
Had actually besieg'd *Namure,*
nigh *Liege,* Sir.

This Action put 'em in Amaze,
And yet if they shou'd make Delays,
They thought they hardly e'er shou'd raise
the Siege, Sir.

With that they summon all their Force,
Full fourscore thousand Foot and Horse,
That never flinch, nor hang an Arse,
when fighting.

But yet all this did prove in vain,
They not an Inch of Ground cou'd gain,
There was such Storms of Thunder, Rain,
and Light'ning.

The

The Seaſon bad did make 'em fret,
Not that they fear'd the *French* a bit,
But that it was ſo curſed wet,
raw Weather.

And raiſe the Siege they cou'd not do't,
It was ſo dirty under Foot;
The *French* were ſtrong intrench'd to boot,
together.

On this they frequent Councils call,
In which they voted, one and all,
That leaſt the *French* ſhou'd chance to maul
the Army,

'Twas better let the Town be taken,
Provided they cou'd ſave their Bacon;
The Weather too in Time might happen
leſs ſtormy.

Thus being, as you hear, diſtreſs'd,
They think it now high Time to reſt,
And full two Months they took at leaſt
to do it.

When thus refreſh'd, than up they roſe,
And ſwore if none did them oppoſe,
They'd be reveng'd, and make their Foes
to rue it.

Away they march, with full Intent
To pay theſe *French* a Complement,
And drub them to their Hearts content,
but mark, Sir.

The *French* their Coming underſtood,
And therefore lin'd a little Wood,
Where they their Party did make good
'till dark, Sir.

Theſe cunning Rogues had manag'd ſo,
That we receiv'd another Blow,
Which might have prov'd our overthrow,
pray mind it.

Here our poor *Engliſh* go to Pot,
Becauſe, forſooth, it is their Lot
To undergo all Service hot,
we find it.

We

We had about ſeven thouſand ſlain,
But that is nothing in the main,
Conſidering what we hope to gain
next Battle.

Then we'll recover again,
What one of ours we'll kill them ten,
'Till we have waſted all their Men,
meer Rattle.

But now tho' this Attempt did fail,
We'd ſtill a Trick that wou'd prevail,
And make *Monſieur* his Stars bewail,
with Sorrow.

We had a Project under-hand,
That ſoon would make him underſtand,
He muſt no longer keep the Land
h' had borrow'd.

This noble Whim to execute,
A mighty Fleet was fitted out,
And *Talmaſh* is the Man muſt do't,
or no Man.

Away he goes, with might and main,
To try if he cou'd Footing gain,
But there the gallant Man is ſlain,
brave *Roman*.

Namur we ſaw to *France* ſubmit,
At *Steenkirk* w'had enough of it,
And the Deſcent did prove beſhit
all over.

Our Conqueſt thus at length you view,
And how the *French* we did ſubdue;
Our Triumphs next I will to you
diſcover.

The Tower-Guns were all prepar'd,
And Fire-works on Lighters rear'd;
But what came on them, I ne'er heard
a verbum.

In Houſes all Folks ſet up Lights,
Only ſome ſawcy Jacobites,
Who were all put to mortal Flights,
to curb 'em.

Firſt came the Guards to clear the Way,
And next a 'Squire in Boots of Hay,
Upon a Nag moſt miſerably
jaded.

Maſons and Bricklayers, with their Rules,
Join with the other Rout of Fools,
Who were to be the Party's Tools
perſwaded.

Next theſe, in Droves the Rabble come,
In one Hand Club, in t'other Stone,
Thoſe Windows that had Candles none,
to batter.

Laſt came a Coach, in which there ſat
Four Lords, who went, People prate,
The General to congratulate
and flatter.

But after all, it muſt be ſaid,
Our Conqueſt was not quite ſo bad,
But they theſe Triumphs merited,
and more, Sir.

For never yet, as I preſume,
Was *Britiſh* Prince, or Emp'ror of *Rome*,
With Farthing Candles lighted Home
before, Sir.

An Anacreontick. On a Lap-Dog.

NICE, pretty *Nice*, thou
Can'ſt not, but, ah! cou'd'ſt thou know
How thou doſt my Envy raiſe,
And (becauſe ſhe loves thee) Praiſe;
Thou wou'd'ſt not change for what is New,
For *Mexico*, or for *Peru*.
In that Lap, ah! *Nice*, reſt,
And think! *Nice*, think thou'rt bleſt;
But if thou wilt thy Station change,
And in another Precinct range,
In Tap'ſtry, thou, or Silks, ſhalt lie,
Under the richeſt Canopy;

On

On Citron, Cedar, or on Gold,
Or what thou doſt moſt coſtly hold.
If thou wilt but in Exchange thy Place reſign,
Let but thy Privilege be mine,
This ſhall, and more than this, be thine.
And, if I gain the Hope I crave,
Nice, I vow that thou ſhalt have
An Epitaph upon thy Grave.

A Farewell to Poor ENGLAND.

By Mr. Tho' Brown. *In the Year* 1704.

FArewel falſe Friends, farewel ill Wine,
Farewel all Women with Deſign,
Farewel all pocky cheating Punks,
Farewel Lotteries, farewel Banks:
And, *England*, I, in leaving thee,
May ſay, farewel to Poverty.

Adieu: Where'er I go, I am ſure to find
Nothing ſo ill as that I leave behind.

Farewel Nation without Senſe,
Farewel Exchequer without Pence;
Farewel Army with bare Feet,
Farewel Navy without Meat;
Farewel writing fighting Beauxs,
And farewel uſeleſs Plenipoes.
Adieu, &c.

Farewel you *Good Old Cauſe* Promoters,
Farewel brib'd Artillery Voters;
Farewel to all Attainting Bills,
And Record which for Witneſs kills;
Farewel to Laymens Villainy,
And farewel Churchmens Perjury.
Adieu, &c.

Inſtead

Inſtead of One King, Farewel Nine,
And all who Aſſociating ſign.
Farewel you gull'd unthinking Tops,
Poor broken Merchants, empty Sl'ops;
Farewel pack'd Judges, cull'd for Blood,
With eight Years War for *England*'s Good.
Adieu, &c.

Farewel you Judges, who diſpenſe
With perjur'd Cut-throat Evidence;
Farewel thou haughty little *Mouſe*,
With thoſe that chooſe thee for the Houſe;
Farewel Long——and ſpightful Looks,
With Reverend *Oates*, and all his Books.
Adieu, &c.

Adieu once more: *Britannia*, fare thee well;
And if all this won't mend thee,
May the D——triumph in your Spoil,
May Beggary run throughout your Iſle,
And no one think it worth his while
To take up to defend thee.

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